

## Distant Line

## Town Mountain

When all the rocks have turned into dust  
And our children's children question the trust  
And the greed of those gone on before them  
Will they think we were living in sin

Don't want to leave around these ideas  
That complicate the matter and feed into fear  
Just want to leave some things that are good  
Yeah let them all know we did what we could

They pulled up the tracks, tore out the tie  
And all I want to do is ride  
On a great southern rail, just fly the line  
Where magnolias blossom in June and July

Once met a man by the side of the road  
He said, "Do what you do, don't do what you're told"  
The challenge to think up ideas for oneself  
And the challenge to spread them for modern day wealth

A modern day warrior, pen as your sword  
Mind as your gun, writing the word  
Or speaking the truth to those who weren't told  
From your hometown or all around the world

They pulled up the tracks, tore out the tie  
And all I want to do is ride  
On a great southern rail, just fly the line  
Where magnolias blossom in June and July

They pulled up the tracks, tore out the tie  
And all I want to do is ride  
Ride ride ride let it ride