

Days Are Short

[Arlo Guthrie](#)

Days are short and I ain't down
The sun is on the hill
Looking in my suitcase for a friendThe door was opened wide
You know I lost a little pride
And inside it was just another manEvery day another man reaches out his hand
Every moment there's a shifting in the sand
Every whisper in the wind brings a good man back again
Settle me down in my dreams tonight
Tomorrow's another day to blow my blues awayLots of folks will tell you that
A man can go through life
Taking what he wants along the wayBut until all men are freed
Each one gets but what he needs
The experience of living every dayEvery day another man reaches out his hand
Every moment there's a shifting in the sand
Every whisper in the wind brings a good man back again
Settle me down in my dreams tonight
Tomorrow's another day to blow my blues awayI woke up this morning
I awoke upon my knees
Crying ooh, wee, I don't know where I amI feel just like a clown
Every time I move around
Because, after all I'm just another man

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