

# 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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