

Stephen Stills, Down The Road

When I was a young man
Standin' in the door
The room was dark and smokey
The smell of death befo' me

Think I'll go down
Mama
Go on down the road
See what's goin' on
Down the road

Lotsa friends and chirren
Layin' in the grass
Hookah makes me crazy
Believe I'm goin' have to pass

Think I'll go down
Mama
Go on down the road
See what's goin' on
Down the road

Then you find your kokane
Start to movin' fast
Trip, stumble, fall, freeze up
Hope your body last

Think I'll go down
Mama
Go on down the road
See what's goin' on
Down the road

Drinkin' plenty good liquor
Bourbon twelve years old
Herowine, just in time
Worst trip that I know

Think I'll go down
Mama
Take a pass
Go on down the road
See what's goin' on

Some people into Jesus
Other people into Zen
I'm just into every day
I don't hide from where I been

I just go down
Mama
Go on down the road
See what's goin' on
Down the road