Townes Van Zandt, Don't You Take It Too Bad

by Townes Van Zandt
Don't you take it too bad
if you're feelin' unlovin'
if you're feelin unfeelin'
if you're feelin' alone
Don't take it too bad

'Cause it ain't you to blame, babe
Lord, it's just some kind of game made
out of all of this living
that we got left to do

And if you go searchin'
for rhyme or for reason
then you won't have the time
that it take just for talkin'
about the places you've been, babe
about the places you've seen, babe
and how soft the time flies
past your window at night

And we just can't have that, girl
'cause it's a sad, lonesome, cold world
and a man need a woman just to stand by his side
and whisper sweet words in his ears about daydreams
and roses and playthings
and the sweetness of springtime
and the sound of the rain