

Paul Simon, Spiral Highway

Evry bar and grill
Evry greasy spoon
Anywhere a quarter buys a tune
Ride the spiral highway one more roll

Evry local call
Evry pink motel
Any time the strain begins to tell
Ride that spiral highway one more roll

After the rain on the interstate
Headlights slide past the moon
Bone-weary traveler waits by the side of the road
Wheres he going?

Then I think its strange
The way the body turns
And how my heart approaches what it yearns
Ride that spiral highway one more roll
Ride that spiral highway one more roll