

Standing Still in Tucson (*lyrics*)

*Sort of to the tune of Kris Kristofferson's
Me and Bobby McGee*

Standing still in Tucson waiting for the rain
the sun sets low behind the clouds and rock
I sit down here and drink a beer and write myself a note
And notice that we never did get much chance to talk

That old depression's coming back just you wait and see
That good old time they talk about is due
Nothing free but breathing, friend, and free is where it's at
I intend to be there how about you?

Thinking about a woman, thinking about the law
Watching blue smoke curl down the wall
Seeing how I grew up on the sidewalk long ago
Feeling what it feels like to walk tall

I don't much care or give a damn what it's all about
Or where it's at or even who I am
I don't much worry now about things that happened then
Long as I've got something I can do with my hands

The way I see it now and then and no doubt will again
It's all works out it's A-OK it's fine
Strange lights fill the sky at night and winter clouds the day
Time to go and buy another bottle of wine

