

To Live Is To Fly

Steve Earle

Won't say I love you, babe,
Won't say I need you, babe,
But I'm gonna get you babe
And I will not do you wrong.
Living's mostly wasting time
And I'll waste my share of mine
But it never feels to good,
So let's don't take to long.
You're soft as glass
And I'm a gentle man;
We got the sky to talk about
And the earth to lie upon.

Days, up and down they come
Like rain on a conga drum
Forget most, remember some
But don't turn none away.
Everything is not enough
And nothin' is to much to bear.
Where you been is good and gone
All you keep is the getting there.

To live is to fly
Low and high,
So shake the dust off of your wings
And the sleep out of your eyes.

Goodbye to all my friends
It's time to go again
Think of all the poetry
And the pickin' down the line
I'll miss the system here
The bottom's low
And the treble's clear
But it don't pay to think to much
On things you leave behind.
I will be gone
But it won't be long
I will be a'bringin' back the melodies
And rhythm that I find.

We all got holes to fill
Them holes are all that's real.
Some fall on you like a storm,
Sometimes you dig your own.
The choice is yours to make,
Time is yours to take;
Some sail upon/dive into the sea,
Some toil upon the stone.

To live is to fly
Low and high,
So shake the dust off of your wings
And the sleep out of your eyes;

Shake the dust off of your wings
And the tears out of your eyes.