

Jan Wickline "Darkest Road For Miles"

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See the room about half empty
Singles by the bar
And the room filled with stale smoke
From the owner's cheap cigar

Same one line pitches
Salesman's new suit
And the waitress never smiles at me
She just overhears the truth

And those endless nights of playing
Go out with the styles
And those endless years of praying
On the darkest road for miles...

Well this crowd's about to break me
Is there anybody there
Who's up enough to wake me
Doesn't anybody care

So I'm packing up equipment
As I'm heading for the door
And the owner calls me over
Just to take a little more
You can undercut my money
Like you've undercut my style
And you take away the pleasure
On the darkest road for miles...

So I carry on this journey
For a dollar and a smile
The road I've chose is so dark and lonely
Sit and rest my feet awhile

Sometimes I wonder why I bother
Toss it in and watch it go
But the road is always calling
Cause there's always one more show

You play because it's in you
Tribulation and trial
You need them and you know it

On the darkest road for miles..miles 4X

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