

Somewhere Between

Dylan Gossett

Metal tracks and westbound trains
This cold in my bones is getting to my brain
And I'm a million miles from yesterday
I wake up each morning, each morning's the same
Metal tracks and westbound trains

Dandelions and fresh sunflowers
The moon's coming out, the engine grows louder
And I'm not running from a thing but running towards the plain
hard fact that I belong by
Dandelions and fresh sunflowers

I'm somewhere between Kansas and coal
And Colorado snow, don't care anymore
Long as I'm gettin' where I go
And I'm from Mississippi where nobody miss me so I'm traveling
on
So tonight I'll call this train my home

Heart made of stone and eyes made of glass
When I'm riding these rails I'm chasing my past
And I once had a lover and good God I loved her but she was gone
too fast
With a heart made of stone and eyes made of glass

I'm somewhere between Salt Lake and red freights
And I hope that soon I'll be done with snowflakes
I'm still just traveling on
An empty bottle of whiskey cuts through like mesquite but it keeps
me warm
So tonight I'll call this whiskey home

Oh and I like to think that I'm just a traveling soul
When the music plays I'd like to have a spot at his show
But for now I'm sitting 'tween two tanks of oil
Writing this song to pass the time, following these roads

And Lord I know
Please don't leave me long
I will follow
One day I will come home

When I finally reach the west coast maybe then I'll just float
and stay for a while
Maybe I'll get back on the line
Cus' for a man like me, I need room to breathe
Being on my own is where I feel free
So I'll decide when I get where I'm goin'