

A Hundred Miles Of Bad Road

Andy Griggs

It's a long, long way from where I am,
To where I ought to be.
I can't remember where I made this turn,
Into no-man's land, as far as I can see.

Stranded being and a-broken down,
With only one way from this place.
I always find the strength I need,
In the arms of my Angel and my saving grace.

And I ain't sure how you carry me,
Through the darkest hours, so easily.
And I ain't sure how you carry this load,
Down a hundred miles of bad road.

I handed you what was left of me,
Prayin' it would be enough.
This black and blue and a-worn out heart,
Was empty 'til you filled it up with your love.

And I ain't sure how you carry me,
Through the darkest hours, so easily.
And I ain't sure how you carry this load,
Down a hundred miles of bad road.
Is all I'll ever see.

If there's an easier way, it ain't shown itself to me.
But the burden ain't as heavy as it used to be.

And I ain't sure how you carry me,
Through the darkest hours, so easily.
And I ain't sure how you carry this load.

I ain't sure how you carry me,
Through the darkest hours, so easily.
And I ain't sure how you carry this load,
Down a hundred miles of bad road.

Down a hundred miles of bad road.
Yeah.
Yeah, down a hundred miles of bad road.