

All This Stuff Takes Time

Arlo Guthrie

words and music by Arlo Guthrie
It ain't so much the boredom
 But the fire in her soul
 That made her life unbearable
 While living in that hole
 Of her dark suburban nightmare
 'Till she went to see the Dead
 And the self esteem she valued
 Was immediately spent
 And she had no one to turn to
 So she just turned off her mind
 She's a well adjusted wanderer
But all this stuff takes time
On the streets of old Wyoming
 There's a couple from L.A.
 They are post-environmentalists
 Looking for to stay
 'Till their friends all come to join them
 In the quest for air to breathe
 And when it gets too crowded
 They will just pick up and leave
 Like they did in New York City
 When the coast seemed quite sublime
 It don't take much but money
And money just takes time
Marie is on the lounge chair
 Draped around the pool
 Avoiding almost anyone who'd
 Desecrate he cool
 It's the reason she's attractive
 She's already self abused
And her pride won't feel the loneliness
 That comes with being used
 She's the center of the universe
 For which she was designed
 Until she wakes up wandering
 Why all this stuff takes time