

Off the Map

Guy Clark

He's down a dead end road
And he don't know where
The right front tire
Is gonna need some air
Up around the bend
Just a two pump place
So he pulls in
To get his bearings straight

And he thumbs back
Through his life
The pages cut
Just like a knife
One by one
He tears them out
How he got this lost
He don't know how

In a nowhere town
With a nowhere name
He's nowhere closer to where he came from
Dead sure no one's to blame
He's just off the map again

Well it starts to rain
He's gonna wait it out
Gonna rest his eyes
Gonna face his doubts
And he pours a drink
In a paper cup
He goes to sleep
And he don't wake up

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With a nowhere name
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