

# Distractions, Pt. 1

Bobby Darin

I'm sitting by the window  
Trying to write a song  
Gotta do another album  
Before too long  
Girl across the alley  
Shows up with no clothes on  
Well I try not to look  
In fact I turn away  
Gotta concentrate  
On what I have to say  
After all ideas  
Is what this boy grows on

Too many distractions  
Making infractions  
On my mind  
And my time  
Oh, yeah

I'm relaxing in a trailer  
In between the shows  
I like to know  
What the late news knows  
But they're running the same war  
They had on last evening  
So I get up off the couch  
And I change the channel  
There's a group of broke girls  
Setting on a panel  
Telling each other the war is something  
They don't believe in

Too many distractions  
Even bad reactions  
On my mind  
Waste my time  
Ho hum

Now I love to get away  
So I go up to the current  
Put my pole in the water  
Let my neck get burnt  
Waiting for trout  
And getting next to nature  
But then I hear a giggle  
And it becomes a laugh  
A woman of forty  
Wants my autograph  
So I sign an old napkin  
And she says I used to hate you

Too many distractions  
False retractions  
Guilty minds  
Turning kind  
Oh, yeah

I'm sleeping on the porch  
Overlooking the lake  
The screen door opens  
Now I'm awake  
Three sillouettes ask me  
If a want to join a party  
But I'm still half asleep  
So I think it's a joke  
But I follow the smell  
Of the sweet sour smoke  
And there on the floor  
Are Tom, Kate and Marty

Too many distractions  
Making subtractions  
From my time  
And my mind