

# Prophet

You're feeling so alone  
My, and you look a bit windblown  
You don't know where to go  
So you don't  
Gotta rest some time  
Slip away from the bustlin' zone  
Could use a helpin' hand  
But you won't

Chorus:

No, you don't own much  
When you rule the open road  
You're the emperor of the highways  
No, you don't need much  
When you rule the open road  
You're the emperor of the highways

Been a long cold road  
And only you know where you're bound  
Some thread's leading you, but  
It's unwound  
Gotta follow on  
Gotta keep on passing through  
It's what you've always done  
S'whatcha do

Chorus

Glad you made it through  
Came to town and the weather held  
Wind'll pick you up, but  
Rest a spell  
Tumbleweeds like us  
Feel better when we're on the roll  
Rootless and worry-free  
Better stroll

Chorus

