

# Nowherebound

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Well Iâ€™m a gypsy man,  
Peddling his wares down the road.

Well I donâ€™t know where I been,  
Or where Iâ€™m gonna go, I just know.

Well Iâ€™m a highway man,  
Starinâ€™ out at all those yellow lines.  
I got a thousand miles behind me,  
And a million more to go..â€™til Iâ€™m home.

And the train keeps losin steam.  
Nowherebound with a pocketful of dreams  
Give tomorrow for a lifetime of today  
Sing my sins for those who pray.

Well Iâ€™m a lonely man,  
Place I lay my head is tiled and cold.  
Well the pain helps pay the bills,  
But the booze it never fills an empty soul.

Well Iâ€™m a quiet man,  
Hidinâ€™ from the world under these lights.  
And if lifeâ€™s lived on a stage,  
Then Iâ€™ve lived a million days shy and bold.

Now the train is gaininâ€™ speed.  
Troublebound with a van packed full of dreams.  
Give tomorrow for a lifetime of todays.  
Sing my sins for those who pray.  
Weâ€™ll leave our sins to those who pray.  
I sing my sins for those who pray.

Lyrics Submitted by Charles Everson Crowe

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