

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