

Hoping to Say

The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band

In a package that comes in the mail everyday
I received my headache and failed to relay
All the things that I'm constantly hoping to say
To those who we all hold so dear.

I once had the knack but it didn't last long
The last time I had that, it wasn't that strong
It's clear to me now that it's all turned out wrong
For those who we all hold so dear.

Oh-ho, and it's making me cry
Oh-ho, they won't let me get high.

I can remember when things weren't so tough
Just a few worries but still not enough
They soon began building and too much to tell
To those who we all hold so dear.

Oh-ho, and it's making me cry
Oh-ho, they won't let me get high.