

Traveling Alone

Jason Isbell

Mountains rough this time of year
Close the highway down
They don't warn the town And I've been fighting second gear
For fifteen miles or so
Trying to beat the angry snow And I know every town worth passing through
But what good does knowing do
With no one to show it to And I've grown tired of traveling alone
Tired of traveling alone
I've grown tired of traveling alone
Won't you ride with me? I've grown tired of traveling alone
Tired of traveling alone
I've grown tired of traveling alone
Won't you ride with me? Won't you ride?
Won't you ride? I quit talking to myself
Listening to the radio
Long, long time ago
Damn near strangled by my appetite
Ybor City on a Friday night
Couldn't even stand up right So high the street girls wouldn't take my pay
They said come see me on a better day
She just danced away And I've grown tired of traveling alone
Tired of traveling alone
I've grown tired of traveling alone
Won't you ride with me? I've grown tired of traveling alone
Tired of traveling alone
I've grown tired of traveling alone
Won't you ride with me? Won't you ride?
Won't you ride?
Paintin' the outside lane I'm tired of answerin' to myself
Hard like the rebuilt part I don't know how much it's got left
How much it's got left I've grown tired of traveling alone
Tired of traveling alone
I've grown tired of traveling alone
Won't you ride with me? I've grown tired of traveling alone
Tired of traveling alone
I've grown tired of traveling alone
Won't you ride with me? Won't you ride?
Won't you ride?

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