

# Up to Me

Roger McGuinn

Everythin' went from bad to worse,  
Money never changed a thing,  
Death kept followin', trackin' us down,  
At least I heard your bluebird sing.  
Now somebody's got to show their hand,  
Time is an enemy,  
I know you're long gone,  
I guess it must be up to me.

If I'd thought about it  
I never would've done it,  
I guess I would've let it slide,  
If I'd lived my life  
By what others were thinkin',  
The heart inside me would've died.  
I was just too stubborn  
To ever be governed  
By enforced insanity,  
Someone had to reach  
For the risin' star,  
I guess it was up to me.

Oh, the Union Central is pullin' out  
And the orchids are in bloom,  
I've only got me  
One good shirt left  
And it smells of stale perfume.  
In fourteen months  
I've only smiled once  
And I didn't do it consciously,  
Somebody's got to find your trail,  
I guess it must be up to me.

It was like a revelation  
When you betrayed me with your touch,  
I'd just about convinced myself  
That nothin' had changed that much.  
The old Rounder in the iron mask  
Slipped me the master key,  
Somebody had to unlock your heart,  
He said it was up to me.

Well, I watched you slowly disappear  
Down into the officers' club,  
I would've followed you in the door  
But I didn't have a ticket stub.  
So I waited all night  
'Til the break of day,  
Hopin' one of us could get free,  
When the dawn came over the river bridge,  
I knew it was up to me.

Oh, the only decent thing I did  
When I worked as a postal clerk  
Was to haul your picture down off the wall  
Near the cage where I used to work.  
Was I a fool or not

To try to protect your identity?  
You looked a little  
Burned out, my friend,  
I thought it might be up to me.

Well, I met somebody face to face  
And I had to remove my hat,  
She's everything I need and love  
But I can't be swayed by that.  
It frightens me,  
The awful truth of  
How sweet life can be,  
But she ain't a-gonna make me move,  
I guess it must be up to me.

We heard the Sermon on the Mount  
And I knew it was too complex,  
It didn't amount to anything more  
Than what the broken glass reflects.  
When you bite off more  
Than you can chew  
You pay the penalty,  
Somebody's got to tell the tale,  
I guess it must be up to me.

Well, Dupree came in pimpin' tonight  
To the Thunderbird Cafe,  
Crystal wanted to talk to him,  
I had to look the other way.  
Well, I just can't rest  
Without you, love,  
I need your company,  
But you ain't a-gonna cross the line,  
I guess it must be up to me.

There's a note left in the bottle,  
You can give it to Estelle,  
She's the one  
You been wond'rin' about,  
But there's really  
Nothin' much to tell.  
We both heard voices for a while,  
Now the rest is history,  
Somebody's got to cry some tears,  
I guess it must be up to me.

So go on, boys, and play your hands,  
Life is a pantomime,  
The ringleaders  
From the county seat  
Say you don't have all that much time.  
And the girl with me  
Behind the shades,  
She ain't my property,  
One of us has got to hit the road,  
I guess it must be up to me.

And if we never meet again,  
Baby, remember me,  
How my lone guitar  
Played sweet for you  
That old-time melody.  
And the harmonica around my neck,

I blew it for you, free,  
No one else could play that tune,  
You know it was up to me.