

Pam Tillis, The River And The Highway

She follows the path of least resistance
She doesn't care to see the mountain top.
She twists and turns with no regard to distance.
She never comes to a stop.

As she rolls, she's a river.
Where she goes, time will tell.
Heaven knows, he can't go with her.
And she rolls, all by herself.
And she rolls, all by herself.

He's headed for a single destination.
He doesn't care what's standing in his path.
He's a line between two points of separation.
He ends just where it says to on the map.

As he rolls, he's a highway.
Where he goes, time will tell.
Heaven knows, she can't go with him.
And he rolls, all by himself.
And he rolls, all by himself.

But every now and then,
He offers her a shoulder.
Every now and then
She overflows.
Every now and then
A bridge crosses over.
It's a moment, every lover knows.

As she rolls (and he rolls)
She's a river (he's a highway)
Where she goes (where he goes)
Time will tell.
Heaven knows,
She can't go with him (he can't go with her)
And she rolls
All by herself
And he rolls
All by himself.

Fare the well...