

Bill Anderson, Only Way to Travel

When I started out to write this song
You and I were walkin' down the highway holdin' hands
I was gonna write about how much a woman's love can help a man
But somethin' kinda restless started stirrin' in my body
Before I even got my guitar out
And I'm glad I didn't waste my time writin' all these lovin' lines
I don't feel that way about it now
The only way to travel is to hit that big ole road by yourself
A man don't need his back or his brain loaded down with someone else
And when it starts to raining he don't have to find a shelter
For anybody's body but his own uh huh the only way to travel is alone
[dobro]
I guess I just felt sorry for you walkin' down the highway in the morning in the cold
Or else why would I let you tag along and start to searchin' out my soul
But thank the Lord the wind came up and blew a little common sense
Across the sandy deserts of my mind
Now I can leave you standing here and never shed a tear
And live like I should have all the time