**STACKING THE MILES**

Arranged 1995 and written 2015 by Andy Barber

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VERSE 1a

 B C# B C# B C#

I’m stacking up the miles though no two are alike;

 D E D B D B

Except for the bike they are mostly the same.

 B C# B C# B C#

I’m counting all the trials and subtracting the blame;

 D E D A B A

It all evens out, that’s the name of the game.

B. C#. B. C#. B. C#. B... E E... D A B... E E... D A B...

VERSE 1b

On the freeway of life, it’s a mile a minute.

I’m in it to win it, whether fortune or fame.

Through hardships and strife, but to none I have claim;

It all evens out, that’s the name of the game.

VERSE 2a

 A B C A

The mileage takes its toll on my body and soul,

 F# G F# G

Not to mention the tires and electrical wires.

 E G# A

I choose my direction, my rising and falling.

 G# G E

God grants me election, and shows to me my calling.

VERSE 2b

I’m piling on the years and I’m getting neck deep,

But before I can sleep there are miles yet to go.

Past the tears and the fears, through the rain and snow,

Until it is over, there still is room to grow.

CHORUS

 D B A G

I’ve one journey ahead, when I’m raised from the dead:

 G F# E

No roadmaps in the sky, but lots of space to fly;

 G# A G# G E

No time limitations, only destinations.

VERSE 2c (Instrumental)

REPEAT CHORUS

REPEAT CHORUS (Instrumental)