

On Your Own

Cross Canadian Ragweed

If i knew where i was going
i might already be there
but i dont know where i been.
every town seems to look the same
another year has came and went

running from the yesterday
looking for tomorrow
let the day just pass me by
looking for the answers
open for suggestions.
still the questions cloud my mind

cause every winter it gets colder
and every summer seems too long
and every road goes on forever
when your out there on your own.

i met a driftin woman
she was looking for the answers
but all she had was alibis
that driftin woman
i could never trust her
she had a pocket full of lies
so one night i left her
in total darkness
in a hotel room in tulsa
hey driftin woman wherever your driftin know
i hope you find what your searching for
chorus

well there not be an end
to this road im taking
i may not find my pot of gold
but theres always anoter day
and theres always another beer
another story to be told