It's a long strecth of highway At midnight in New Mexico It's a small colored light That shines from your car radio It's the old motel owner Who sleeps on a cot And gives you the very last cup from his pot It's a lonely feeling, it's what you've got It's a lonely feeling, like it or not It's the crack in the sidewalk Right next to a pay telephone It's someone's recorder When you're hoping someone is home It's an hour to kill To do what you please But nobody's up for shooting the breeze It's a lonely feeling, it's like a disease It's a lonely feeling, you pray that it leaves It's three men from Chile Who are tired and they want to go home They've run out of money And they're stuck up in east Oregon So you give $\hat{a} \square \square em$ the small bit of change in your hand You try to speak Spanish but they don't understand It's a lonely feeling, it gets to a man It's a lonely feeling, that runs through the land It's your best friend from high school Who sees you and wishes you well You try to breakthrough But you run out of stories to tell So you bid him goodbye and you step into space There are so many questions that you cannot face It's a lonely feeling, taking his place It's a lonely feeling, you just can't erase It's statue of Jesus your grandmother had when she died All cracked and all yellow And you know you should throw it aside But you're growing religious, the older you get You haven't been saved But it could happen yet It's a lonely feeling, full of regret It's a lonely feeling, won't let you forget It's a bus stop, a street cop, an old dog, the new kid, a bum It's fright and rejected Neglected, and blind, deaf and dumb But you look in the mirror

And you're still hanging in

It's there to remind you how lucky you've been

It's a lonely feeling, now and again
It's only a feeling that comes now and then....