

Restless Year

Ezra Furman

I set up camp in the center of town
Ready for freedom when it all comes down
Snapping my fingers, walking around
I'm the dusty jewel in the thrown-out crown

Got a bus pass to make my way
From hideout to hideout in the heat of the day
I got a talisman tote with the whole array
And when you catch my coat-tails I'll be miles away

Restless year
It was another restless year
It was a restless year
For a while we had no fear

Yeah, nobody knows in the all night diner
Rolling with Rose and Miss Mary L. Steiner
You can't pin her down, you can't define her
Dostoevsky, dime store copy

Making the rounds in my five dollar dress
I can't go home, though I'm not homeless
I'm just another savage in the wilderness
And if you can't calm down you can listen to this

(Death!) Is my former employer
(Death!) Is my own Tom Sawyer
(Death!) Waits for me to destroy her
I never wanna die and I'll never grow older yeah

Restless year
It was another restless year
It was a restless year
Don't tell me anything I don't want to hear