

# Stephen Stills, In The Way

Strangest sort of feelin'  
With me every day  
Everybody wasted  
A little more than they'd like to say

Worry 'bout tomorrow  
Like it was today  
Leave you only sorrow  
Feelin' lost  
In the way

When I was in prison  
It was only yesterday  
There were no longer cages  
Still I had to stay

Think about tomorrow  
Like it was today  
Leave you only sorrow  
Feelin' lost  
And in the way

Never saw the stranger  
Clouding up the day  
Never understanding  
Anything I say

Do you know the meaning  
When you finally lose your way  
Who will be your witness  
Come to judgement day

Think about tomorrow  
Like it was today  
Leave you only sorrow  
Feelin' lost  
And in the way