

LOOKING FOR DOROTHY

tuning: dadgad

I was an artist, I was a day dreamer
A philosopher as a kid
Searching for life's meaning
Left no time for cleaning my room
Or making my bed

And so my Mom, she cooked and did laundry
Kept my life happily humming ahead
She picked up my mess
While I tended the noble thoughts in my head
I have my own family now
My feet are trying out the ground

And I'm looking for Dorothy somewhere inside of me
Patron of everyday grace
Casserole baker, housekeeper, homemaker
I'm checking the doors in me where I might hopefully
Find her heart and her cheerful face
Looking for Dorothy somewhere inside of me
Looking for Dorothy inside

I've been a recluse in my lifelong pursuit
Of the highest truth of this life
Hermits I've heard are much more assured
Of getting it right

But not my Mom, she visits the old folks
And sick folks on long, lonely hospital stays
She brings them some cake
And tries making their day
A little more bright
I've not had much truth seeking luck
But I'm learning some lessons in love

And I'm looking for Dorothy somewhere inside of me
Patron of everyday grace
Casserole baker, faithful friend and neighbor
I'm checking the doors in me, where I might hopefully
Find her heart and her cheerful face
Looking for Dorothy somewhere inside of me
Looking for Dorothy inside
Looking for Dorothy, hoping she'll guide me
Looking for Dorothy inside