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 intersate
hearts get wrapped in barbwire
as they move from place to place
and he can hear them onthe wind
the demons chasing after hime
white lne after white line he exhales
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