Worry Too Much

Buddy Miller

(Mark Heard)it's the demolition derby
it's the sport of the hunt
proud tribe in full war-dance
it's the slow smile that the bully gives the runt
it's the force of inertia
it's the lack of constraint
it's the children out playing in the rock garden
all dolled-up in black hats and war paint
sometimes it feels like bars of steel
i cannot bend with my hands
oh - i worry too much
somebody told me that i worry too much it's these sandpaper eyes
it's the way they rub the luster from what is seen
it's the way we tell ourselves that all these things are normal
till we can't remember what we mean
it's the flicker of our flames
it's the friction born of living
it's the way we beat a hot retreat
and heave our smoking guns into the river sometimes it feels like bars of steel
i cannot bend with my hands
oh - i worry too much
somebody told me that i worry too much
it's the quick-step march of history
the vanity of nations
it's the way there'll be no muffled drums
to mark the passage of my generation
it's the children of my children
it's the lambs born in innocence
it's wondering if the good i know
will last to be seen by the eyes of the little ones

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/