

Hundreds of Ways
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On the stoop by the door
In the dying embers glow
You say "I'm not tired yet, so what's one more duet?"
On the stoop by the door
You've told me this before:
There are hundreds of ways to sing round a fire

Chorus:
I'll keep walking though there is no place to get to
And though each day I wake afraid.
But there's music by this fire
And the darling I desire
On this rough and rocky road, I'll stay

Don't tell lies
They say, keep your head high
They say buck up, and bootstraps up
And look me in the eye
They say, "how many times have we whispered in your ear:
Move, baby, move towards your fear"

If the strings of your guitar
Were strung like high wire
If falling meant giving up your balance for a while
If love didn't scar
Then, darling, show me more
Of those hundreds of ways...