

Rocky Votolato, Montana

driving north on 35 heading into the night
the suns getting easier for me to look at
I've been singing these songs about you Montana
for so long without ever even knowing it
the things that you can't see
if you look you'll find
they'll deliver everything
somewhere somehow I got everything backwards

from the gas tank to the engine
ambition sets the pistons on fire
and when you feel the distance in an empty bed
lord you'll know that you're the woman of a hard working guitar pickin' man

you know my dream has always been
a freight train leaving town
I grew up small town but I always knew I'd get out of that somehow
I'm barely breathing on this stage
but it's keeping me alive
there's nowhere I'd rather be
than on my way home to you tonight

driving north on 35 heading into the night
the suns getting easier for me to look at
maybe Memphis TN, maybe New Orleans
maybe Arizona, I guess we'll see