

# Y & T, 49 Bye-Byes

49 reasons all in a line  
All of them good ones, all of them lise.  
Drifting with my lady, we're oldest of friends  
Need a little work and there's fences to mend.  
Steady girl, be my world.  
Till the drifter come, now she's gone.  
I let that man play his hand,  
I let them go, how was i to know?  
I'm down on my knees, nobody left to please.  
Now it's over, they left in the spring.  
Her and the drifter, lookin' for beautiful things.  
Steady girl, be my world.  
Till the drifter come, now she's gone.  
I let that man play his hand,  
I let them go, how was i to know?  
I'm down on my knees, nobody left to please.  
(poem of "america's children" by stephen stills)