

Continental Drifters, Highway Of The Saints

Written by Pat McLaughlin

Main Voice: PETER, CARLO & VICKI

Produced by Continental Drifters

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I'm driving down the highway of the saints
Keepin' an eye on a friend of mine
Who wishes no complaints
When all her strength had left her
And hope it become thin
Now I'm driving down the highway of the saints.

The sun is up and no one's in the field
The temperature keeps risin'
The wind is on it's heels
Of all the things she taught me
Of none of them restrained
Driving down the highway of the saints.

Driving down the highway of the saints.

Well, I'm holdin' on to something I can't hold
The old folks now are leavin'
And the farm is almost sold
There ain't no sense of grievin'
I can't be what I ain't
I'm driving down the highway of the saints.

Driving down the highway of the saints.