

# Endless Highway

Bob Dylan

Take a silver dollar and put it in your pocket,  
Never let it slip away.  
Always be a man, not a boy gone astray.  
When ya get half cra-zy from the August heat  
Or on a frozen, rotted road  
With no one to complain to about your achin' feet.

You're gonna walk that endless highway,  
Walk that high-way till you die.  
All you children goin' my way,  
Better tell your home-life sweet goodbye.

When I see a detour up ahead,  
Well, I leave it far behind,  
Who knows what you're apt to find there.  
With the cost of livin, and the price of dyin',  
Well it look like t'me this time I wont be buyin'

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Better tell your home-life sweet goodbye.

When they get a scapegoat by the throat,  
it's hard labour and cold beans.  
If ya get away real quick,  
You'll be eatin from the poison peanut machine.  
Well, I sing by night, wander by day.  
I'm on the road and it looks like I'm here to stay.

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Walk that high-way till you die.  
All you children goin' my way,  
Better tell your home-life sweet goodbye.