

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

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