

## Creosote

Son Volt

Passing under barren skies  
Waiting for our worlds to collide  
And there you are  
All alone feeling bad

Interstate movin' again  
Barrel through thick and thin  
Side by side  
To survive like creosote

Born under a widespread changes  
The search for higher reason  
Learning the ropes okay  
But fate just runs you around

From Memphis to New Orleans  
In and out of railroad dreams  
You're out there  
In scenes passing by

Everyone faces what they deserve  
Carousel to claim or curse  
Sticking around  
At least for the ride