

Reckless Kelly, Eight More Miles

It was a place of contentment
And the family came by
For some good-byes and good-lucks
Then I left 'em behind

In a rig from the old man
I watched the sun comin' up
through the fog on the windshield
through the steam from the cup

Eight more miles
Eight more miles
Eight more miles, we'll be high
I can't decide
If eight more miles
is the top of the world
or the end of the line

It's a long stretch of highway
drivin' into the wind
But at the end you'll find the oldest tricks in a book
that I still haven't read

Eight more miles
Eight more miles
Eight more miles, we'll be high
I can't decide
If eight more miles
is the top of the world
or the end of the line

If you go to the end of the road,
you look back all the way down the line
You see
all those miles
all those miles
All those miles from so high
You'll decide
if all those miles
to the top of the world
was worth the ride

It was a place of contentment
And the family dropped by
For some good-byes and tough-lucks
Then I left 'em behind