

# Cross Canadian Ragweed, On Your Own

if i knew where i was going  
i might already be there  
but i dont know where i been.  
every town seems to look the same  
another year has came and went

running from the yesterday  
looking for tomorrow  
let the day just pass me by  
looking for the answers  
open for suggestions.  
still the questions cloud my mind

cause every winter it gets colder  
and every summer seems too long  
and every road goes on forever  
when your out there on your own.

i met a driftin woman  
she was looking for the answers  
but all she had was alibis  
that driftin woman  
i could never trust her  
she had a pocket full of lies  
so one night i left her  
in total darkness  
in a hotel room in tulsa  
hey driftin woman wherever your driftin know  
i hope you find what your searching for  
chorus

well there not be an end  
to this road im taking  
i may not find my pot of gold  
but theres always anoter day  
and theres always another beer  
another story to be told