

## Steve Forbert "Lay Down Your Weary Tune Again"

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In spite of you, you like yourself  
An' that's alright with me  
It gets so lonesome fillin' space  
An' someone must believe

Erase them golden memories  
An' blow the candles out  
Let's get on off away somewhere  
An' see what we're about

Lay down your weary tune again  
And the rest your head on me  
Your phone call says you're sorry  
An' the grapevine says you're free

Your drugstore daddy's flesh an' blood  
Like Marilyn Monroe  
An' out there on the runway now  
The king's all set to go

They'll cover up the window soon  
'Cause he'll be rollin' in  
He's Elvis Presley, honey Chile  
An' I can't cop his grin

Lay down your weary tune again  
And the rest your head on me  
Your phone call says you're sorry  
An' the grapevine says you're free

The missionary paid my way  
An' put me off to sleep  
I woke up early yesterday  
An' found a place to eat

I got it down an' felt relieved  
An' Jane went off to work  
It's wooden soldier's Christmas time  
An' Jane she is a clerk

Lay down your weary tune again  
And the rest your head on me

Your phone call says you're sorry  
An' the grapevine says you're free

In spite of you, you like yourself  
An' I admire you much  
I'm out to give this back in sync  
'Cause we've been so out of touch

Just meet me next to Noah's ark  
An' let's get out of town  
There's got to be someplace somewhere  
These rain clouds haven't found

Lay down your weary tune again  
And baby rest your head on me  
Your phone call says you're sorry  
An' the grapevine says you're free

Lay down your weary tune again  
And baby rest your head on me  
Phone call sorry  
Grapevine free

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