

# Your Love Is My Rest

Jimmie Dale Gilmore

These are the words  
That cry out of me in the night  
Like a buffalo herd  
From a shotgun blast scattered in flight

I got a one track mind  
Going down a one train line  
Living on dreams half the time  
Going west

I gotta pick up speed  
Just to get what I need  
The end of the line guaranteed  
Your love is my rest

The coal catches fire  
And I'm down the wire in a flash  
That big old smoke stack  
Is belching out black smoke and ash

So sad to think of  
Hurting the one you love  
But surely that's what leaving does  
You'd know best

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Just to get what I need  
The end of the line guaranteed  
Your love is my rest  
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I stand in the land  
Of Custer's last stand and I grin  
So this is where  
Old yellow-hair's ghost-dance begins

I got the blood on my hands  
Can't even live where I stand  
But I'm just a traveling man  
Cursed or blessed

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