

I've been high
I've been down
My head in the clouds
And my hands in the ground
In the arms of the woman
I found my way home
And in the arms of the woman
I have been lost

When I'm so lost that this losing feels like dying
I hope you'll be by me then
When I'm so lost that this losing feels like dying
I hope you'll be by me then

As a young man I was afraid
Of my life
Oh, what would I make
I will make love
What will I hate
What better sweet road will I choose to the grave

And if I'm old 'til this oldness has me dying
I hope you'll be by me then
'Cause if I'm old 'til this oldness has me dying
I hope you'll be by me then

I'm sick of you, sick of me
I'm sick of war, and I'm sick of peace
I'm sick of sound like I'm sick of silence
I grow sick of the darkness 'til I'm sick of the light

When I'm so sick that this sickness has me dying
I hope you'll be by me then
Well, I'm so sick that this sickness has me dying
I hope you'll be by me then
I hope you'll be by me then

Once as a boy, I saw what happened
I saw them beat him down to the cold cold ground
I watched those big boys cut that man down
And I was too weak, too weak to take a stand

When I'm so weak that this weakness has me dying
I hope you'll be by me then
When, I'm so weak that this weakness feels like dying
I hope you'll be by me then
But if I'm old 'til this oldness has me dying
I hope you'll be by me then

So I will live as I see fit
And there will be those who will not like it
But in the arms of a woman
I found my way home
So to the arms of a woman
I will go
And if I'm old til this oldness has me dying
I hope you'll be by me then

If I'm old 'til this oldness has me dying...