

# 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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