

# Bill Miller, Reservation Road

I was holding on to my grandad's hand  
He was pointing to the promised land  
That lay beyond the reservation road  
He said don't make promises that you won't keep  
Don't betray the earth beneath your feet  
As we walked on the reservation road

Chorus:

And just for that one moment we were racing with the wind  
And sound of horses thundering they echoed once again  
Back to a place where our hearts and souls belong  
A thousand dreams away from that reservation road  
A thousand dreams away from that reservation road

Then his spirit soared into the sky  
Beyond the place where eagle fly  
And my tears fell on the reservation road

Now a hundred moons have come and gone  
And I'm holding on to my newborn son  
One day he'll walk on the reservation road

Chorus:

And just for that one moment we were racing with the wind  
And sound of horses thundering they echoed once again  
Back to a place where our hearts and souls belong  
A thousand dreams away from that reservation road  
A thousand dreams away from that reservation road

I was holding on to my grandad's hand  
He was pointing to the promised land  
That lay beyond the reservation road  
It went way beyond the reservation road

Have you ever walked on the reservation road?  
Let me take you down the reservation road  
Like to take some Senators down the reservation road  
Let me take you down the reservation road  
Let me take you down the reservation road