

200 More Miles

Cowboy Junkies

Atlanta's a distant memory
Montgomery a recent birth
and Tulsa burns on the desert floor
like a signal fire I got Willie on the radio
a dozen things on my mind
and number one is fleshing out
these dreams of mine I've got 200 more miles of rain asphalt in line
before I sleep
But there'll be no warm sheets or welcoming arms
to fall into tonight In Nashville there is a lighter
in a case for all to see
it speaks of dreams and heartaches
left unsung
And in the corner stands a guitar and
lonesome words scrawled in a drunken hand
I don't travel past, travel hard before
and I'm beginning to understand That I've got 200 more miles of rain asphalt in line
before I sleep
But there'll be no warm sheets or welcoming arms
to fall into tonight They say that I am crazy
my life wasting on this road
that time will find my dreams
scared or dead and cold But I heard there is a light
drawing me to reach an end
and when I reach there, I'll turn back
and you and I can begin again
I've got 200 more miles of rain asphalt in line
before I sleep
But there'll be no warm sheets or welcoming arms
to fall into tonight I've got 200 more miles of rain asphalt in line
before I sleep
But I wouldn't trade all your golden tomorrows
for one hour of this night Atlanta's a distant memory
Montgomery a recent birth
and Tulsa burns on the desert floor
like a signal fire

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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