

# Townes Van Zandt, Highway Kind

by Townes Van Zandt

My days, they are the highway kind  
they only come to leave  
but the leavin' I don't mind  
it's the comin' that I crave.  
Pour the sun upon the ground  
stand to throw a shadow  
watch it grow into a night  
and fill the spinnin' sky.

Time among the pine trees  
it felt like breath of air  
usually I just walk these streets  
and tell myself to care.  
Sometimes I believe me  
and sometimes I don't hear.  
Sometimes the shape I'm in  
won't let me go.

Well, I don't know too much for true  
but my heart knows how to pound  
my legs know how to love someone  
my voice knows how to sound.  
Shame that it's not enough  
shame that it is a shame.  
Follow the circle down  
where would you be?

You're the only one I want now  
I never heard your name.  
Let's hope we meet some day  
if we don't it's all the same.  
I'll meet the ones between us,  
and be thinkin' 'bout you  
and all the places I have seen  
and why you where not there.