

Highways And Broken Hearts

Eli Young Band

He never knew their names and never really cared
Lying to himself, he was never just a young kid scared
Living on his own with no one to hold on to
Nowhere to go and nothing to do
But lie awake and pray that one-day
Someone will come his way

All He knows are
Highways and broken hearts, late nights and old guitars
Wondering where you are, you're so far away

His shoes are worn and tired and not at their best
Like a gypsy never sure where he's going next
Superficial friends, and girls with glazed over eyes
It's a good time, but just for the night
Then off he'll go to maybe Mexico
Then off through Colorado

All He knows are
Highways and broken hearts, late nights and old guitars
Wondering where you are, you're so far away

Staring through the walls of that motel room
Reflecting on his days, the route he's seemed to choose
Will good outshine bad, can he turn this thing around
Should he drop to his knees, just give up now
Begging for release in the night
Has he gone too far to fight?

All He knows are
Highways and broken hearts, late nights and old guitars
Wondering where you are, you're so far away
You're so far away
You're so far away