

Little River Band, Days On The Road

I remember
the days on the road tryin' to get somewhere all
the time spent behind the wheel, I remember the
faces of people who did me wrong there and they
were oh so many to know Country dates and fans who
wait for hours it's strange I don't even remember
a name patiently they wait and see where will he
run to now and they were oh so many to know I was
born a dream chaser running away from the country
that made me rock 'n' roll you're a home breaker
turnin' my head from the family that loved me. And
I hate it, how I hate leaving you but what more
can I do than to try and find my way ? Carry me on
to somewhere, send me someone who will share it
all help me to find my peace of mind I remember
the days on the road I almost died there each year
harder than those before and I'll remember the
faces of friends if I ever go back again, they
were also many to know I remember the days on the
road I remember the days on the road I remember
the days on the road I remember the days on the
road Yes I do, yes I do oh I remember the days on
the road I remember the days on the road and they
were so many to know