

## Steve Carroll "Folks Like Us"

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Folks like us-

Commit'n my steps to the open road,  
Trust'n my keep'n to the hands of the Lord,  
And, hope'n many miles, can purge a broken heart,

They send'n me out with doubtful sighs,  
Try'n to outlast some down turned eyes,  
And hope'ns when I's come around again,  
Things a changed.

But I step, I step, I step wildly,  
Go'n down to places that don't treat kindly,  
Folks like us, just pass'n along.

Not too much, looking for a name in lights,  
Try'n to avoid them cardboard signs,  
And place'n all my bets, on a staked deck of cards,

And I can hear 'em say'n, oh boy,  
Look at him now,  
When he ever gonna figure out,  
The safest roads, is the ones you needs be on.

But I step, I step, I step wildly,  
Go'n down to places that just don't seem to appreciate,  
Folks like us, just sing'n a song.

But I step, I step, I step wildly,  
Go'n down to places that don't treat kindly,  
Folks like us, just pass'n along.

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