

Stephen Stills, In The Way Live

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