

# Arlo Guthrie, Days Are Short

by 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

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS

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