

Confusion

Vic Chesnutt

Well, when I woke up this morning
The sky was so bright
It'd been a raining for days
Now it seemed like everything was a gonna be alright

But still those November winds keep a blowing
And I'm forgetting just where to begin
And then I'm lost in confusion again
Yes, I'm lost in confusion again

Well, the broom straw is a dying
Various shades of brown
And over the hill I can see the skyline
Of the most famous Georgia college town

Still those November winds keep a blowing
And I'm forgetting just where to begin
Then I'm lost in confusion again
Yes, I'm lost in confusion again

Just when I think I've tied up all my little ravel's
I come across a new row of tatters
It seems I'm getting sick of a taking care of
Life and other matters

Well, there's a few hundred blackbirds
That's a covering my yard
They're a falling from the trees like pecans
Except they ain't hitting the ground quite as hard

Still those November winds keep on a blowing
And I'm forgetting just where to begin
And I'm lost in confusion again
Yes, I'm lost in confusion again