

# Bread, Be Kind To Me

Been Too Long On The Road

Always look so good on the outside

When you get to believin' it's true,

Then you know that you're on your way

People tug on your shirt, say you're lucky

You've got ev'rything you want, but you don't

Yet you dare not say

Go downtown people runnin' around

They climb slowly draggin' you downtown,

Horns make a dent in your mind

Plush rooms make a blindin' your eye to see,

Blindin' me. Light, lovely light,

Won't ya' shine in my window

Love, precious love won't ya' fill ev'ry room,

Been too long on the road.

Maybe cynics veins are my life blood

Maybe bitin' the hand that I feed so I'll try

Try to understand what it is that devours your freedom,

Makes you drop what you used to hold in your heart.

All the things you planned

Go upstairs with a someone who says she cares,

Like the devil she does,

What comes ever into your mind?

Then gone, leavin' you with the coldest room,

Oldest gloom. Warm, won't you be,

Please be there in my winter.

Love, precious love won't ya' come full circle,

Been too long on the road.

How can I do this to myself?

Have I taken leave of my senses?

What kind of changes make a man

Want to tear down all his fences

Whoa, I'd like to know. Home ever home,

How could I ever doubt you

Love, precious love, how could I live without you?

Been too long on the road.