

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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