

# To Live Is To Fly

Steve Earle

Won't say I love you, babe,  
Won't say I need you, babe,  
But I'm gonna get you babe  
And I will not do you wrong.  
Living's mostly wasting time  
And I'll waste my share of mine  
But it never feels to good,  
So let's don't take to long.  
You're soft as glass  
And I'm a gentle man;  
We got the sky to talk about  
And the earth to lie upon.

Days, up and down they come  
Like rain on a conga drum  
Forget most, remember some  
But don't turn none away.  
Everything is not enough  
And nothin' is to much to bear.  
Where you been is good and gone  
All you keep is the getting there.

To live is to fly  
Low and high,  
So shake the dust off of your wings  
And the sleep out of your eyes.

Goodbye to all my friends  
It's time to go again  
Think of all the poetry  
And the pickin' down the line  
I'll miss the system here  
The bottom's low  
And the treble's clear  
But it don't pay to think to much  
On things you leave behind.  
I will be gone  
But it won't be long  
I will be a'bringin' back the melodies  
And rhythm that I find.

We all got holes to fill  
Them holes are all that's real.  
Some fall on you like a storm,  
Sometimes you dig your own.  
The choice is yours to make,  
Time is yours to take;  
Some sail upon/dive into the sea,  
Some toil upon the stone.

To live is to fly  
Low and high,  
So shake the dust off of your wings  
And the sleep out of your eyes;

Shake the dust off of your wings  
And the tears out of your eyes.