

The Allman Brothers Band, One More Ride

I will long for a trip, don't need no grip
I'm takin' one more ride
'Way out there in the prairie air
I guess it's in my hide
For the clickety-clack of the railroad track is callin'
If a man that knows where the Santa Fe goes
When she gets under steam
And a big loud bell bids a fond farewell
To hear her whistle scream
She's bound to go where there ain't no snow a-fallin'
One more ride

I will miss the gloom of the pale white moon
That seemed to know my name
And the tumbleweeds where the prairie dogs feed
I miss them just the same
They're all a part of the song in my heart I'm singin'
I recall a tune that I sang to the moon
It seemed to make him smile
As I rode away at the close of day
And stayed so long, awhile
But I long to be where the memory is ringin'
One more ride

As the years roll by, I wonder why
I long to leave my home
And hit the trail of the iron rail
Away out there alone
But my heart will sigh 'til I know that I am leavin'
If I don't come back there's a one-way track
Way down in Mexico
You'll find me there or any old where
That a tumbleweed will grow
So it's goodbye now, you'll never know how I'm grievin'
One more ride