

Traveling Alone

Jason Isbell

Mountains rough this time of year
 Close the highway down
 They don't warn the town And I've been fighting second gear
 For fifteen miles or so
Trying to beat the angry snow And I know every town worth passing through
 But what good does knowing do
 With no one to show it to And I've grown tired of traveling alone
 Tired of traveling alone
 I've grown tired of traveling alone
 Won't you ride with me? I've grown tired of traveling alone
 Tired of traveling alone
 I've grown tired of traveling alone
 Won't you ride with me? Won't you ride?
 Won't you ride? I quit talking to myself
 Listening to the radio
 Long, long time ago
 Damn near strangled by my appetite
 Ybor City on a Friday night
 Couldn't even stand up right So high the street girls wouldn't take my pay
 They said come see me on a better day
 She just danced away And I've grown tired of traveling alone
 Tired of traveling alone
 I've grown tired of traveling alone
 Won't you ride with me? I've grown tired of traveling alone
 Tired of traveling alone
 I've grown tired of traveling alone
 Won't you ride with me? Won't you ride?
 Won't you ride?
 Paintin the outside lane I'm tired of answerin' to myself
 Hard like the rebuilt part I don't know how much it's got left
 How much it's got left I've grown tired of traveling alone
 Tired of traveling alone
 I've grown tired of traveling alone
 Won't you ride with me? I've grown tired of traveling alone
 Tired of traveling alone
 I've grown tired of traveling alone
 Won't you ride with me? Won't you ride?
 Won't you ride?

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