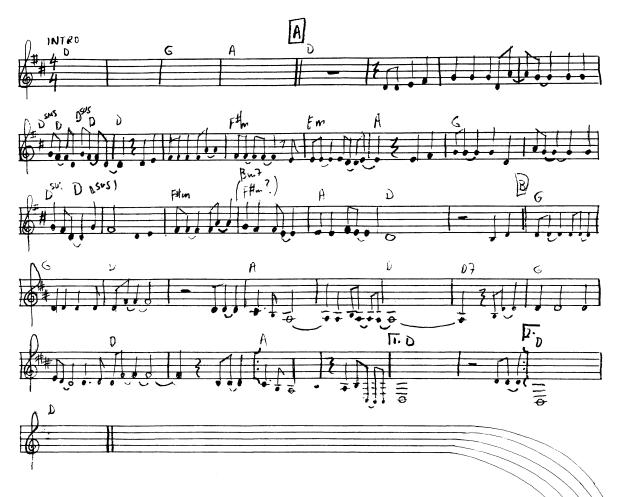
## **Snow-Covered to Centre Bare**



Movin' down that last leg of the highway That's snow-covered to centre-bare Bad conditions for my rig and me And we don't easily scare I've been searchin' for a dry part On which to gain some ground On this bottle that I'm ridin' It's a sight that's seldom found (chorus:)

Oh, you get as many chances as you take And I know I've had a few Let me gear down so I don't hafta break Get me back, back home to you Get me back, back home to you

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On the downhill grade I'm slidin' My mind slips back I'm there Sittin' in the sunshine And how it hits your hair Though this snowstorm leaves me blinded I can see you very clear But huggin' these grey shoulders Don't get me anywhere (chorus:) Night's becoming light now I still have a ways to go I'm a prisoner of this highway Ridin' empty, going slow We could be here together Making angels in the snow Instead I'm all alone here Drivin' my one man show (chorus:)

Ruth Clarke