

Emmylou Harris, All The Roadrunning

A million miles our vagabond heels
Clocked up beneath the clouds
They're counting down to show time
When we do it for real with the crowds
Air miles are owing
But they don't come for free
And they don't give you any for pain

But if it's all for nothing
All the roadrunning's
Been in vain

The rimshots come down like cannon fire
And thunder off the wall
There's a man in every corner
And each one is giving his all

This is my fife
This is my drum
So you never will hear me complain

And if it's all for nothing
All the roadrunning's
Been in vain

All the roadrunning
All the roadrunning

Well if you're inclined
To go up on the wall
It can only be fast and high
And those who don't like the danger
Soon find something different to try
When there's only a ringin' in your ears
And an echo down memory lane

But if it's all for nothing
All the roadrunning's
Been in vain

All the roadrunning, all the roadrunning
All the roadrunning, all the roadrunning

The show's packing up
I sit and watch the convoy
Leaving town
There's no pretending I'm not a fool,
For riding around and around
Like the pictures you keep of your old wall of death
You showed me one time on the plane

But if it's all for nothing
All the roadrunning's
Been in vain

A million miles of vagabond sky
Clocked up above the clouds
I'm still your man for the roaming
For as long as there's roamin' allowed

There'll be a rider
And there'll be a wall
As long as the dreamer remains

And if it's all for nothing
All the roadrunning's
Been in vain

All the roadrunning, all the roadrunning
All the roadrunning, all the roadrunning
All the roadrunning, all the roadrunning
All the roadrunning, all the roadrunning