

Days Are Short

Arlo Guthrie

Days are short, and I ain't down
The sun is on the hill
Looking in my suitcase for a friend
The door was opened wide
You know I lost a little pride
And inside it was just another man

Every day another man reaches out his hand
Every moment there's a shifting in the sand
Every whisper in the wind
Brings a good man back again
Settle me down in my dreams tonight
Tomorrow's another day to blow my blues away

Lots of folks will tell you that
A man can go thru' life
Taking what he wants along the way
But until all men are freed
Each one gets but what he needs
The experience of living every day

I woke up this morning
I awoke upon my knees
Crying oo-wee, I don't know where I am
I feel just like a clown
Every time I move around
Because, after all, I'm just another man