

Talker

Wilderado

I ain't much of a talker
But I get by
Smoke my way to a better man
I'll be alright when I get high

Come on over
Step on in
I don't know you, darlin
But I sure could use a steady friend

I wrote these words down
Then I threw them away
Why would I keep you here
If I ain't got nothing to say

That's my problem
I know
That's my mistake
Let's skip over that
And get on back to floating away

I often wonder what I meant and what I do
So I'm not sure what I would have to say to you
And that's alright
That's alright
I'm not sure what I would have to say to you
And that's alright
That's alright
I'm not sure what I would have to say to you

I wrote these words down
Then I threw them away