

# Reckless Kelly, Desolation Angels

I saw the same old streets for far too long  
I put the rubber on the road  
I left it all behind  
And now paid with memories  
Those streets are long since gone  
Rubber on the road & the blood inside

And I've been around this land of opportunity  
The road is hard and it don't offer up immunity  
I've rode this country hard, from sea to shining sea  
I've shared a dance with Lady Liberty

I broke down despite my prayers  
Full tilt and half the way  
The rubber on the road & the blood inside  
But I ain't got far to go  
I'll leave 'er where she lay  
Keep the rubber on the road & the blood inside

Because wealth of matter has never made much sense to me  
And It's bought a lot of souls and never has it set one free  
I shed a couple tears but never did I grieve  
I walked away and left the keys

And I'll ketch me the midnight ghost  
We'll roll down that Western Coast  
Fields of green  
Valleys of wine  
St. Theresa, don't you worry  
We'll make it on time

We're there before we know  
Just watch this Grey Ghost go  
Steel on the tracks & the hammer down  
Things used to move so slow  
These days it's roll man roll  
Steel on the tracks & the hammer down

And it's bound to take its toll  
Out runnin' wild and livin' free  
And I've done some growing up  
But I never lost the child in me  
We're tossin' dice at things  
That might not ever be  
All just to see what I can see, yea

And I'll ketch me the midnight ghost  
We'll roll down that Western Coast  
Fields of green  
Valleys of wine  
St. Theresa, don't you worry  
We'll make it on time

Well I know that it can't last  
Someday this ride will stall  
Rubber on the road & the blood inside  
'Cause even mighty mountains  
Someday might crumble & fall  
Keep the rubber on the road & the blood inside

Finding out the hard way  
Don't leave school with much validity  
And livin' hand to mouth  
Don't leave room for much nobility

We know the end is near  
But not when it will be  
Or is it close enough to see, yea

And I'll ketch me the midnight ghost  
We'll roll down that Western Coast  
Fields of green  
Carmel wine  
St. Theresa, don't you worry  
St. Theresa, don't you worry  
St. Theresa, don't you worry  
We'll make it on time