

# The Traveling Kind

Emmylou Harris & Rodney Crowell

We don't all die young to save our spark  
From the ravages of time  
But the first and last to leave their mark  
Someday become the traveling kind  
In the wind are names of poets past  
Some were friends of yours and mine  
And to those unsung, we lift our glass  
May their songs become the traveling kind  
We were born to brave this tilted world  
With our hearts laid on the line  
Be it way-crossed boy or red dirt girl  
The song becomes the traveling kind  
There are mountains worth their weight in gold  
Mere mortals dare not climb  
Come ye gypsy, sainted, sinners both  
And claim them for the traveling kind  
When the music slowly starts to fade  
Into the light's last soft decline  
Let us lie down in that evening shade  
And rest among the traveling kind  
And the song goes on for the traveling kind

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