

# Responsibility

Steve Forbert

Poor ole surrender Mimosa  
Finally burnt out by the sun  
I feel pretty burnt out myself  
When the long, hot summer is done Summertime's long been my favorite  
Now I can't grab it no more  
Can't find no time for a fish on the line  
Or that swing in the old Sycamore I'm in such a hurry now  
It starts to worry me  
Stop an' smell the roses?  
Baby, I can't hardly see No, I ain't forgotten just how good it all can be  
But I've got so much responsibility  
Got so much responsibility Baby, you know how I'm working  
Sorry I'm busy so much  
Sorry those days when the world went our way  
Are so hard to return to an' to touch Maybe our future looks brighter  
Maybe our ship will come in  
Maybe these years an' these muletrain careers  
Will be things we won't think about then But I'm in such a hurry now  
It start to worry me  
Stop an' smell the roses?  
Baby I can't hardly see No, I ain't forgotten just how good it all can be  
But I've got so much responsibility  
Got so much responsibility Competition's heavy on a hard line wreckin' crew  
The good ones never leave  
An' still there's always someone new  
Pressure comes down hard up on a top notch rivet team  
We don't get time to pace ourselves  
We don't stand around and dream Poor ole surrender Mimosa  
Finally burnt out by the heat  
I feel pretty burnt out myself  
When I make that ole turn down our street Summertime's long been my favorite  
Now it's ole autumn I love  
Summertime fun on some beach in the sun  
Is not somethin' I'm seein' much of I'm in such a hurry now  
It starts to worry me  
Stop an' smell the roses?  
Baby, I can't hardly see No, I ain't forgotten just how good it all can be  
But I've got so much responsibility  
Got so much responsibility

Got so much responsibility

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