

# Buffalo Springfield, Four Days Gone

by Stephen Stills

I met two kind people on the road  
I was parched and dry from the cold  
I've been traveling four days and nights, sir  
and I do want to thank you for the ride  
and the soup your wife made tasted fine  
if it's all the same, I'll be on my way at the next turn  
'cause I'm four days gone into running

And my baby is waiting, I hope, sir  
After fifteen trucks and an old Ford  
and the government madness... I ran away  
and I to say, I can't tell you my name  
'cause I'm four days gone into running

I can't even go home  
Take my baby and run  
I got reason to live  
I got things I can give

And I'm four days gone into running