

In Your Quiet Home

Black Oak Arkansas

Never before,
Have I felt pain,
Not in my life,
Till I came here,
Doors never close,
Nights are depressing, oh,
Can't sleep in the day,
I never get rested, oh.

Takes all my time,
And all my strength,
To do one third of what I have,
And need to do.
And it must not seem so sad to you,
In your quiet home.
And you're not tired,
And you're not sick,
And you're not hungry.

But you will be lucky, yeah,
And share in my dream.
Because you really and deeply understand.