

# Townes Van Zandt, High, Low And In Between

by Townes Van Zandt  
I come from a long line  
high and low and in between  
same as you  
hills of golden  
hails of poison  
time's thrown me through  
and I believe I've come to learn  
that turnin' round  
is to become confusion  
and the gold's no good for spending  
and the poison's hungry waiting

What can you leave behind  
when you're flyin' lightning fast  
and all alone?  
Only a trace, my friend,  
spirit of motion born  
and direction grown.  
A trace that will not fade  
in frozen skies  
your journey will be  
and if her shadow doesn't seem much company  
who said it would be?

There is the highway  
and the homemade lovin' kind  
the highway's mine  
and us ramblers are getting the travelling down  
you fathers build with stones  
that stand and shine  
heaven's where you find it  
and you can't  
take too much with you  
but daddy, don't you listen  
it's just this highway talkin'

All things at our life  
are brothers in the soil  
and in the sky  
and I believe it  
with my blood  
if not my eyes  
I don't know why we can't  
be brothers here  
I know we should be  
answers don't seem easy  
and I'm wonderin'  
if they could be