

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.