

T-Bone

James Taylor

Me and T-Bone on the road to town
It's like I'm walking with a talking machine
Just as soon as he thinks of something else
He won't wait to interrupt himself
Must be something that he can't quite say
He just doesn't want to leave it that way
Although he may not know it yet
Unless I miss my bet
He's just trying to forget
What his heart remembers

I see that T-Bone got an automobile
Low-loping and open to the sky
All night behind the hurricane wheel
Riding in the eye
All day underneath the hood
Mondo Bondo, plastic wood
He needs a mile of masking tape
He wants to keep his ship in shape
Someday to escape
What his heart remembers (Oh, yes, What his heart remembers)

T-Bone's not alone, not alone
Looks like he gets a second chance
It's Mamarama and Lumalamalu
Want to take him to recovery dance
He's looking like he gets his meat suit back
I guess he must have missed the crack attack
Still he's riding for a fall
'Cause it's written upon the wall
That now he must recall
What his heart remembers (What his heart remembers)