

John Martyn

"Go Out And Get It"

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I believe in a minute for every man
When he must take notice of the clock and all its hands
If he sees the road lead straight ahead
Gotta run on down and never never be afraid
It's yours, go out and get it
Don't get wet, please keep dry
Think about the people who made you cry

I know a man, six feet tall
Buckskin jacket, velvet stripes and all
From Boston town, educated well
And he keeps his mind within a padded shell
Behind the curtain, upon the shelf
Lives a man living with himself
Behind his eyes, behind his smile
What is going on, nobody in the world can tell

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