

Chuck Prophet

"No Rubber Tired Vehicles Beyond This Point"

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I came home late tonight
I may have been stuck in my thoughts
Or just in the snow
Buried deep under the white
Digging like an animal
Far from civilized
If I could feel my feet
I'm sure that they would probably hurt
But they're still a part of me
Tired of barking dogs
Tired of being lost
I know now what it costs

To be so sure
That I'm not a fool, breaking rules
Falling sun, luck has gone
Freezing cold, feeling old
One desire to move...

I still see the words
Far beyond the warning sign I passed hours ago
I still hear the voice
Telling me of all the things
Faces that could have been

Now I'm not so sure
That I'm not a fool, breaking rules
Falling sun, luck has gone
Freezing cold, feeling old
One desire to move...

Now I'm such a fool, breaking rules
Falling sun, luck has gone
Freezing cold, feeling old
One desire to move on

If I've come home late tonight
I may have been stuck in my thoughts

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