

## Bermuda Highway

My Morning Jacket

Sometimes I walk around town looking at faces  
Wonderin' why their bodies go to silly places  
Walkin' past the carpet mills looking in and takin' stills  
Your ass it draws me in like a Bermuda highway

Oh, don't carve me out, don't let your silly dreams  
Fall in between the crack of the bed and the wall  
Two times I fell asleep in a dirty basement  
Snoozing in cobwebs and the cement

Sometimes I wonder why that meek guy got all the fame  
Maybe I'm to blame for his short bitter fucked up life