

Bill Withers, Another Day To Run

If you don't look into your mind and find out
what you're running from
tomorrow might just be another day to run
If you just sit and waste your time you'll be
going where you're coming from (think about that)
tomorrow might be just another day to run
Someone must control your mind
you're the one
dark confusion's what you find when you run.
I don't want to waste your time but I'm talking
to you like a son
Tomorrow might be just another day to run
Walking down the road of life looking for direction sometimes
my mind gets so mixed up I can't tell lust from affection
Gonna stop in to a roadside church and get my mind a rest
and Lord Jesus, help me get my soul together in the process
Pretty ladies stand in line waiting for inspection
ragged old men drinking wine trying to drown rejection
I've been wasting too much time, I'm going to lose my
mind unless, Lord Jesus
You help me get my soul together in the process
I see Tony Jr. fill up his arm with dope and dream
about a valley but he lives in an alley
filled with papers thrown away -- Lord tell me
He's long on dreams and short on hope and sometimes
he goes to rallies and stops by to see Sally just
to pass the time away
Lord tell me Tony tell me why do you want to get high
enough to die.