

# Harry Chapin, Any Old Kind Of Day

Turning on my pillow, thinking kind of strange.  
The color is of midnight in this room.  
The cars outside are coughing and it's kind of hard to sleep  
and there's neon out the window, not the moon.  
And it was just an any old kind of day,  
The kind that comes and slips away,  
The kind that fills up easy my life's time.  
The night brought any old kind of dark,  
I heard the ticking of my heart.  
Then why'm I thinking somethings left behind?  
I whistled round today and I skipped off a footloose jig  
to the hurdy gurdy music of the street.  
I looked past those rooftops and I saw the cloudless sky,  
But I keep on asking why my life is passing by,  
And I'm left up high and dry,  
But it ain't no good to cry,  
So I shrug my useless sigh,  
And I trust to things that other days will meet.  
And it was just an any old kind of day,  
The kind that comes and slips away,  
The kind that fills up easy my life's time.  
The night brought any old kind of dark,  
I heard the ticking of my heart.  
Then why'm I thinking somethings left behind?  
The night has had it's laughing,  
when the street lights blind the stars,  
So now it's shedding rain to sing it's sorrow,  
It's time for me to sleep and to rest these thoughts away,  
There's gonna be another day, hey!  
when things will go my way,  
And there's other things to say,  
And there's other songs to play,  
And there'll be time enough for thinking come tomorrow.  
And it was just an any old kind of day,  
The kind that comes and slips away,  
The kind that fills up easy my life's time.  
The night brought any old kind of dark,  
I heard the ticking of my heart.  
Then why'm I thinking somethings left behind?