

## Chuck Ragan

# "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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