

Stephen Stills, Singin Call

Listen to the sound of the night bird singin'
I wonder who he calls
My fingers hurt so bad, it's got me grinnin'
And I wonder can I do it all
Hit a stretch of rapids in the rushing ragin' river
Looking out for boulders and falls
A woman she watches from the top of the canyon
Hopin' we don't drown us all
Help me now, I got to slow down
Hear my singin' call
Hurt myself bad on a run through the desert
Threw a shoe and took a bad fall
Long for the peace that the ancients bring me
Murmur of the lowlands shut my jaw
Help me now, I got to slow down
Hear my singin' call
Everyone knows there's a price for the askin'
Some people buy themselves a doll
Help me, sweet Jesus
I'm weary from the journey
I need to tell my brothers what I saw
Help me now, I got to slow down
Hear my singin' call