No Rubber Tired Vehicles Beyond This Point

Chuck Ragan

I came home late tonight I may have been stuck in my thoughts Or just in the snow Buried deep under the white Digging like an animal Far from civilized If I could feel my feet I'm sure that they would probably hurt But they're still a part of me Tired of barking dogs Tired of being lost I know now what it costs

To be so sure That I'm not a fool, breaking rules Falling sun, luck has gone Freezing cold, feeling old One desire to move...

I still see the words Far beyond the warning sign I passed hours ago I still hear the voice Telling me of all the things Faces that could have been

Now I'm not so sure That I'm not a fool, breaking rules Falling sun, luck has gone Freezing cold, feeling old One desire to move...

Now I'm such a fool, breaking rules Falling sun, luck has gone Freezing cold, feeling old One desire to move on

If I've come home late tonight I may have been stuck in my thoughts