

# The Kinks, The Road

Sitting alone on my hotel  
Looking in the mirror wondering, "well,  
After all this time you never thought you'd still be out on the road?"  
Like a gypsy I was born to roam  
Like a wanderer with no fixed abode  
I think about the friends I've left behind on the road

Well, the road's been rocky along the way  
It's been a long, hard haul on the motorway  
But if it gets too smooth it's time to call it a day

(On the road)  
The bed and breakfasts and the greasy spoons  
(The road)  
The loser bars and the noisy rooms  
(The road)  
The casualties who did too many lines  
(The road)  
Wasted talent on women and wine

I think of all the friends I've left behind  
Whenever it's time to get back out on the road

Started playing blues in a coffee bar  
I took a trip down Charing Cross Road  
With my imitation Gretsch guitar  
And my head full of songs and my eyes full of stars  
I saw a band called the Rolling Stones  
I thought, "that's it, I'll get a band,  
I'm leaving home, I'm out on the road."

The motorways all over this land  
(The road)  
Far away places like Wigan and Birmingham  
(The road)  
Didn't have no name, didn't have any fans  
(The road)  
Didn't have no money so we slept in the van

All those early gigs we ever played  
Sometimes we were lucky if we even got paid  
On the road  
Pete played on the bass guitar  
Liked to get around, mixing with all the stars  
But Mrs. Avory's child was all fingers and thumbs  
But solid as a rock, setting time on the drums  
While Dave the Rave hit the rock 'n' roll riffs  
Yours truly strummed away with a slightly limp wrist  
On the road

Everyday is when I can't get used to it  
Everyday is when I can't get away  
Another day, another freeway to face  
That's the road

Well, life is a road, it's a motorway  
And the road gets rocky along the way  
But if it gets too smooth it's time to call it a day

(On the road)  
Jimi Hendrix, The Who, the Led Zeppelin and Free  
They took the road so it's alright by me  
Some are survivors, some are debris  
If you play in a band that's the road that you take

Living in it, eating in it, sleeping in it  
You wake up in the morning, what do you see?  
The road

Life is a road, it's a motorway  
Lost a lot of good friends along the way  
All the families and homes that I've left behind  
To the wives and the lovers and friends who had their time  
I say, "you take your road and I'll take mine."  
(You take your road and I'll take mine)  
You take your road and I'll take mine  
(You take your road and I'll take mine)

Life is a road, it's a motorway  
And the road gets rocky along the way  
But if it gets too smooth it's time to call it a day

(On the road)  
Observed all the various phases from  
Flower power, heavy metal and acid rock  
And still all the critics keep saying  
"Are they still around? When they gonna stop?"  
It's just the dedicated followers of fashion who like putting down  
All the well respected men who came dancing and are still on the road

Sometime I get suicidal  
Now everyone is a rival  
Different cars, different bars and hotels  
Corporations, big business and egos  
When it all gets too bad I think back  
When we were all each other had  
When we started out on the road

And there's gas in my tank and I've still got a way to go  
Another hotel, it's time to check out soon  
As I look around the room  
I think of all the friends I've left behind  
On the road