

Oncoming Traffic

[Gregg Allman](#)

Tuesday nighttime, standing on the highway
Seems like no one, no one, is going my way yeah
Was I waiting on the wrong side of the road
I just don't give a damn, which way I go, yeah Tell me where has my faith gone
Has it walked out on me
Or does it still lie, somewhere inside of me
Your just to close, for my tired eyes to see, yeah Tell me when, when is my ship gonna come in
I ain't cold I ain't hungry, gotta little money to spend
But a man cannot live oh no, on riches alone
He needs love friendship and a home
Without these he stands alone, oh
There are some many roads, which you been to
Or somebody by you win, others you will lose
Lord it ain't never been so clear
It is always, lord it is always, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
What is all love to you
All up to you now baby

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