

Mercury in Retrograde

Sturgill Simpson

I got a haircut in Norway
When all the weight started pulling me down
Smelling like a waterlogged wet dog
Ain't no way to travel
But as soon as I chopped it all off
It just grew back, thick and brown
I keep tugging on the thread
Hoping it all might come unraveled
I keep trying to throw it all away
But it comes right back around

They come backstage and on my bus
Pretending to be my friend
Shaking hands behind grandstands
All wearing the same old grin
Oh, but none of them bother knocking
Oh, they all just come on in
Asking me what all my songs mean
Wonderin' if they're all about them

Mercury must be in retrograde again
But at least it's not just hangin' around pretendin' to be my friend
Oh, the road to Hell is paved with cruel intention
If it's not nuclear war, it's gonna be a divine intervention

Living the dream makes a man wanna scream
Light a match and burn it all down
Head back home to the mountain
Far away from the pull
Of all the journalists and sycophants wielding their brands
And all the traveling trophies and award show stands
And all the haters wishing they was in my band
Sorry boys, the bus is plumb full

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And there's nothing for me outside this hotel room
But another letdown, lonely day
Tour is almost over, and I'll be home soon
And it's all been done two or three times anyway

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