

## After Hours

Roy Buchanan

Down every road there's always one more city  
I`m on the run, the highway is my home

I raised a lot of cane back in my younger days  
While mama used to pray my crops would fail  
Now I`m a hunted fugitive with just two ways  
Outrun the law or spend my life in jail

I`d like to settle down but they won't let me  
A fugitive must be a rolling stone  
Down every road there's always one more city

I`m lonely but I can't afford the luxury  
Of having one I love to come along  
She'd only slow me down and they'd catch up with me  
For he who travels fastest goes alone

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