

Murray McLauchlan, Highway One

Smell of the sweetgrass seems to carry on the breeze
Light of the moon
Washes through the windshield of the car
While we wonder what we are
We put a lot of miles on
Humming songs from the radio
We felt so free
Didn't have no particular place to go
Left our troubles down the road

Maggie I felt like the traps of the world
Were closing
Maggie I felt like we were going down
In flames
Maggie I took your hand
And we just started running
Maggie I wanted to live again

Watching a jet plane drawing lines across the sky
Think of the people
Do they know we're just as high?
Somewhere down near the great divide
I'm feeling much stronger
The rush of the wind is like blood to me
Feeling you with me
Sharing all the colors of the things we see
Ain't no place we have to be

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The dust is blowing
Up across old highway one
White-faced cattle, silhouetted by the sun
Dreaming of a man with a horse and gun
We've taken our chances with those drifting tumbleweeds
Taken our chances, til we found out what we need
Watch the waves break from the sea

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