

# You In The End

Matt Hires

This isn't the end,  
We're just getting started.  
The road stretches on, and on, and on,  
We're moving again.  
Sun on our skin, and cracks in the pavement.  
We'll aim for a place we've never been,  
It's all what we make it, whoa.

All I am is just a traveler,  
With dirt on my hands.  
All I have is dust in my pockets,  
And you in the end,  
In the end.

Summer to fall,  
We're wrapped up in blankets.  
We're wrapped up in everything we fear,  
It's all what we make it, whoa.

All I am is just a traveler,  
With dirt on my hands.  
All I have is dust in my pockets,  
And you in the end.

Sometimes it feels like we're never gonna make it out  
alive.  
When nightmares close us in.  
Heartbeats, take me, away from all the troubles that I  
see,  
Oh, it's all what we make it, it's all what we make it,  
oh.

All I am is just a traveler,  
With dirt on my hands.  
All I have is dust in my pockets,  
And you in the end.  
Oh, all I am is just a traveler,  
With dirt on my hands.  
All I have is dust in my pockets,  
And you in the end,  
Dust in my pockets,  
And you in the end,  
In the end.