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## Mystic Road Blues

A long time ago, living on the road  
A duffle bag with a book and a change of clothes  
Chance took me where my thumb would get me  
To people and places, I didn't know

A stranger to a country of people scraping by  
I slept by the side of the road  
Sometimes someone let me sleep in the barn  
the stirring of some cows and goats

*You might think those old times weren't so good  
But the adventures I had were golden  
Taught me a lot about who I was  
What I needed to get by, what was important*

Some offered me work, I'd pay off breakfast  
For lunch I often took my leave  
Sometimes I stayed longer than a week  
Places I felt I was needed

### **Solo over V/C**

The rides I got all had radios or  
8 track cassettes on infinite loop  
A single ride might teach you a song  
Might even get you to try to sing along

*You might think those old times weren't so good  
But the adventures I had were golden  
Taught me a lot about who I was  
What I needed to get by, what was important*

On that trail, the not so lonely road  
Somehow we met, somehow fell in love  
Those old times take on a rosy hue  
Cause some of those old times, were good times too.

Outro over chorus

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