

Distractions, Part 1

Bobby Darin

I'm sitting by the window trying to write a song
Gotta do another album before too long
Girl across the alley comes up with no clothes on
Well I try not to look in fact I turn away
Gotta concentrate on what I have to say
After all ideas is what this boy grows on

Too many distractions, making infractions
On my mind on my time
Ho hum...

Now I'm relaxing in a trailer inbetween shows
I like to know what the late news knows
But their running the same war they had on last evening
So I get up off the couch and I change the channel
There's a group of broke girls setting on a panel
Telling each other the war is something they don't believe in

Too many distractions making bad reactions
On my mind waste my time

Now I love to get away so I go up to the current
Put my pole in the water let my neck get burnt
Waiting for trout and getting next to nature
But then I hear a giggle and it becomes a laugh
A woman of forty wants my autograph
So I sign an old napkin
And she says, "I used to hate ya"

Too many distractions false retractions
Guilty minds trying to turn kind
Ho hum...

Now I'm sleeping on the porch overlooking the lake
The screen door opens now I'm awake
3 sillouettes ask me if a want to join a party
I'm kinda half asleep so I think it's a joke
But I follow the smell of the sweet and sour smoke
There on the floor is tom kate and marty

Too many distractions making bad reactions
On my mind waste my time
Oh, yeah...