Son Volt, Too Early

Mileage has taken its toll
Paid it with lines to show
You've had your fill of asphalt
Cough tremors, and smoke-filled doors
Look like the habit controls you
You look like you need a rest
You've made it to the timber-line
Don't know what to expect
God knows, you don't need it
Too early, you might be the one
**YOU To find yourself somewhere else
Too early in the sun
Song strains, distant, over
A barroom drink-filled roar
The old folksinger lays it down
Not for long, no longer ignored
Spinning tales of temptation
Gambling days lost and won
No crimes committed here
Too much habit could be the one
God knows, you don't need it
Too early, you might be the one
To find yourself somewhere else
Too early in the sun
Never seen half of what you've seen
Real life never quite adds up
The road goes on when the faces don't
Word of mouth never tells the truth
Like to hear your story told
With a two-step beat and rhyme
Could be Tennessee or Texas
On and on, that road winds
God knows, you don't need it
Too early, you might be the one
To find yourself somewhere else
Too early in the sun