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Blacktop Mojo

Slightly outside
And complicated truth
It's the way you deal
In only absolutes
Everyone knows how to win
Until they lose
Sooner or later we all
Wear a bruise

Every step I take I fade
Further from view
I'll find my own way back
To that old room
My own time
And state of mind
Turn around and I'm back
In a fifth row pew

If I'm sliding off the narrow road
Go ahead and throw your stone
I know my way back home
Take a walk up and down the aisle
Tell me about wrong and right
I've got nothing to hide

What will they say about you
Judged a man you never knew
Chiseled on your headstone
Won't be the words you choose
Crying eyes will be few

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