

## Mark King

### "All The Roadrunning"

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A million miles our vagabond wheels  
Clocked up beneath the clouds  
They're counting down to show time  
When we do it for real with the crowds  
Air miles are owing but they don't come for free  
And they don't give you any for pain  
But if it's all for nothing  
All the road running has been in vain

The rim shots come down like cannon fire  
And thunder off the wall  
There's a man in every corner  
And each one is giving his all  
But this is my piper, this is my drum  
So you never will hear me complain  
And if it's all for nothing  
All the road running has been in vain

All the road running  
All the road running

Well if you're inclined to go up on the wall  
It can only be fast and high  
And those who don't like the danger soon  
Find something different to try  
And when there is only a ring in your ears  
And an echo down memory lane  
Then if it's all for nothing  
All the road running has been in vain

All the road running  
All the road running

The show's packing up, I sit and I watch  
The carnival leaving town  
There's no pretending that I'm not a fool  
For riding around and around  
Like the pictures you keep of your old wall of death  
You showed me one time on the plane  
But if it's all for nothing  
All the road running, it's been in vain

I've a million miles of vagabond sky  
Clocked up above the clouds  
And I'm still your man for the roaming  
For as long as there's roaming allowed  
There'll be a rider and there'll be a wall  
As long as the dream remains  
And if it's all for nothing  
All the road running it's been in vain

All the road running  
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