

# Jim Croce, Age

I've been up and down and around and 'round and back again,  
I've been so many places I can't remember where or when.  
And my only boss was the clock on the wall and my only friend  
Never really was a friend at all.

I've traded love for pennies, sold my soul for less,  
Lost my ideals in that long tunnel of time.  
I've turned inside out and around about and back and then  
Found myself right back where I started again.

Once I had myself a million, now I've only got a dime,  
The difference don't seem quite as bad today.  
With a nickel or a million, I was searching all the time  
For something that I never lost or left behind.

I've traded love for pennies, sold my soul for less,  
Lost my ideals in that long tunnel of time.  
I've turned inside out and around about and back and then  
Found myself right back where I started again.

And Now I'm in my second circle and I'm headin' for the top,  
I've learned a lot of things along the way.  
I'll be careful while I'm climbin' 'cause it hurts a lot to drop,  
When you're down nobody gives a damn anyway.

I've traded love for pennies, sold my soul for less,  
Lost my ideals in that long tunnel of time.  
I've turned inside out and around about and back and then  
Found myself right back where I started again.