

## Troubled Mind

Yonder Mountain String Band

Headin' down to the river, feelin' all undone  
Might be for the best if I just stare into the sun  
So I can't see, what a fool you made of me

Well, I am sittin' home alone, blue as I can be  
Music turned up loud as hell, it hurts but just as well  
But(?) I can hear people talking 'bout us Dear

By the looks I get seems I am the last to know  
Apologetic eyes follow me everywhere I go  
I swear I'm twenty-twenty but I never saw the signs  
And now I sit alone and try to ease my troubled mind

Headed down to the barroom to get myself a drink  
Money in my pocket's gonna help me not to think  
of you at all, no I won't think of you at all

Well, I swear that women, she's like a mystery  
I read those pages through and through  
I still don't have a clue 'bout what went wrong  
Or why she left after so long