

# Thousand Roads

David Crosby

Well, I used to walk around with my eyes on fire

Well I used to walk around with my eyes on fire  
My nerves real close to my skin  
Had a fist full of questions a brand on my cheek  
And we would skate where the ice got thin

And the smoke blowin' down from a cabin on a hilltop  
Smoke blowin' down in the street  
Some kind of sweet smellin' mystical backdrop  
To the story unfolding at my feet

There's an edge to the twist of an acrobat in the air  
There's an edge to the twist of a knife  
There's a hard heart of darkness hovering there  
Just around the corner from life

And I have no answers  
I got no patented path to set you free  
Besides I wouldn't know where you wanted to go  
And it's probably not the same place as me

Now there's a thousand roads up this mountain  
You can get lost in a minute if you try  
And it's probably enough that I was laughing today  
And lookin' this close in your eye

I said there was a thousand roads up this mountain  
You can get lost if you try  
It's probably enough that I was laughing today, yeah  
Looking this close in your eye, in your eye  
In your eye