

Another Day to Run

Bill Withers

If you don't look into your mind
And find out what you're runnin' from
Tomorrow might just be another day to run

If you just sit and waste your time
You'll be goin' where you're comin' from, think about that
Tomorrow might be just another day to run

Someone must control your mind, you're the one
Dark confusion's what you find if you run

I don't want to waste your time
But I'm talkin' to you like a son
Tomorrow might be just another day to run

Oh now, walkin' down the road of life, lookin' for direction
Sometime my mind gets so mixed up, I can't tell lust from affection
Gonna stop in to a roadside church, get my mind a rest
And Lord Jesus, help me get my soul together in the process

Oh now, pretty ladies stand in line, waitin' for inspection
Ragged old men drinkin' wine, tryin' to drown rejection
I've been wastin' too much time, I'm gonna lose my mind
Unless Lord Jesus, You help me get my soul together in the process

Oh now, Tony Jr. filled up his arm with dope
And he dreams about a valley
But the poor boy lives in an alley
Filled with papers that's thrown away

Lord, Lord, Lord, oh Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord
Tell me Tony, tell me Tony, tell me Tony, tell me Tony
Tell me why, he wanna get high enough to die

Well, he's long on dreams and short on hope
Sometimes he goes to rallies, stops by to see Sally
Lord, just to pass the time away

Lord, Lord, oh Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord
Tell me Tony, tell me Tony, tell me Tony
Tell me why, he wanna get high enough to die