

All This Stuff Takes Time

Arlo Guthrie

Words and music by Arlo Guthrie

It ain't so much the boredom
But the fire in her soul
That made her life unbearable
While living in that hole
Of her dark surburban nightmare
'Till she went to see the Dead
And the self esteem she valued
Was immediately spent
And she had no one to turn to
So she just turned off her mind
She's a well adjusted wanderer
But all this stuff takes time

On the streets of old Wyoming
There's a couple from L.A.
They are post-environmentalists
Looking for to stay
'Till their friends all come to join them
In the quest for air to breathe
And when it gets too crowded
They will just pick up and leave
Like they did in New York City
When the coast seemed quite sublime
It don't take much but money
And money just takes time

Marie is on the lounge chair
Draped around the pool
Avoiding almost anyone who'd
Desecrate he cool
It's the reason she's attractive
She's already self abused
And her pride won't feel the loneliness
That comes with being used
She's the center of the universe
For which she was designed
Until she wakes up wandering
Why all this stuff takes time

Bill died of a heart attack
Beating up his wife
Now he's come back as a lesbian
That's looking for his wife
Who is now a psychoanalyst
That likes to work with plants
Except of course on weekends
When she likes to wear the pants
She's a leather goddess minister
Who works with the confined
It don't take much to realize
That all this stuff takes time