

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 t
onight

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

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But there'll be no warm sheets or welcoming arms to fall into t
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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 and drawing me to reach an end
And when I reach there, I'll turn back and you and I can begin
again

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I've got 200 more miles of rain asphalt in line, before I sleep
But all when you trade all your golden tomorrow's for one, over
all this night

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