

# 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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