

Pensacola

Joan Osborne

Well I found him in Pensacola, in a trailer in the sand,
The man from the picture,
He's stained yellow in my hand, he's stained yellow in my hand

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He was squinting and stubbled, and standing in the door,
He said if you've come to take the car away,
I don't have it any more, I don't have it any more.
yay-hay,

He's got the gospel on the radio, and the gospel on TV,
He's got all of the transcripts
Back to 1963, back to 1963.
He said I sold my blood for money ,
There wasn't any pain,
But I just can't stand the feeling,
It's in someone else's veins, it's in someone else's veins.
Yay-hey...

Mama took me aside, tried to change my mind,
She said "don't waste your time, in looking,
There's nothing nothing, left to find, nothing, nothing left to
find.
"So I left him in Pensacola, in a trailer in the sand,
The man from the picture,
He's stained yellow in my hand, he's stained yellow in my hand.