Filatov & Karas, Highway

when we were young we're driving round, round, round this streets looking for some fun we're going round, round, round this streets

always dreaming fighting that feeling that we will never belong Everything's turning bridges are burning baby those days are gone

turn on the radio on roll the windows down, down, down all the way we gotta sing our song and live our lives like it's our final day

always dreaming fighting that feeling that we will never belong Everything's turning bridges are burning baby those days are gone

I am gonna hit the highway, highway I am gonna do it my way I am gonna hit the highway, highway I am gonna do it my way

I am gona drive through the darkness gonna drive till the morning comes gonna drive to the ocean with you in the morning sun

maybe this highway will take us back someday when we are far away

I am gonna hit the highway, highway I am gonna do it my way I am gonna hit the highway, highway I am gonna do it my way