

## **Cowboy Junkies**

# **"Two Hundred More Miles"**

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Michael Timmins  
Atlanta's a distant memory  
Montgomery a recent blur  
and Tulsa burns on the desert floor  
like a signal fire

I got Willie on the radio  
a dozen things on my mind  
and number one is fleshing out  
these dreams of mine

I've got 200 more miles of rain asphalt and light  
before I sleep  
But there'll be no warm sheets or welcoming arms  
to fall into tonight

In Nashville there is a lighter  
in a case for all to see  
it speaks of dreams and heartaches  
left unsung

And in the corner stands a guitar and  
lonesome words scrawled in a drunken hand  
I'm travelling paths travelled hard before  
and I'm beginning to understand

That I've got 200 more miles of rain asphalt and light  
before I sleep  
But there'll be no warm sheets or welcoming arms  
to fall into tonight

They say that I am crazy  
my life wasting on this road  
that time will find my dreams  
scattered dead and cold

But I heard there is a light  
drawing me to reach an end  
and when I reach there, I'll turn back  
and you and I can begin again

I've got 200 more miles of rain asphalt and light

before I sleep  
But there'll be no warm sheets or welcoming arms  
to fall into tonight

I've got 200 more miles of rain asphalt and light  
before I sleep  
But I wouldn't trade all your golden tomorrows  
for one hour of this night

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Montgomery a recent blur  
Tulsa burns on the desert floor  
like a signal fire.

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