

On My Way
By Phil Ochs

Well, sometimes I am happy, sometimes sad,
Thinkin' of the good times I have had,
Thinkin' of the places I have been --
Sometimes down, sometimes up, sometimes in.

On my way -- to another workin' day.
On my way -- and I wish that I could stay.
On my way -- but I have no time to play,
And I hope that I will see you on my way.

And I got me a job in Buffalo,
And it's cold when those chilly lake winds blow,
And it's hot when that steel furnace glows;
It was dirty when that steel smoke rose.

On my way -- to another workin' day.
On my way -- and I wish that I could stay.
On my way -- but I have no time to play,
And I hope that I will see you on my way.

Then California called me for a while,
And the sun was shinin' every single mile.
It was gettin' so darned crowded I could cry,
Crossin' land and sea and fallin' from the sky.

On my way -- to another workin' day.
On my way -- and I wish that I could stay.
On my way -- but I have no time to play,
And I hope that I will see you on my way.

And I've been all along the Southern shore,
And the people there were lookin' mighty poor.
They were waitin' for the factories to arrive,
And some of them were fightin' to survive.

On my way -- to another workin' day.
On my way -- and I wish that I could stay.
On my way -- but I have no time to play,
And I hope that I will see you on my way.

Yes, I've been all up and down the line,
But somehow my money stayed behind.
A good payin' job is hard to find,
And the graveyard's lookin' for another sign.

On my way -- to another workin' day.
On my way -- and I wish that I could stay.
On my way -- but I have no time to play,
And I hope that I will see you on my way.