Minutes to Memories

John Mellencamp

On a Greyhound thirty miles beyond Jamestown He saw the sun set on the Tennessee line He looked at the young man who was riding beside him He said I'm old kind of worn out inside I worked my whole life in the steel mills of Gary And my father before me I helped build this land Now I'm seventy-seven and with God as my witness I earned every dollar that passed through my hands My family and friends are the best thing I've known Through the eye of the needle I'll carry them home

Days turn to minutes And minutes to memories Life sweeps away the dreams That we have planned You are young and you are the future So suck it up and tough it out And be the best you can

The rain hit the old dog in the twilight's last gleaming He said "son it sounds like rattling old bones" This highway is long but I know some that are longer By sunup tomorrow I guess I'll be home Through the hills of Kentucky 'cross the Ohio river The old man kept talking 'bout his life and his times He fell asleep with his head against the window He said an honest man's pillow is his peace of mind This world offers riches and riches will grow wings I don't take stock in those uncertain things

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The old man had a vision but it was hard for me to follow I do things my way and I pay a high price When I think back on the old man and the bus ride Now that I'm older I can see he was right

Another hot one out on highway eleven This is my life It's what I've chosen to do There are no free rides, no one said it'd be easy The old man told me this my son I'm telling it to you

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