Bob Dylan, Endless Highway

Take a silver dollar and put it in your pocket,
Never let it slip away.
Always be a man, not a boy gone astray.
When ya get half cra-zy from the August heat
Or on a frozen, rotted road
With no one to complain to about your achin' feet.

[Chorus:]
You're gonna walk that endless highway,
Walk that high-way till you die.
All you children goin' my way,
Better tell your home-life sweet goodbye.

When I see a detour up ahead,
Well, I leave it far behind,
Who knows what you're apt to find there.
With the cost of livin, and the price of dyin',
Well it look like t'me this time I wont be buyin'

[Chorus]

When they get a scapegoat by the throat,
it's hard labour and cold beans.
If ya get away real quick,
You'll be eatin from the poison peanut machine.
Well, I sing by night, wander by day.
I'm on the road and it looks like I'm here to stay.

[Chorus]