

# Go Out And Get It

John Martyn

I believe in a minute for every man  
When he must take notice of the clock and all its hands  
If he sees the road leads straight ahead  
Got to run on down, never never be afraid  
And it's yours, go out and get it  
Don't get wet, please keep dry  
Think about the people that made you cry.

I know a man, six feet tall  
Buckskin jacket, velvet stripes and all  
From Boston town, educated well  
And he keeps his mind within a padded shell  
It's yours, go out and get it  
Don't get wet, please keep dry  
Think about the people that made you cry.

Behind the curtain, upon the shelf  
Lives a man, living with himself  
Behind his eyes, behind his smile  
What's going on, nobody in the world can tell  
It's yours, go out and get it  
Don't get wet, please keep dry  
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