

## Take Care the Road You Choose

Richard Thompson

If I ever get out of these shoes  
And I shrug off a skin or two  
I'll come looking in the wasted places  
Beat-up, last ditch rendezvous

If it had been some other place  
Some other time to find me  
If I had been in my right mind  
Not looking for ghosts behind me

Then I'd hold you with my fingers burning  
Kiss your little tears of yearning  
But sometimes there's no turning  
Take Care The Road You Choose

If I ever get out of my mind  
Guillotine myself to stop me dreaming  
And let my heart go where it will  
Without those other voices screaming

Some take the high, some take the low  
Some take the straight and narrow  
Some still standing at the crossroads  
Some fly like an arrow

With my radar I'll find you, darling  
No regrets to blind you, darling  
And never look behind  
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