

The Drifter

Devour The Day

He's been chasing white lines across the open sky
Following them far away from the ones he left behind
And even though he's misses her
He was born a traveler

White line after white line he inhales
White line after white line he inhales

He's a drifter and a gambler
He's a lonely rolling stone
He's a dreamer and a Rambler
And the highway is his home
All the pain that he's collected
On a long and wicked road
It's in his eyes
But the dream in inside the drifter never dies

People turn to vampires on these veins of interstate
Hearts gift-wrapped barbed wire as the move from place to place
And he can nail them on the wind
The demons chasing after him

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