

There's a **tall** thin man standing in the **shadows**
When he **calls** your name his voice is strong and **clear**
It's a **dark** and smoky place, so you **can't** quite see his face
He **pulls** you close and whispers in your **ear**

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And he **tells** you he was born into some **money**
But it **didn't** mean he had to sit **around**
And he **knows** a thing or 2 about the **things** that you should do
If **you** don't want to take life lying **down**

First of all hang **out** a lot with **Hem-ing-way**
Spend some time **fighting** bulls in **Spain**
You should **go** 3 rounds with **Archie Moore** and **Sug-ar Ray**
It's so damn scary **you** won't mind the **pain**

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Be **ringside** at the Rumble in the **Jungle**
Make **friends** with Hunter S. and Jackie **O'**
And when they **shoot** poor Bobby down,
you wrestle **Sirhan** to the ground
Love your friends and miss them when they **go**

You should **write** a book or **two** and start a **mag-a-zine**
Even if it **never** makes a **dime**
You should **swing** out by your **feet** above the **cir-cus ring**
At the **very** least throw **parties** all the **time**

Time and tide will never care
Not so far from **here** to there
We just **go**

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So **enjoy** yourself, do the things that **matter**
Cause there **isn't** time and space to do it **all**
Love the things you try, drink a **cocktail**, wear a tie
Show a little grace if you should **fall**

Don't **live** another day unless you **make it count**
There's **someone** else that **you're** supposed to **be**
Something deep **inside** of you that **still wants out**
And **shame** on you if **you** don't set it **free**