Steve Forbert "Responsibility"

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Poor ole surrender Mimosa Finally burnt out by the sun I feel pretty burnt out myself When the long, hot summer is done

Summertime's long been my favorite Now I can't grab it no more Can't find no time for a fish on the line Or that swing in the old Sycamore

I'm in such a hurry now It starts to worry me Stop an' smell the roses? Baby, I can't hardly see

No, I ain't forgotten just how good it all can be But I've got so much responsibility Got so much responsibility

Baby, you know how I'm working Sorry I'm busy so much Sorry those days when the world went our way Are so hard to return to an' to touch

Maybe our future looks brighter
Maybe our ship will come in
Maybe these years an' these muletrain careers
Will be things we won't think about then

But I'm in such a hurry now It start to worry me Stop an' smell the roses? Baby I can't hardly see

No, I ain't forgotten just how good it all can be But I've got so much responsibility Got so much responsibility

Competition's heavy on a hard line wreckin' crew The good ones never leave An' still there's always someone new Pressure comes down hard up on a top notch rivet team
We don't get time to pace ourselves
We don't stand around and dream

Poor ole surrender Mimosa
Finally burnt out by the heat
I feel pretty burnt out myself
When I make that ole turn down our street

Summertime's long been my favorite Now it's ole autumn I love Summertime fun on some beach in the sun Is not somethin' I'm seein' much of

I'm in such a hurry now It starts to worry me Stop an' smell the roses? Baby, I can't hardly see

No, I ain't forgotten just how good it all can be But I've got so much responsibility Got so much responsibility Got so much responsibility

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