

Traveling Alone

Jason Isbell

Mountain's rough this time of year
Close the highway down
They don't warn the town
I've been fighting second gear for fifteen miles or so
Trying to beat the angry snow
And I know every town worth passing through
But what good does knowing do with no one to show it to

And I've grown tired of traveling alone
Tired of traveling alone
I've grown tired of traveling alone
Won't you ride with me

I've grown tired of traveling alone
Tired of traveling alone
I've grown tired of traveling alone
Won't you ride with me, won't you ride
Won't you ride?

I quit talking to myself
And listening to the radio a long, long time ago
Damn near strangled by my appetite
In Ybor City on a Friday night
Couldn't even stand upright
So high, the street girls wouldn't take my pay
She said come see me on a better day, she just danced away

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Pain in the outside lane, I'm tired of answering to myself
Heart like a rebuilt part, I don't know how much it's got left
How much it's got left

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