

# Four Days Gone

## Buffalo Springfield

I met two kind people on the road  
I was parched and dry from the cold  
I've been travelin' four days and nights, sir  
And I do want to thank you for the ride, sir And the soup your wife made tasted fine  
If it's all the same I'll be on my way at the next turn  
And I'm free marched out in my town And my baby is waitin', I hope, sir  
After fifteen trucks and an old Ford  
And the Government madness, I ran away  
And I hate to say, I can't tell you my name 'Cause I'm four days gone into runnin'  
I can't even go home, take my baby and run

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