

# COME TOO FAR NOW

(Neil Murray)

*Musicians and songwriters contribute to the culture, identity and well being of society. Few get to see their efforts valued or rewarded. Many don't survive to receive an aged pension. For the touring musician, prospects are frequently grim. But they keep doing it.*

In a caravan park, I was looking to stay the night  
I waited in my car for the owner to arrive  
Trucks out on the highway  
kept up their mad parade  
Bound for distant cities and places I have played

The proprietor took my details  
he don't ask me where I'm from  
Or where I might be going he knows I don't belong  
I hand him my money, he gives me back a key  
To an onsite van and a room of temporary peace.

In the local bistro I order curry and rice  
I knew before it came it was barely worth the price  
My fellow patrons sat around, no one met my eyes  
I've come too far now to ever be surprised.

Tomorrow's another city  
where I hope to make a stand  
All my recent failures  
have steeled me to a plan  
If I make it there I'll let it all unfold  
And if I don't I'll leave at once  
and vanish on the road

I've come too far now to ever turn around  
That's why I'm a constant traveller thru these little towns  
You might find me in a van park  
or sleeping somewhere else  
On a back road in my car,  
washed up and broken down