

East Nashville Easter

Yonder Mountain String Band

Engine's running hot
But now it's burnin' down
Everyone says that this is going well
But I can hear every sound

Four gray walls
Make it all seem right
But everything looks wrong
In these cheap hotel lights

Going up and down
Down and out

Cheap cologne and expensive perfume
I've never seen so many lost souls in my life
Air so thick, so busy and loud
One crazy young man standing out in the crowd

One of these days when the sun comes up and I'm tossin' and turnin' alone
I'm gonna pull myself up outta this state
I'm gonna make everything seem alright, alright
Know how it feels with the sun in my eyes, still that heartbroken wind's at my door
One of these days I'm gonna wreck myself and this engine won't run no more, no more