

**Browne Jackson****"The Road"**

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by Danny O'Keefe)

Highways and dancehalls

A good song takes you far

Your write about the moon

And you dream about the stars

Blues in old motel rooms

Girls in daddy's car

You sing about the nights

And you laugh about the scars

Coffee in the morning cocaine afternoons

You talk about the weather

And you grin about the rooms

Phone calls long distance

To tell how you've been

Forget about the losses, you exaggerate the wins

And when you stop to let 'em know

You've got it down

It's just another town along the road

The ladies come to see you

If your name still rings a bell

They give you damn near nothin'

And they'll say they knew you well  
So you tell 'em you'll remember  
But they know it's just a game  
And along the way their faces  
All begin to look the same  
And when you stop to let 'em know  
You got it down  
It's just another town along the road  
Well it isn't for the money  
And it's only for a while  
You stalk about the rooms  
And you roll away the miles  
Gamblers in the neon, clinging to guitars  
You're right about the moon  
But you're wrong about the stars  
And when you stop to let 'em know  
You got it down  
It's just another town along the way

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