

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