Crossing Over

Camper Van Beethoven

Back in the woods under ashes, there is a stone.
That says he was here a long time ago.
I wonder if he'll ever pass this way again.
But I know that no one ever goes home again.I'm crossing over county lines,
I'm tired of drinking 3.2 beer.
I'm crossing over in my mind,
Forget about the last five years.Back in the woods along the dirt tracks, there is a house.
An old woman on the porch with three dogs one of them blind.
Who knows what will happen, or what blind dogs see?
I wish there was someplace I really wanted to be

Songwriters
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