

# Been Too Long On the Road

## Bread

Always look so good on the outside  
When you get to believin' it's true  
Then you know that you're on your way  
People tug on your shirt, say you're lucky  
You got everything you want  
But you don't, yet you dare not say  
Go downtown, people runnin' around they climb slowly draggin' you  
Downtown horns make a dent in your mind  
Plush rooms make a blind in your eyes to see, blindin' me  
Light, lovely light, won't you shine in my window  
Love, precious love, won't you fill every room  
Been too long on the road  
Maybe cynics veins are my lifeblood  
May be bitin' the hand that I feed  
So I'll try, try to understand  
What it is that devours your freedom  
Makes you drop that you used to hold in your hand  
All the things you planned  
Go upstairs with a someone who says she cares  
Like the devil she does what comes ever into your mind  
Then gone, leaving you with the coldest room, the oldest gloom  
Warm, won't you be, please be there in the  
winter  
Love, precious love, won't you come full of circle  
Been too long on the road  
How can I do this to myself?  
Have I taken leave of my senses?  
What kind of changes make a man  
Want to tear down all his fences?  
Ohh, I'd like to know  
Home, ever home, how could I ever doubt you  
Love, precious love, how could I live without you  
Been too long on the road

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