Creosote

Son Volt

Passing under barren skies
Waiting for our worlds to collide, and there you are
All alone
Feeling bad

Interstate movin' again
Barrel through thick and thin, side by side
To survive like creosote

Born under a widespread changes
The search for higher reason
Learning the ropes okay
But fate just runs you around

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From Memphis to New Orleans
In and out of railroad dreams, you're out there
In scenes
Passing by

Everyone faces what they deserve
Carousel to claim or curse, sticking around
At least
For the ride

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