

## Marleys Ghost

### "The End Is Not In Sight"

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Oh, I knew it along,  
I'd have to come back home.  
'Cause this livin' on the road  
only makes me tired and sore.

Like a bird without a nest  
and a stranger in the night,  
oh, my soul cries out for rest  
and the end is not in sight.

Tastes like sweet magnolia wine,  
honey, dripping from your mouth.  
And that little girl of mine,  
she's the finest in the South.

Oh, the days are getting longer  
and the nights are getting colder.  
I just want to come back home,  
lay my head on your shoulder.

Oh, I knew it along,  
I'd have to come back home.  
'Cause livin' on the road  
only makes me tired and sore.

Like a bird without a nest  
and a stranger in the night,  
oh, my soul cries out for rest  
and the end is not in sight.

Yeah, my soul cries out for rest  
and the end is not in sight.  
Oh, oh, not in sight.  
Yeah, yeah, not in sight.  
Oh-oh-oh-ohh

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