

# Bermuda Highway

Rayland Baxter

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

Oh, don't carve me out and don't let your silly dreams  
Fall in between the crack of your 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

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