Stephen Stills, So Many Times

So many times
I've been fooling myself
It's a hard hand to play
Falls on nobody else

Those in the city
Reaching out to grab hold
Of something they've only heard about
And never been shown

Who do you turn to and what do you say
When she's got the power and she got the way
Does it matter at all
Who survives and who falls
When we live under darkness
And hide behind walls

Why would anyone
Even try to hold sway
Over somebody else
In such a small way

Where are the answers
To the problems we face
Who would teach us
About sharing and living in grace

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