

Words and music by Dar Williams

Have I got everything? Am I ready to go?
Is it going to be wild, is it gonna be the best time?
Or am I just a-saying so-o-o-o? Am I ready to go?
What do I hear when I say I hear the call of the road?

I think it started with driving, more speed, more deals, more
sky, more wheels
More things to leave behind, now it's all in a day for the
modern mind
And I am traveling again
Calling this a ghost town, and where is the heartland?
And I'm afraid, oh, was there any good reason, that I had to go
When all I know is I can never come back.

Traveling I made a friend, he had a trouble in his head
And all he could say's that he knew that the bottle
Drank the woman from his bed, from his bed
He said "I'm not gonna lose that way again."
But sober is just like driving, more joy, more dread, someone
turns her head
And smiles and disappears
He's gotta take it like it is, and it goes too fast
And he is just like me, caught in-between, no sage advisor
Does weary mean wiser?
And someday will I sing the mountains that carried me away away
From home and hometown boys like you?

Yeah, but what about us? Was it really that bad?
Oh it's hard to believe I want a highway roadstop
More than all the times we had, on little dirt roads
What am I reaching for that's better than a hand to hold?
It really was about driving, not fame, not wealth,
Not driving away from myself
It's just myself drove away from me
And now I gotta get it back and it goes so fast, so I am traveling
again
Sitting at the all-nite, picking up a pen
And I'm afraid, oh, was there any good reason
That I had to go, when all I know is I am all alone again
And you are the ghost town, and I am the heartland
And I can say, oh, that's a very good reason
That I had to go, but now all I know is I can never come back
And I will never go back.