

# Richard Thompson, Reno, Nevada

It's a long, long way down to Reno, Nevada and a long, long way to your home.  
But the change in your pocket is beginning to grumble.  
And you reap just about what you've sown.  
You can walk down the street, pass your face in the window,  
You can stop fooling around,  
You can work day and night, take a chance on promotion,  
You can fall thru a hole in the ground.  
Now there ain't no game like the one you been playing,  
When you got a little something to lose.  
And there ain't no time, like the time you been wasting;  
And you waste just about what you choose.  
There's a man at the table and you know he's been able  
To return all the odds that you lay  
But you can't feed your hunger and you ain't getting younger  
And your tongue ain't got nothing to say.  
It's a long, long way down to Reno, Nevada And a long, long way to your home  
But the ground underneath you is beginning to tremble,  
And the sky up above you has grown.  
There's a time to be moving and a time to be grooving,  
And a time just for climbing the wall  
But the odds have been doubled, and it ain't worth the trouble  
And your never going nowhere at all