

Arlo Guthrie, Last To Leave

By Arlo Guthrie

Lonely sunshine, days come easy,
Spend my time alone at rest,
And if I were the last to leave here,
Now would these roads be any less?

Oh, I'm the last to leave.
Now would these ribbon highway roads
Be less wonderful to me?
Why must I always be so slow?

Many friends come and go,
You know there's a lot of feelings that I've left behind,
And it's a lonely world, I know,
When your friends are hard to find.

But take the time, my memory fails,
And soak my eyes in the morning rain,
Like a sailor, sailing over Jordan,
On the road back home again.

Oh, I'm the last to leave.
Would these ribbon highway roads
Be less wonderful to me?
Why must I always be so slow?