

Rory Gallagher, Lonesome Highway

Well its a winding highway, that never seems to end,
Well we all must travel, We'll not pass this way again,
Are you going my way, well won't you lend a hand,
Well it sounds like thunder, but it could be a hurricane,
Looks like Chain Lightnin', but its just my blues again,
Sure don't look inviting, when you see those clouds of rain,

Yea, Yea

I wish it were the morning, 'cause the night feels oh so long
With a windswept skyway, it don't look good my friend,
Tomorrow might be my day, who knows which way the wheel might turn,
Woohoo, Woooohoooo, Yeayeaha