

## Another Day to Run

Bill Withers

If you don't look into your mind  
And find out what you're runnin' from  
Tomorrow might just be another day to run

If you just sit and waste your time  
You'll be goin' where you're comin' from, think about that  
Tomorrow might be just another day to run

Someone must control your mind, you're the one  
Dark confusion's what you find if you run

I don't want to waste your time  
But I'm talkin' to you like a son  
Tomorrow might be just another day to run

Oh now, walkin' down the road of life, lookin' for direction  
Sometime my mind gets so mixed up, I can't tell lust from affection  
Gonna stop in to a roadside church, get my mind a rest  
And Lord Jesus, help me get my soul together in the process

Oh now, pretty ladies stand in line, waitin' for inspection  
Ragged old men drinkin' wine, tryin' to drown rejection  
I've been wastin' too much time, I'm gonna lose my mind  
Unless Lord Jesus, You help me get my soul together in the process

Oh now, Tony Jr. filled up his arm with dope  
And he dreams about a valley  
But the poor boy lives in an alley  
Filled with papers that's thrown away

Lord, Lord, Lord, oh Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord  
Tell me Tony, tell me Tony, tell me Tony, tell me Tony  
Tell me why, he wanna get high enough to die

Well, he's long on dreams and short on hope  
Sometimes he goes to rallies, stops by to see Sally  
Lord, just to pass the time away

Lord, Lord, oh Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord  
Tell me Tony, tell me Tony, tell me Tony  
Tell me why, he wanna get high enough to die