

Arne Nordheim**"Wouldn't You Believe It"**

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words and musk by Arlo Guthrie

In the candle, lights burn away
Leaving nothing, except the day
Just to blow your mind away
Coming thus, this daily change
You sit and pose the very strange
He sits and hums 'Home on the Range'
And just wouldn't you believe it

Now the hallway, now the doors
Locking out your deathlike chores
Locking in what's left to score
Coming thus, this daily thought
Heroes have so long been taught
Buying what cannot be bought
And just wouldn't you believe it

Like before, my time has gone
Here's wishing I could carry on
But I'm being called up into the dawn
Coming thus, this daily freak
Try to come again next week
When I strive to climb the peak
And just wouldn't you believe it

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