

# Truck Stop, 1000 Meilen Staub Auf Unsren Stiefe

(K. Grimwood/E. Idlet)

I've got a box of old photographs  
Mostly pictures of you;  
And I never look at those pictures any more,  
I guess you got your negatives too.  
They're playing oldies on the radio,  
Kick the clutch and shift the gears;  
You can drive all night long,  
But you can't get there from here.  
Well there's a place I remember,  
And I've been back several times,  
Guess I was looking for something,  
I don't know what I expected to find.  
So I called you on the telephone,  
And now it's painfully clear  
We can talk all night long  
But you can't get there from here.

Bridge: Do you remember the time that you  
told me you loved me?  
And I knew I loved you.  
Do you remember the time when  
we said goodbye?

Well, you can hop on an airplane,  
Or buy a ticket for a train;  
You can take a trip all around the world,  
But you can never get back there again.  
Or hit the high-school reunion,  
in your twentieth year;  
Reminisce all night long,  
But you can't get there from here.

Bridge:  
I've got a box of old photographs,  
And every image came true,  
Funny, they almost told the future--  
See, I'm not in the picture with you.  
They're playing oldies on the radio,  
Kick the clutch and shift the gears;  
You can drive all night long,  
All night long,  
You can drive all night long,  
But you can't get there from here.