

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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