

Chris Isaak, Gone Ridin'

Well the moon is on the highway, darkness fills the sky.

As long as I keep driving, I know that I won't die.

And I'm gone, gone, gone.

Gone Ridin'.

Well I broke up with my baby, told myself I won't cry.

Broke up with my baby, told myself a lie.

And I'm gone, gone, gone.

Gone Ridin'.

Get gone Cal.

Well the moon is on the highway, darkness fills the sky.

As long as I keep driving, I know that I won't die.

And I'm gone, gone, gone.

Gone Ridin'.

Gone Ridin'.