

# John Hiatt, Your Love Is My Rest

These are the words

That cry out of me in the night

Like a buffalo herd

From a shotgun blast scattered in flight

I got a one track mind

Going down a one train line

Living on dreams half the time

Going West

I gotta pick up speed

Just to get what I need

The end of the line guaranteed

Your love is my rest

The coal catches fire

I'm down the wire in a flash

That big old smoke stack

Is belching out black smoke and ash

So sad to think of

Hurting the one you love

But surely that's what leaving does

You'd know best

I gotta pick up speed

Just to get what I need

The end of the line guaranteed

Your love is my rest

Your love is my rest

We pass through the land

Of Custer's last stand

And I grin

So this is where old Yellow Hair's

Ghost dance begins

I got the blood on my hands

Can't even live where I stand

I'm just a traveling man

Cursed or blessed

I gotta pick up speed

Just to get what I need

The end of the line guaranteed

Your love is my rest

Your love is my rest

Your love is my rest