

I've been high  
I've been down  
My head in the clouds  
And my hands in the ground  
In the arms of the woman  
I found my way home  
And in the arms of the woman  
I have been lost

When I'm so lost that this losing feels like dying  
I hope you'll be by me then  
When I'm so lost that this losing feels like dying  
I hope you'll be by me then

As a young man I was afraid  
Of my life  
Oh, what would I make  
I will make love  
What will I hate  
What better sweet road will I choose to the grave

And if I'm old 'til this oldness has me dying  
I hope you'll be by me then  
'Cause if I'm old 'til this oldness has me dying  
I hope you'll be by me then

I'm sick of you, sick of me  
I'm sick of war, and I'm sick of peace  
I'm sick of sound like I'm sick of silence  
I grow sick of the darkness 'til I'm sick of the light

When I'm so sick that this sickness has me dying  
I hope you'll be by me then  
Well, I'm so sick that this sickness has me dying  
I hope you'll be by me then  
I hope you'll be by me then

Once as a boy, I saw what happened  
I saw them beat him down to the cold cold ground  
I watched those big boys cut that man down  
And I was too weak, too weak to take a stand

When I'm so weak that this weakness has me dying  
I hope you'll be by me then  
When, I'm so weak that this weakness feels like dying  
I hope you'll be by me then  
But if I'm old 'til this oldness has me dying  
I hope you'll be by me then

So I will live as I see fit  
And there will be those who will not like it  
But in the arms of a woman  
I found my way home  
So to the arms of a woman  
I will go  
And if I'm old til this oldness has me dying  
I hope you'll be by me then

If I'm old 'til this oldness has me dying...