

Mr. James

Jim Florentine

Mr. James sits on a park bench
Feeds the pigeons
From the crust of his bread
And I come around from time to time
To hear his stories unwind
'Cause it helps me clear my head
Mr. James says, "Ten years ago I was rich man
Well, I had a corporate office
You know that down on 17th and Main
Somewhere along the line
I guess I just lost all track of time
And tried to make myself a name"
Time goes by, just like yesterday
Used to be tomorrow
Time goes by, just like yesterday
Just like, Mr. James says
He said, "Well, take these pigeons for example
Well, they never seem to have
A single worry on their mind
Well, maybe it's because they know
That the good Lord is watching over everyone of us
'Cause you know that's the secret of this life"
Time goes by, just like yesterday
Used to be tomorrow
Time goes by, just like yesterday
Just like, Mr. James says
Don't worry about tomorrow
Tomorrow will take care of itself
Don't worry about tomorrow
Tomorrow will, take, care of itself, yeah
Yesterday I stopped by that old park bench
I fed that Mr. James pigeons
From the crust of my bread
Well, I watched the world fly by
And I thought all about my life
I remembered what Mr. James said
Time goes by, just like yesterday
Used to be tomorrow
And time goes by, just like yesterday
Just like, Mr. James says
Time goes by, just like yesterday
Used to be tomorrow
And time goes by, just like yesterday
Just like, Mr. James says
Time goes by, well, it's just like yesterday
Used to be tomorrow
Time goes by, it's just like yesterday
Just like Mr. James said

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