

George Strait, Rhythm Of The Road

I'd rather be home,
But I make my livin' on the go
Big silver eagle spreads her wings
And drops us at another show
I think about holdin' my baby tonight
As I listin to the big wheels roll
Three days into a six week tour,
Gettin' in the rhythm of the road

We pick and sing,
Say "goodnight"; then we'll be flyin'
My world's a chain of one-night-stands
Strung together by the center line
I don't know where I'll wake up tomorrow,
But I can't let the tempo slow
Every town is just another beat,
Livin' in the rhythm of the road

The rhythm of the road's got a mind of its own
If you find it it'll drive you insane
Like the clackity-clack of a railroad track
I'm rattlin' like an old freight train
Towns are flashin' by, the folks are wavin' "hi";
They all start to look the same
Gotta stop for a minute, be glad I'm in it
Remember just why I came

Those highway signs, Lord, they keep me on the move
I think about givin' it up sometimes,
And gettin' in a diff'ren groove
But I just let the days slide by,
Get goin' with the flow
A four/four beat's the only time I keep,
Livin' in the rhythm of the road
A four/four beat's the only time I keep,
Livin' in the rhythm of the road

Livin' in the rhythm of the road