

# Singin' Call

Stephen Stills

Listen to the sound of the night bird singin'  
I wonder who he calls  
My fingers hurt so bad, it's got me grinnin'  
And I wonder can I do it all  
Hit a stretch of rapids in the rushing ragin' river  
Looking out for boulders and falls  
A woman she watches from the top of the canyon  
Hopin' we don't drown us all  
Help me now, I got to slow down  
Hear my singin' call  
Hurt myself bad on a run through the desert  
Threw a shoe and took a bad fall  
Long for the peace that the ancients bring me  
Murmur of the lowlands shut my jaw  
Help me now, I got to slow down  
Hear my singin' call  
Everyone knows there's a price for the askin'  
Some people buy themselves a doll  
Help me, sweet Jesus, I'm weary from the journey  
I need to tell my brothers what I saw  
Help me now, I got to slow down  
Hear my singin' call

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