

## **Ryan Bingham**

# **"Ghost Of Travelin' Jones"**

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An empty sack of dust or just a box of bones  
Well, call me what you will, son  
My name's Travelin' Jones  
And I search for the fire  
Stumbled upon with a precious desire

Travelin' Jones, well, have you seen the miles?  
Have you smelled the whiskey and the smoke  
Burnin' out underneath your tires?  
Well, Travelin' Jones, you're the Travelin' Jones  
Well, tell me the secrets of an endless road

It's not where you've been, son  
It's what you understand  
Do you know the right from wrong  
Tell me boy, are you an honest man?  
Have you ever felt the fire  
Stumbled upon with precious desire?

Have your fingers bled, boy off sin's strings  
Tied to that wooden box  
That you're playin' across your knee?  
Have you ever felt the fire  
Stumbled upon with a precious desire?

Travelin' Jones, well, I've seen the miles  
I've played in every honky tonk bar  
Yeah, behind that chicken wire  
Well, Travelin' Jones, you're the Travelin' Jones  
Tell me the secrets of an endless road

An empty sack of dust or just a box of bones  
Call me what you will, son  
My name's Travelin' Jones and I found the fire

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