

Rem "These Days"

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(Berry/Buck/Mills/Stipe)

Now I'm not feeding off you, I will rearrange your
scales

If I can, and I can

March into the ocean, march into the sea

I had a hat I put it down and it sunk, reached down,
Yanked it up, slapped it on my head

All the people gather

Fly to carry each his burden

We are young despite the years we are concern

We are hope despite the times

All of the sudden, these days

Happy throngs, take this joy wherever, wherever

I wish to meet each one of you

And you, me, you, if I can and I can

We have many things in common, name three

I had a hat and it sunk, reached down,

Yanked it up, slapped it on my head

All the people gather

Fly to carry each his burden

We are young despite the years we are concern

We are hope despite the times

All of the sudden, these days

Happy throngs, take this joy wherever, wherever you

go

Now I'm not feeding off you I will rearrange your scales

If I can and I can

I wish to eat each one of you and you, me, you

I had a hat and it sunk, reached down,

Yanked it up, slapped it on my head

All the people gather

Fly to carry each his burden

We are young despite the years we are concern

We are hope despite the times

All of the sudden, these days

Happy throngs, take this joy wherever, wherever you

Carry each his burden

We are young despite the years we are concern
We are hope despite the times
All of the sudden, these days
Happy throngs, take this joy wherever, wherever you
go

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