

My Front Pages

Moderately
Verse

Arlo Guthrie

I re - mem - ber now the time you left, You
thought to say fare - well. — But
for how long you would be gone, there was no way to tell.
You just set out up -
on your road, It caused you lots of grief; —

And took you man - y plac - es that — you
 came to, for to leave.

Chorus
 A - lone for years you sailed — 'round, At
 last your ship come in; — Well, charge ad - mis - sion
 on her deck or sail her out a - gain. —

Among the people that you met
 Are some you'll see again.
 With perfumed flowers in your hands
 You stood there in the rain.
 They set the stage for anything
 And everyone was game.
 You came alone and now at home
 They stop and ask your name.

Chorus

You'd like to see your friends again
 The ones left on the road,
 And ramble 'round from town to town
 And tell me what's been told.
 And sing the song you sang before
 You sat before the King,
 And fate alone will guide you on
 And give you words to sing.

Chorus