The Roaming Road

Conro

The roaming road
Familiar as it seems
Will make it back to me

The changing time
Has pushed me back to start
Let's count the odds of luck

The name of wealth
Was never close to me
Far as the desert heat

Carry on
Walking with a crutch
'Cause hard work was supposed to pay

The mind is stuck
A trigger on a broken gun
I cannot replace

I too lie
But you still can't see
So read my mind
'Cause words don't stand a chance

The roaming road
Made it clear to me
It's who I choose to be

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