

# The Drifter

David Poe

He's been chasing white lines  
underneath the open sky  
following them far away  
from the ones he left behind  
and even though he misses her  
he was born a traveler  
white line after white line he inhales  
white line after white line he inhales

he's a drifter and a gambler  
he's a lonely rolling stone  
he's a dreamer and a Rambler  
and the highway is his home  
all the pain that he's collected  
on a long and wicked road is in his eyes  
but the dream inside the drifter never dies

People turn to vampires  
on these veins of interstate  
hearts get wrapped in barbed wire  
as they move from place to place  
and he can hear them on the wind  
the demons chasing after him  
white line after white line he exhales  
white line after white line he exhales

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