

Any Old Kind of Day

Harry Chapin

Turning on my pillow, thinking kind of strange
The color is of midnight in this room
The cars outside are coughing
And it's kind of hard to sleep
And there's neon out the window, not the moon

And it was just an any old kind of day
The kind that comes and slips away
The kind that fills up easy my life's time
The night brought any old kind of dark
I heard the ticking of my heart
Then why'm I thinking something's left behind?

I whistled 'round today and I skipped off a footloose jig
To the hurdy gurdy music of the street
I looked past those rooftops and I saw the cloudless sky
But I keep on asking why my life is passing by
And I'm left up high and dry
But it ain't no good to cry, so I shrug my useless sigh
And I trust to things that other days will meet

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Then why'm I thinking something's left behind?

The night has had it's laughing
When the street lights blind the stars
So now it's shedding rain to sing it's sorrow
It's time for me to sleep and to rest these thoughts away
There's gonna be another day, hey

When things will go my way
And there's other things to say
And there's other songs to play
And there'll be time enough for thinking come tomorrow

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