

# Clay Pigeons

Luke Grimes

I'm goin' down to the Greyhound Station, gonna get a ticket to ride  
Gonna find that lady with two or three kids and sit down by her side  
Ride till the sun comes up and down around me 'bout two or three times  
Smokin' cigarettes in the last seat  
Try to hide my soul from the people I meet  
And get along with it all  
Go down where people say "y'all"  
Sing a song with a friend  
Change the shape that I'm in  
And get back in the game  
And start playin' again

I'd like to stay but I might have to go to start over again  
Might go back down to Texas  
Might go to somewhere that I've never been  
And get up in the mornin' and go out at night  
And I won't have to go home  
Get used to bein' alone  
Change the words to this song  
And start singin' again

I'm tired of runnin' 'round lookin' for answers to questions that I already know  
I could build me a castle with memories just to have somewhere to go  
Count the days and the nights that it takes to get back in the saddle again  
Feed the pigeons some clay  
Turn the night into day  
And start talkin' again, when I know what to say

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