Cowboy Junkies, 200 More Miles

Atlanta's a distant memory Montgomery a recent birth And Tulsa burns on the desert floor Like a signal fire

I got Willie on the radio A dozen things on my mind And number one is fleshing out These dreams of mine

I've got 200 more miles of rain asphalt in line Before I sleep But there'll be no warm sheets or welcoming arms To fall into tonight

In Nashville there is a lighter In a case for all to see It speaks of dreams and heartaches Left unsung

And in the corner stands a guitar and Lonesome words scrawled in a drunken hand I don't travel past, travel hard before And I'm beginning to understand

That I've got 200 more miles of rain asphalt in line Before I sleep But there'll be no warm sheets or welcoming arms To fall into tonight

They say that I am crazy My life wasting on this road That time will find my dreams Scared or dead and cold

But I heard there is a light
Drawing me to reach an end
And when I reach there, I'll turn back
And you and I can begin again

I've got 200 more miles of rain asphalt in line Before I sleep But there'll be no warm sheets or welcoming arms To fall into tonight

I've got 200 more miles of rain asphalt in line Before I sleep But I wouldn't trade all your golden tomorrows For one hour of this night

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