

## **FOGGY MOUNTAIN ROAD**

My headlights barely pierce the night  
Reflections off of wisps of white  
Pines like soldiers line the way  
Saluting decisions finally made  
It was time to cross that bridge  
And it was time to scratch that itch

But I'm holding on tight both hands on the wheel  
Holding on tight do you feel what I feel?  
I'm hauling my load barely in control  
Foggy Mountain Road

Running on empty a full tank of gas  
Seeking a spot on the map in a world so vast  
Miles and miles I'm running blind  
Need a new refuge for this heart of mine  
My mind resounds with things unsaid  
It all sounds better in my head