

White Line

Jonathan Edwards

Cold and lonely on the road
Lord, I wish I had a hole to climb in
Summer's warm rain sure ain't coming
So it seems to me I'm thumbing once again

Tired and hungry once again
The sleet keeps coming down on top of me
I wish to the Lord I had me a warm coat and a hat
So I could see

Standing by a midnight highway
Excuse me, sir, are you going my way?
On and on, the endless white line goes
You know that could've been me you're listening to on your radio
I could've been warm inside of some place
Instead of standing here in the snow

Sunny days are what I pray for
Golden sunshine on my skin
Head on south to the Teton Mountains
Oh Lord, it seems to me I'm thumbing once again

Standing by a midnight highway
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