

Mark Olson

"My One Book Philosophy"

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My one book philosophy
Back when we ran free
And played under the sun
A honeymoon no more

The streets and the cities
And did you lie awake?
Though your dreams become too steep
And slip under an icy tree

My one book philosophy
Found us out, found us deep
Found us in tomorrow

Well, my book is a shallow stream
And my book is a cloudy island
My one book philosophy
You don't need my book no more
Then I become a hobo in a hobo can
Burnt beans by the fire side
Oh, my baby's been cryin'
Oh, my baby's been cryin'

You don't need my book no more
Then I become a hobo
Oh, my baby's been cryin'
And I don't have a home no more

Oh, my one book philosophy
Back when we were free
And played under the sun
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