

Jackson Browne, The Road

Highways and dancehalls
A good song takes you far
You write about the moon
And you dream about the stars
Blues in old motel rooms
Girls in daddy's car
You sing about the nights
And you laugh about the scars
Coffee in the morning, cocaine afternoons
You talk about the weather
And you grin about the rooms
Phone calls long distance
To tell how you've been
You forget about the losses, you exaggerate the wins
And when you stop to let 'em know
You've got it down
It's just another town along the road

The ladies come to see you
If your name still rings a bell
They give you damn near nothin'
And they'll say they knew you well
So you tell 'em you remember
But they know it's just a game
And along the way their faces
All begin to look the same
And when you stop to let 'em know
You got it down
It's just another town along the road

Well it isn't for the money
And it's only for a while
You stalk about the rooms
And you roll away the miles
Gamblers in the neon, clinging to guitars
You're right about the moon
But you're wrong about the stars
'Cause when you stop to let 'em know
You got it down
It's just another town along the road