

# 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

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

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