

Ghost Of Travelin' Jones

Ryan Bingham

An empty sack of dust
Or just a box of bones
Call me what you will, son
My name's Travelin' Jones
And I search for the fire
Stumbled upon with a precious desire

Travelin' Jones
Have you seen the miles
Have you smelled the whiskey and the smoke
Burnin' out underneath your tires
Travelin' Jones
You're the Travelin' Jones
Tell me the secrets of an endless road

It's not where you've been, son
It's what you understand
Do you know the right from wrong
Tell me, boy, are you an honest man
Have you ever felt the fire
Stumbled upon with a precious desire

Have your fingers bled, boy
Off sin's strings
Tied to that wooden box
That you're playin' across your knee
Have you ever felt the fire
Stumbled upon with a precious desire

Travelin' Jones
I've seen the miles
I've played in every honky-tonk bar
Behind that chicken wire
Travelin' Jones
You're the Travelin' Jones
Tell me the secrets of an endless road

An empty sack of dust
Or just a box of bones
Call me what you will, son
My name's Travelin' Jones
And I found the fire