

# To Live Is to Fly

Guy Clark

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  
Livin's mostly wastin' time

I waste my share of mine  
But it never feels too good  
So let's don't take too long  
You're soft as glass  
And I'm a gentle man  
We got the sky to talk about  
And the world 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

Nothin' is too much to bear  
Where you been is good and gone  
All you keep is the gettin' there  
To live is to fly  
Low and high

So shake the dust off of your wings  
And the sleep out of your eyes  
It's goodbye to all my friends  
It's time to go again

Think on 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 too much  
On things you leave behind

I may be gone  
But it won't be long  
I will be a-bringin' back the melody  
And the 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  
But choice is yours to make  
And time is yours to take  
Some 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  
So shake the dust off of your wings

And the tears out of your eyes