

## **Mother Hips "Later Days"**

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In these later days we're making  
a living on the taking  
from each other all the things for which we have no  
further use

See the people there on Friday  
at the barter fair say 'why pay'  
could I trade you this fine portrait for those shoes

And I know that I don't know you well  
but holding your hand I can tell  
that if I ever lost you I'd be crazed

And the sunny field is darkened by  
the shadows I am harken by  
could you hold me tightly through these later days

Later Days  
later days  
later days  
later

These commercials have me thinking  
what I drive and what I'm drinking  
are in essence just the things that make me free

We're not movin' on the freeway  
and there's got to be a new way  
to get my things from point A to point B

And the sunny field is darkened by  
the shadows I am harken by  
could you hold me tightly through these later days

Later Days  
later days  
later days  
later

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