

Highway (John Baker ©)

Drive, many miles from where you are
Steal, glances from a distant star
Highway, take me to my hotel room
To find you, somewhere down the telephone
My eyelids weigh a tonne, this coffee tastes like mud,
Highway, highway

I woke, just in time to say goodbye
I was caught, nappin' on the driver's side
Regrets, sit beside me through the night
You said, don't let the high beam hypnotise
Your service station heart
Will fill me up to start
Highway, highway

Home, is more than just a state of mind
The earths wild and your embrace
among the things I leave behind
To find you, highway