

James Taylor, Highway Song

Father, let us build a boat and sail away, there's nothing for you here.
And brother, let us throw our lot out upon the sea. It's been done before.

I'm thinking about a broken heart, I'm talking 'bout the break of dawn,
you love me while I'm here and you can miss me when I'm gone.
Sweet misunderstanding, won't you leave a poor boy alone,
I'm the one eyed seed of a tumbleweed in the belly of a rolling stone.
Back on the highway, yeah, yeah, yeah, back on the road again.

I had a little woman in Memphis, she wanted to be my bride.
She said, settle on down, traveling man, you can stay right by my side.
I tried so hard to please her but I couldn't hold out too long,
cause one Saturday night I was laying in bed and I heard that highway song.
Back on the highway, yeah, yeah, yeah, back on the road again.

Now one of these days that highway song will lose its appeal to me.
I'm gonna settle on down like a natural born man,
I'm gonna live my life naturally, free and easy, mmmmm.
Until that day the thunder's gonna roll and I notice there's a sign of rain,
so I grab my bags and I pack my clothes and I'm back on the road again.
Back on the highway, yeah, yeah, yeah, back on the road again.

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you love me while I'm here and you can miss me when I'm gone.
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Back on the highway, yeah, yeah, yeah, back on the road again.

Here I am again, Holiday Inn, same old four walls again.
Gee, but it's fine to be back home again, whoa, now.
Said, Holiday Inn, I'm on the road again.