

Ghost of Travelin' Jones

[Ryan Bingham](#)

An empty sack of dust or just a box of bones
Well, call me what you will, son
My name's Travelin' Jones
And I search for the fire
Stumbled upon with a precious desire Travelin' Jones, well, have you seen the miles?
Have you smelled the whiskey and the smoke
Burnin' out underneath your tires?
Well, Travelin' Jones, you're the Travelin' Jones
Well, tell me the secrets of an endless road It's not where you've been, son
It's what you understand
Do you know the right from wrong
Tell me boy, are you an honest man?
Have you ever felt the fire
Stumbled upon with precious desire? Have your fingers bled, boy off sin's strings
Tied to that wooden box
That you're playin' across your knee?
Have you ever felt the fire
Stumbled upon with a precious desire? Travelin' Jones, well, I've seen the miles
I've played in every honky tonk bar
Yeah, behind that chicken wire
Well, Travelin' Jones, you're the Travelin' Jones
Tell me the secrets of an endless road An empty sack of dust or just a box of bones
Call me what you will, son
My name's Travelin' Jones and I found the fire

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