Rough Edges

Fred Eaglesmith

Cracks in your windshield, holes in your life,

and you're tryin' to get home, before it gets light,

and your old five ton truck don't run good no more,

barely gets up those hills with your foot to the floor,

and your horses are tired, your excuses are weak,

and you ain't won a race since '73,

but all through the night, the trailer just sways,

'cause an east wind, y'know always brings rain.

Out on the highway, the big rigs still roll,

out past your life and through your front door,

lights on the skyline, signs on the road,

you don't pick up your mail, you don't answer your phone,

and your old friends are dead or they've all moved away,

wild flowers grow over their graves,

and the paper they throw at the end of the lane,

'cause an east wind y'know always brings rain.

Down by the river the ole boys still ride,

and the edges are rough as suicide,

and the whiskey's got color and the cows feed on grass,

where the windmills pump water and your checks don't go bad,

your blankets are dirty, your eternity frayed,

but all through the night, that trailer just sways,

so round up those cattle and load up that train,

'cause an east wind y'know always brings rain

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