

## Mr. James

Matthew West

Mr. James sits on a park bench  
Feeds the pigeons from the crust of his bread  
And I come around from time to time  
to hear his stories unwind  
cause it helps me clear my head

Mr. James says  
ten years ago I was rich man  
well I had a corporate office  
You know that down on 17th and Main  
Somewhere along the line  
I guess I just lost all track of time  
and tried to make myself a name

Time goes by  
Just like yesterday  
used to be tomorrow  
Time goes by  
Just like yesterday  
Just like like Mr. James says

Take these pigeons for example  
well they never seem to have  
a single worry on their mind  
well maybe it's because they know  
that the good Lord is watching over everyone of us  
'cause you know that's the secret of this life

Don't worry about tomorrow  
Tomorrow will take care of itself  
Don't worry about tomorrow  
Tomorrow will - take - care of itself

Yeah!

Yesterday I stopped by that old park bench  
I fed that Mr. James pigeons from the crust of my bread  
Well I watched the world fly by  
and I thought all about my life  
I remembered what Mr. James said

time goes by  
well it's just like yesterday  
used to be tomorrow time goes by  
well it's just like yesterday  
just like Mr. James said