

Arlo Guthrie, Slow Boat

words and music by Arlo Guthrie

If I could go back home to the place I was raised
I'd catch the next bus and be there in a few days
But I just can't do it, I was raised on the road
I've got no place to go to, so I guess I'll stay on

There's dreams that I've had, I wrote in songs yesterday
But the waves of the world have washed them away
Still I carry them with me wherever I go
They're my only possessions on this slow boat back home

I've kept all my memories buried deep in my heart
Where time cannot touch them and rip them apart
Still I look for the hour when I will be free
From constantly dying and living on dreams

If I could go back home to the place I was raised
I'd catch the next bus and be there in a few days
My dreams in my pockets, my life, that's gone wrong
They're my only possessions on this slow boat back home