

All Just to Get to You

Joe Ely

I have stumbled on the plains, staggered in the wind
 Stood at a crossroad or two
 Cried to a river, swept to the sea
All just to get to you I have jumped the yellow cab, hopped a rusty freight
 Sang till my lips turned blue
 Flown a silver bird, from tops of the clouds
All just to get to you I ran too hard, I played too rough
 I gave my love, not near enough
 I bled too red, I cried too blue
 I beat my fist against the moon
All just to get to you I have run from St. Paul to Wichita Falls
 Called you from Sunny Baton Rouge
 I hocked everything from my watch to my ring
All just to get to you I ran too hard, I played too rough
 I gave you love, not near enough
 I bled too red, I cried too blue
 I beat my fist against the moon
All just to get to you From the California shore, where the mighty ocean roars
 To the lands of the Hopi and the Sioux
 I walked the desert sands, I crossed the Rio Grande
All just to get to you I have stumbled on the plains, staggered in the wind
 Stood at a crossroad or two
 Cried to a river, swept to the sea
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