

[et_pb_section admin_label="section"][et_pb_row admin_label="row"][et_pb_column type="4_4"][et_pb_audio admin_label="Audio" audio="http://www.johnfitz.com/wp-content/uploads/2014/08/12-Searching-For-An-Alibi.mp3" title="Searching for an Alibi" artist_name="John Fitzsimmons" album_name="Fires in the Belly" background_layout="light" background_color="#ffffff" use_border_color="off" border_color="#ffffff" border_style="solid"] [/et_pb_audio][et_pb_text admin_label="Text" background_layout="light" text_orientation="left" use_border_color="off" border_color="#ffffff" border_style="solid"]

Here I am out on the road again
and it feels longer than it was back then;
when I was younger, man, it saw me through—
now it don't do
what I want it to—

*Too ra loo ra loo ra lady I—
I'm just out searching for an alibi
Too ra loo ra loo ra lady I
I'm just out searching for an alibi.*

Drinking tea in some dirt village square,
I start to wonder what I'm doing there;
in hard worn skin and gentle peasant eyes
there's nothing left that I can idolize...

*Too ra loo ra loo ra lady I—
I'm just out searching for an alibi
Too ra loo ra loo ra lady I
I'm just out searching for an alibi.*

I tease the children and drink with the men,
and we're all glad that I've come back again;
and we all laugh about our crazy lives—
I feel the woman—just to feel alive.
I've got no time 'til the train is gone,
I've got no time, but I can't get on.
I know there's no way
to check the speed;
but, I know the motion
is all I need...thinking—

Where were you
when you had the chance?
or do you shrug it off as circumstance?
Where were you when you felt inside
some other soul you could realize?
Where were then—
where are you now:
looking back forgetting how?
But look into the eyes of other men—
everywhere the same thing happening...

*Too ra loo ra loo ra lady I—
I'm just out searching for an alibi
Too ra loo ra loo ra lady I
I'm just out searching for an alibi.*

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