

Song for the Life

John Denver

I don't drink as much as I used to.
Lately it just ain't my style.
And hard times don't hurt like they ought to.
They pass quicker like when I's a child.
Somehow I've learned how to listen.
For a sound like the sun goin' down.
In the magic the morning is bringing.
There's a song for the life I have found.
It keeps my feet on the ground. Don't the midsummer days sit so heavy.
But don't they flow like a breeze through your mind.
And nothin' occurs in a hurry.
To make up for someone's lost time.
Somehow I've learned how to listen.
For a sound like the sun goin' down.
In the magic the morning is bringing.
There's a song for a friend I have found.
She keeps my feet on the ground. Somehow I've learned how to listen.
For a sound like the breeze dyin' down.
In the magic the morning is bringing.
There's a song for the life I have found.
Keeps my feet on the ground.
Oh yeah, that keeps my feet on the ground.

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