

## Prayer

John Hartford

I love life  
Every morning I wake up  
Saying in the back of my mind

"This could be my last day on earth  
This could be the last time  
I'll ever feel the wind raising the hair on my body  
Or the touch of my feet to the ground  
Or the warmth of your flesh next to mine  
This could be the last chance I'll have to watch all kinds of people  
Doing all kinds of things  
And thinking all kinds of thoughts  
In all kinds of directions around me  
This might even be my last chance  
To spend everything I've saved since last night  
Or hear all your sounds ringing through my head  
It might even be my last chance to be sick"

I'm like a child  
Trying to do everything  
Say everything  
See everything  
And be everything all at once  
Should I wake up some morning  
God help me  
I find myself bored  
Among the walking dead