

533-1000
Will i find the answers

Rain in the desert, sage in the air
Driving on toward sante fe, searching for a care
Watching as the thunder clouds build and disappear
Will i find the answers there, yes i will i fear

Is there somewhere i can stay, someone who'll take me in
A couch to lay my head upon, coffee in my tin
Will there be a woman who will hold my aching soul
Who'll listen to me as i sleep, fill this empty hole

Drinking in the setting sun o'er the mountains pink
Listening to a darlingside and taking time to think
Yes i found the answers one more time along this road
Answers that my solitude and nature have oft showed

There is no lover waiting for me at the close of day
There is no child clamoring to go outside and play
There is no warm hand clasping mine, fingers fast entwined
The answers to all the questions are here to constantly remind

The summer time is blistering, the heat it ne'er relents
I'm on my way to pueblo to play a show for biker gents
They'll drink their beer and nary hear a word of what i croon
They'll never sing the words to one of my heart consuming tunes

And on and on across the plains, and on and on i'll drive
And playing every night some meaning i will quick contrive
The answer they i seek has always been right there to know
In front of crowds or all lone, my life remains a show