Traveler

[Upchurch](#)

I stay walking the woods, getting lost in my thoughts
Wondering if this path is one that I'm 'posed to be on
But I do get lost in a daze, waking back off in my mind
And I realize camera flashes really will make you go blind
And I'm just binding the sense, and not the cents to make dollars
I'm not gonna go crazy over shit to me that don't really matter
Who cares if you got money, shit, dawg, I got money too
But you drop the materialistic shit then who the fuck are you
And I'm just strolling through fields call me the phantom of Dixie
With the devil creeping behind, always slick, trying to come trick
But I ain't paying attention to the shadows that lurk my back
I'm here to be a star and have folks down the road within my path
You are the traveler, a rockstar and a healer
Four wheel spinning in the sunset through the night
Into the dark unknown, guns are loaded
But he always made it home before the lightI grew up with my pawpaw watching reruns of
Lonesome Dove
Too stoned and messed, I dress up in his cowboy handsome
And I grab his guitar and pretend to be Johnny Cash on a stage
Just standing in the kitchen when I didn't know how to play
And I'm surrounded by snakes but I'm the one with the venom
I got the voice of the good people, mainstream won't even listen
I can't even get two seconds, shit
I'm the black sheep I'm guessing
But I'm gonna conquer these obstacles with the blade up my neck
Yeah I stress out so I smoke and Mary Jane kicks me up
My mind state in the moonlight is something powerful from above
So when the full moon cast a beam and the beam is shining on me
I guess it's time to hit the stage like that edible I am
You are the traveler, a rockstar and a healer
Four wheel spinning in the sunset through the night
Into the dark unknown, guns are loaded
But he always made it home before the light
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.