

"It's a dangerous business, Frodo, going out your door. You step onto the road, and if you don't keep your feet, there's no knowing where you might be swept off to."

"Roads Go Ever On

Roads go ever ever on,  
Over rock and under tree,  
By caves where never sun has shone,  
By streams that never find the sea;  
Over snow by winter sown,  
And through the merry flowers of June,  
Over grass and over stone,  
And under mountains in the moon.

Roads go ever ever on,  
Under cloud and under star.  
Yet feet that wandering have gone  
Turn at last to home afar.  
Eyes that fire and sword have seen,  
And horror in the halls of stone  
Look at last on meadows green,  
And trees and hills they long have known.

The Road goes ever on and on  
Down from the door where it began.  
Now far ahead the Road has gone,  
And I must follow, if I can,  
Pursuing it with eager feet,  
Until it joins some larger way,  
Where many paths and errands meet.

The Road goes ever on and on  
Down from the door where it began.  
Now far ahead the Road has gone,  
And I must follow, if I can,  
Pursuing it with weary feet,  
Until it joins some larger way,  
Where many paths and errands meet.  
And whither then? I cannot say.

The Road goes ever on and on  
Out from the door where it began.  
Now far ahead the Road has gone.  
Let others follow, if they can!  
Let them a journey new begin.  
But I at last with weary feet  
Will turn towards the lighted inn,  
My evening-rest and sleep to meet.”

— J.R.R. Tolkien, [The Lord of the Rings](#)