

Hashtag

David Rawlings

Once I saw your old familiar face
I was walking in a new watering place
Been a little lost for a little while
People sometimes go out of style
Make a new habit have new kid
Maybe both God forbid
But all at once you seemed to know
The very thing that laid me low
Caught it like a new form of the flu
Chalked it up to our old friend the blues
The questions and the answers you'd found
Talked me out of that breakdown

You said time makes the wheels spin
And the years roll out and the doubt rolls in
In the truck stops, in the parking lots
And the cheap motels

When will we become ourselves
When will we become ourselves
When will we become ourselves

You laughed and said the news would be bad
If I ever saw your name with a hashtag
Singers like you and I
Are only news when we die
So here I'm sitting 'round another night
Looking at your boots Jesus Christ
That's some mighty big ones to try to fill
Never can and never will
So here's another song that's over now
You're another sun that done gone down
Put another good one in the ground
Good lord it's going 'round

Now let the wheels spin and the tears roll out
And the tributes roll in
In the truck stops, in the parking lots
And the cheap hotels

When will we become ourselves
When will we become ourselves
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