

# Reckless Kelly, Eight More Miles

It was a place of contentment  
And the family came by  
For some good-byes and good-lucks  
Then I left 'em behind

In a rig from the old man  
I watched the sun comin' up  
through the fog on the windshield  
through the steam from the cup

Eight more miles  
Eight more miles  
Eight more miles, we'll be high  
I can't decide  
If eight more miles  
is the top of the world  
or the end of the line

It's a long stretch of highway  
drivin' into the wind  
But at the end you'll find the oldest tricks in a book  
that I still haven't read

Eight more miles  
Eight more miles  
Eight more miles, we'll be high  
I can't decide  
If eight more miles  
is the top of the world  
or the end of the line

If you go to the end of the road,  
you look back all the way down the line  
You see  
all those miles  
all those miles  
All those miles from so high  
You'll decide  
if all those miles  
to the top of the world  
was worth the ride

It was a place of contentment  
And the family dropped by  
For some good-byes and tough-lucks  
Then I left 'em behind