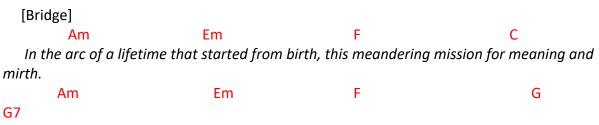
## C G F C F G Autumn had come to that time in her life: retired, grown kids, she was nobody's wife. C G F C F C G C She took what would last, what fit in her car: some music, some memories, her highway guitar. F Em F Em She'll rest when she's weary, she'll run at her pace. F Em F G No sense of direction, but a strong sense of place. F Em F Em Song lines and lifelines and lines in her face, F C G C

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.



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]

No destination, no dog in the race.