

Your Love Is My Rest

Jimmie Dale Gilmore

These are the words
That cry out of me in the night
Like a buffalo herd
From a shotgun blast scattered in flight

I got a one track mind
Going down a one train line
Living on dreams half the time
Going west

I gotta pick up speed
Just to get what I need
The end of the line guaranteed
Your love is my rest

The coal catches fire
And I'm down the wire in a flash
That big old smoke stack
Is belching out black smoke and ash

So sad to think of
Hurting the one you love
But surely that's what leaving does
You'd know best

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Just to get what I need
The end of the line guaranteed
Your love is my rest
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I stand in the land
Of Custer's last stand and I grin
So this is where
Old yellow-hair's ghost-dance begins

I got the blood on my hands
Can't even live where I stand
But I'm just a traveling man
Cursed or blessed

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