

Corners Without Exits

Hot Tuna

Well, you hope the road you follow
Will lead you to the sea,
And you hope the time allows you,
To start to livin' free.
But when the world is busy,
And the way is hard to see;
When tomorrow comes,
Will you remember?
When the time you've got to wander;
It's slippin' by your side,
And the way you're tryin' to move
Into the future makes you slide,
Into corners without exits.
Till you try to find a ride;
When tomorrow comes,
Will you remember?
Now don't you know the world don't care,
Just what we're livin' through?
It's spinnin'; just keeps takin' you for rides.
Don't you know you've gotta keep on fightin' through?
The last frontier is flying deep inside!
Well, the last ship in the harbor;
Is sailin' on the tide,
And your papers are in order,
So you'd better get inside.
The broad horizon's ready,
And your world is open wide.
When forever comes,
You'll still remember.