

200 More Miles (feat Ryan Adams)

Cowboy Junkies

Atlanta's a distant memory
Montgomery a recent birth
And Tulsa burns on the desert floor
Like a signal fire I got Willie on the radio
A dozen things on my mind
And number one is fleshing out
These dreams of mine I've got 200 more miles of rain asphalt in line
Before I sleep
But there'll be no warm sheets or welcoming arms
To fall into tonight In Nashville there is a lighter
In a case for all to see
It speaks of dreams and heartaches
Left unsung And in the corner stands a guitar and
Lonesome words scrawled in a drunken hand
I don't travel past, travel hard before
And I'm beginning to understand That I've got 200 more miles of rain asphalt in line
Before I sleep
But there'll be no warm sheets or welcoming arms
To fall into tonight They say that I am crazy
My life wasting on this road
That time will find my dreams
Scared or dead and cold But I heard there is a light
Drawing me to reach an end
And when I reach there, I'll turn back
And you and I can begin again I've got 200 more miles of rain asphalt in line
Before I sleep
But there'll be no warm sheets or welcoming arms
To fall into tonight I've got 200 more miles of rain asphalt in line
Before I sleep
But I wouldn't trade all your golden tomorrows
For one hour of this night Atlanta's a distant memory
Montgomery a recent birth
And Tulsa burns on the desert floor
Like a signal fire

Songwriters

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