

No Dog in the Race

C G F C F C F G
Autumn had come to that time in her life: retired, grown kids, she was nobody's wife.

C G F C F C G C
She took what would last, what fit in her car: some music, some memories, her highway guitar.

F Em F Em
She'll rest when she's weary, she'll run at her pace.

F Em F G
No sense of direction, but a strong sense of place.

F Em F Em
Song lines and lifelines and lines in her face,

F C G C
No destination, no dog in the race.

Foreshadowed treasures, forgotten pleasures, taking the measure of days passing by.
She wept and she slept. She lightened her load, and life stretched out to her as a wide-open road.

[Bridge]

Am Em F C
In the arc of a lifetime that started from birth, this meandering mission for meaning and mirth.

Am Em F G
G7
The quest for connection, salvation and worth. Oh, what shall we do between heaven and earth?

In the back of her mind lies her greatest fear: no purpose, no passion as she lives out her years.
The map at the trailhead, said **YOU ARE HERE**, so she laced up her boots and she shouldered her gear.

Intro/V1C1/V2C2/bridge/V3C3/outro[Dm7-Am7-G-C]