

# All Of My Memories

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All of my memories lay in the lights of the highway.  
All of my nights in old motels and sleeping alone.  
All of my days on the road with no one beside me.  
All of my dreams of a place that I can call home.  
Somewhere in the shade, near the sound of a sweet singing river  
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Somewhere in the sun where the mountains make love to the sky.  
Somewhere to build me a faith, a farm and a family.  
Somewhere to grow older, and somewhere a reason to try.

'Cause I'm tired of big cities, and so tired of big city ways.  
Scratching off sunsets, and walking around in the maze.  
Some sweet taxi dancer trying to save me from being alone.  
Ah, it's much worse than lonely, there is no place that I really belong, I want to be home.  
I'm leaving this city life, and by night I'm flying away.  
I'm leaving tomorrow and all of the old yesterdays.  
I'm leaving the trash cans, the bright lights, and telephone lines.  
I'm leaving my sorrows and all of my memories behind to see what I find.

Somewhere in the shade, near the sound of a sweet singing river  
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Somewhere in the sun where the mountains make love to the sky.  
Somewhere to build me a faith, a farm and a family.  
Somewhere to grow older, and somewhere to lay down and die.