

## **These Days**

Words and Music by Timothy Carman/Leon Ellis

Asked my friend just the other day  
Asked him how was it going  
And as he talked he looked through me  
He wasn't all there

Said while he's making some money  
Someone takes it away  
Spends all his time working  
As the days slip away

Well it doesn't make sense  
These days there's nothing for sure  
Seems the best you can hope for  
Is the same of some more

What good is any of this  
If you can't just be  
What good is any of your freedoms  
If you're not free

What good is all of this justice  
That's too blind to see  
With all its talk about fairness  
Seems unfair to me

Well who the hell are they  
To tell us what to do  
They're made up like clowns  
On circus day

What good is all your religion  
If it leads you to fight  
What good are all of your schools  
If you don't know what's right

What good are all of your views  
If you're not really there  
What good's the memories you've got  
If you just can't share

The more that you grab for  
The less that you get  
So when will you ever learn  
That you gotta let go

It's troubling me  
The future I see  
Our inside is out  
And our upside is down

No it doesn't make sense  
These days there's nothing for sure  
Seems the best you can hope for  
Is the same of some more  
Same of some more  
You've gotta let go  
Same of some more  
You've gotta let go  
Same of some more  
You've gotta let go  
You've gotta let go