

Eight Cylinders

Yonder Mountain String Band

Because your reasons are as cold as ice
And your mind somehow paid the price
You'll pay it again, somewhere on down the line
When you're there, I'm sure you'll stare
And I'll be behind you

Because your day is a clock of grey hours
And your smile has lost all its power
But sometimes, Jezebelle, it shines like the sun
When you're gone and when you're done
I will be behind you
Because your songs are so sad and tired
Because hunger is a darkness inside the phone wire

It always has been, it always will be, so it seems to me
That's the price you pay when you say
"I will be behind you"

Because your Ford broke down on 47
Because eight cylinders is your idea of heaven
You'll get it runnin' someday, and you'll ride right down the line
When you do, I hope it's true
And I'll ride beside you
When you do, I hope it's true
And I'll ride beside you