

Mysterious Tunnel

Vic Chesnutt

I just never could say, "good bye" or "adieu"
ooh, but the years, they have been so kind to you
there's some skills that I have learned to do
and I would certainly like to share them with you
you're outside hanging wet linen
and I am giving a Van Dyke listening

if you need a little help stretching the canvas
if you need a shaky ride to Lawrence, Kansas
if you need a little help hauling that big, fat sack
I'll be sitting right here beside my stone age fax machine
you're up there amongst the mountains
and I am drinking from a nasty water fountain

I just never could lay a bead on you
I took a sad envelope of seed from you
I just never could get something to take root
one just never can tell about the growth shoot
I am crouched with a weak shovel
and you are tending the mysterious tunnel