

## Harry Chapin "Any Old Kind Of Day"

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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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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?

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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