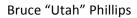
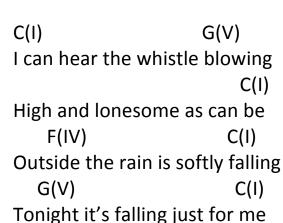
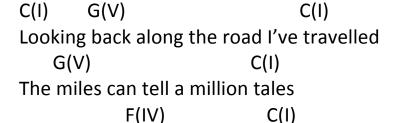
Starlight on the Rails







Each year is like some rolling freight train G(V) C(I)

And cold as starlight on the rails

I think about a wife and family
My home and all the things it means
The black smoke trailing out behind me
Is like a string of broken dreams

Chorus

A man who lives out on the highway
Is like a clock that can't tell time
A man who spends his life just ramblin'
Is like a song without a rhyme