

She Won't Let Me Fly Away

John Denver

Well, I wake up late in the afternoon,
I eat my eggs to the evening news,
and the sun's gone down 'fore I find my shoes,
Music fills the air, but it's all the blues.
And she won't let me fly away
she won't let me fly away
Well, we got no heat and the window's broke,
The storm rains came, ev'rything got soaked
And there's no bread left, nothing here to smoke,
Then the Lord looks down sayin',
"Can't you take a joke?
The palm tree's just a picture on a postcard,
The ocean's just a mem'ry in my dream,
Then a man comes a T.V. sellin' soapsuds
To dirty up my rivers and my streams.
Like a myst'ry movie without an end,
When you think it's over, it just begins,
It's not always true that the good guy wins,
I been down so long that I got the bends.
And she won't let me fly awayshe won't let me fly away
she won't let me fly away
she won't let me fly away
she won't let me fly away

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