

She Won't Let Me Fly Away

John Denver

Well, I wake up late in the afternoon. I eat my eggs with the evening news.

And the sun's gone down before I find my shoes.

Music fills the air, but it's all the blues.

She won't let me fly away, she won't let me fly away.

Well, we got no heat and the window's broke,

The storm rains came, everything got soaked.

And there's no bread left, nothing here to smoke,

and the Lord looks down saying, "Can't you take a joke?"

She won't let me fly away, she won't let me fly away.

The palm tree's just a picture on a postcard,

the ocean's just a memory in my dream.

And a man comes a TV selling soapsuds to dirty up my rivers and my streams.

Like a mystery movie without an end. When you think it's over, it just begins.

It's not always true that the good guy wins,

I been down so long that I got the bends.

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