

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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