

Tull Jethro

"With You There To Help Me"

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In days of peace,
Sweet smelling summer nights
Of wine and song.
Dusty pavements, burning feet.

Why am I crying? I want to know.
How can I smile and make it right
For sixty days and eighty nights,
And not give in and lose the fight?

I'm going back to the ones that I know
With whom I can be what I want to be.
Just one week for the feeling to go,
And with you there to help me then it probably will.

I won't go down
Acting the same old play.
Gave sixty days for just one night.
Don't think I'd make it, but I'd bet I might.

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With whom I can be what I want to be.
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And with you there to help me then it probably will.

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