

Gonna take a break I think I need a vacation  
Gonna hit the road and try to make Austin by noon  
Gonna pack up my baseball cap and my guitar  
Gonna book me a show 'fore I book me a room

Gonna take a break I think I need a vacation  
Gonna hit the road, try to take Austin and the stage by one or two

**I can't tell you how good it feels**  
**To be sitting in a room alone**  
**Quiet times make for quiet minds**

Gonna take a break I think I'm gonna need some vacation time  
See, all this screamin' and shoutin's got me so worn down and out  
Gonna pack up my Yankees cap and my lovely harmonica  
You wanna know her name?  
She'll tell you her name, just listen.

[listen]

**I can't tell you how good it feels**  
**To be sitting in a room alone**  
**Quiet times make for quiet minds**

*Oh, I found my muse  
Is it so wrong I found her in you?*

*Street, fire, gasoline, heating up, the wheels turn  
Beating out a rhythm on a bum-burned dead-curve*

*Thumpin' out a steady beat you helped write this song  
With your sharp voice, kindness, inspiration and all  
Rotten children stomp their feet and say that critics never learn*

*Thru this town they post, "keep your head down."  
The Future Me boasts, "Move ahead; move along."*

*Oh, I found my muse  
I found her in you,  
Though it took much too long*

**I can't tell you how good it feels**  
**To be sitting in a room alone after a show**  
**Quiet times make for quiet minds**