Born Too Late

Steve Forbert

Saddle up that old gray mare for me
I wanna ride until these eyes of mine can't see
I never really feel like looking very much anymore
And nothing really matters till it's closer than the house next door

People talk a lot, but they can never find the heart and the soul
To put a lot of time into more than just a search for gold
The river's flowing dirty and it's moving down to pass Christian
There used to be a time when it's water was a healing hand

You're born too late
And everything you love is gone, gone
Born too late
And everything you know is wrong

I've got a wife in Cleveland and she hates my guts
And everything about her's a reflection of what drove me nuts
I stopped to buy a beer inside the trading post and lost my keys
That somber wooden Indian by the door began to laugh at me, hey-a

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And everything you love is gone, gone
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And my silver Catalina's busy rusting in the cool night air
He's only got a few more miles left beneath his hood out there
I stood a while beside him and I thought about his thirst for oil
I thought about his greed for speed and how we've all got spoiled, he
y-a

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And everything you love is gone, gone
You're born too late
And everything you know is wrong

You're born too late
And everything you love is gone, gone, gone
You're born too late
And everything you know is wrong, ah yes

Born too late

Born too late
Na, na, na, na
Born too late

Born too late

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