

Mr. James

Matthew West

Mr. James sits on a park bench
Feeds the pigeons from the crust of his bread
And I come around from time to time
to hear his stories unwind
cause it helps me clear my head

Mr. James says
ten years ago I was rich man
well I had a corporate office
You know that down on 17th and Main
Somewhere along the line
I guess I just lost all track of time
and tried to make myself a name

Time goes by
Just like yesterday
used to be tomorrow
Time goes by
Just like yesterday
Just like like Mr. James says

Take these pigeons for example
well they never seem to have
a single worry on their mind
well maybe it's because they know
that the good Lord is watching over everyone of us
'cause you know that's the secret of this life

Don't worry about tomorrow
Tomorrow will take care of itself
Don't worry about tomorrow
Tomorrow will - take - care of itself

Yeah!

Yesterday I stopped by that old park bench
I fed that Mr. James pigeons from the crust of my bread
Well I watched the world fly by
and I thought all about my life
I remembered what Mr. James said

time goes by
well it's just like yesterday
used to be tomorrow time goes by
well it's just like yesterday
just like Mr. James said