

Hard By the Highway

[**Richard Dobson**](#)

Five-hundred miles from the Mexican border
The days getting shorter, the nights getting colder
 Hard by the highway he leans on her shoulder
 A little bit tired and a little bit older
The days keep on running down through the seasons
 Running like prairie fire, wild with no reason
 The Devil's to pay for the moments he's seizing
 Still nothing is lost that's left to believe in

He's got little to lose and his only companions
Are the liquor that he loves, the rambling and the gambling
 The coyote answers from back in the canyon
 Hungry for more than plain understanding
 Sometimes it gets hard, sometimes it's amusing
 When kindness repaid is just an illusion
When blind men know best what to make of confusion
 And dead men know nothing at all

Still he dreams of a lady who'll lay down beside him
He prays for the day when the sweet Lord will guide him
 To one who might drain all the poison inside him
Let him hang up his boots with his traveling behind him
 But it's five-hundred miles from the Mexican border
 The days getting shorter, the nights getting colder
 As hard by the highway he leans on her shoulder
 A little bit tired, a little bit older

Submitted by Marko LeppÄ¤nen

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