

# Traveling Alone

Jason Isbell

Mountain's rough this time of year  
Close the highway down  
They don't warn the town  
I've been fighting second gear for fifteen miles or so  
Trying to beat the angry snow  
And I know every town worth passing through  
But what good does knowing do with no one to show it to

And I've grown tired of traveling alone  
Tired of traveling alone  
I've grown tired of traveling alone  
Won't you ride with me

I've grown tired of traveling alone  
Tired of traveling alone  
I've grown tired of traveling alone  
Won't you ride with me, won't you ride  
Won't you ride?

I quit talking to myself  
And listening to the radio a long, long time ago  
Damn near strangled by my appetite  
In Ybor City on a Friday night  
Couldn't even stand upright  
So high, the street girls wouldn't take my pay  
She said come see me on a better day, she just danced away

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Pain in the outside lane, I'm tired of answering to myself  
Heart like a rebuilt part, I don't know how much it's got left  
How much it's got left

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