Ty England, Too Many Highways

I was one of those guys
Who though he could handle it all
Way too much pride
Head held up high standing tall
I was raised in a dusty old rodeo town
They said I was all around cowboy bound
So I set out after the dream
To answer the call

Now there's too many suitcases
Too many new places
Too many stranger's faces
Calling me their friend
If I could go my way
I'd go home today
There's too many highways
That never seems to end

Well it's a long way up
To the top of the hill
And if you cant pay the price
There's always someone who will
So you keep on running and you never back
It keeps getting harder to stay on track
And you wonder if anyone knows

How you really feel

Now there's too many suitcases
Too many new places
Too many stranger's faces
Calling me their friend
If I could go my way
I'd go home today
There's too many highways
That never seems to end

Lord I traded all I had for what could be
Now from this rundown motel room all I can see

Now there's too many suitcases
Too many new places
Too many stranger's faces
Calling me their friend
If I could go my way
I'd go home today
There's too many highways
That never seems to end