

All Just To Get To You

Joe Ely

I have stumbled on the plains, staggered in the wind
Stood at a crossroad or two
Cried to a river, swept to the sea
All just to get to you

I have jumped the yellow cab, hopped a rusty freight
Sang till my lips turned blue
Flown a silver bird, from tops of the clouds
All just to get to you

I ran too hard, I played too rough
I gave my love, not near enough
I bled too red, I cried too blue
I beat my fist against the moon
All just to get to you

I have run from St. Paul to Wichita Falls
Called you from Sunny Baton Rouge
I hocked everything from my watch to my ring
All just to get to you

I ran too hard, I played too rough
I gave you love, not near enough
I bled too red, I cried too blue
I beat my fist against the moon
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From the California shore, where the mighty ocean roars
To the lands of the Hopi and the Sioux
I walked the desert sands, I crossed the Rio Grande
All just to get to you

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I ran too hard, I played too rough
I gave my love, not near enough
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