

# 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 Leppänen

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