

Yonder Mountain String Band

"End Of The Day"

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Many times I've been out
in the cold, lonely world
with my heart filled with
sorrow and pain.
So I sing an old familiar song
of a place I long,
and my mind starts to think
of home again.

So many miles and so many roads.
So many people who don't even
know my name.
So many times I've looked to
western skies.
But where I go is quite the same.
Same.

There's a sweet home waiting for me
at the end of the day.

Now my feet grow tired,
and the wind it goes wild,
and the road never seems to end,
and my mind it races on,
but the sunlight she is gone.
Thoughts of home start to fill my head

So many miles and so many roads.
So many people who don't even
know my name.
So many times I've looked to
western skies.
But where I go is quite the same.

There's a sweet home waiting for me
at the end of the day.

And its too much confusion.
Too many lies.
Too many times my heart
has been broken right in two

Too many times thinking
those times.

Cried too many rivers over you.

Now the light up ahead
it means the end is near.
You can smell the wood-smoke
in the air.

And when I go back out agin
and I long to turn.
My old home,
I know she'll be there.

So many miles and so many roads.
So many people who don't even
know my name.
So many times I've looked to
western skies.
But where I go is quite the same.

There's a sweet home waiting for me
at the end of the day.
End of the day.

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