

Last to Leave

[Arlo Guthrie](#)

Lonely sunshine, days come easy
Spend my time alone at rest
And if I were the last to leave here
Now would these roads be any less? Oh I'm the last to leave
Now would these ribbon highway roads
Be less wonderful to me?
Why must I always be so slow? Many friends, they come and go
You know there's a lot of feelings that I've left behind
And it's a lonely world I know
When your friends are hard to find But take the time, my memory fails
I soaked my eyes in the morning rain
Like a sailor sailing over Jordan
On the road back home again

Lyrics provided by

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