

Townes Van Zandt "High, Low & in Between"

Visit "[High, Low & in Between](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I come from a long line
High and low and in between, same as you
Hills of golden, hails of poison
Time's thrown me through

And I believe I've come to learn
That turnin' 'round is to become confusion
And the gold's no good for spending
And the poison's hungry waiting

What can you leave behind
When you're flyin' lightning fast and all alone?
Only a trace, my friend
Spirit of motion born and direction grown

A trace that will not fade in frozen skies
And your journey will be
And if her shadow don't seem much company
But who said it would be?

There is the highway
And the homemade lovin' kind, the highway's mine
And us ramblers are getting the traveling down
You fathers build with stones that stand and shine

Heaven's where you find it
And you can't take too much with you
But daddy, don't you listen?
It's just this highway talkin'

All things at our life
Are brothers in the soil and in the sky
And I believe it with my blood, if not my eyes
I don't know why we can't be brothers here, I know we
should be
Answers don't seem easy and I'm wonderin' if they
could be

Visit [Townes Van Zandt](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

