

Robbi McMillen, Western Highway

I am a driver on a western highway
From the mountains to the sea
And there's a song of the western highway
That's saying I will be free

The sky is fading to the colour of the valley
Dust of angels and dust of dreams
Your city lights will shine until tomorrow
And I will not be here

But your light is brighter than anything I've ever seen
And I hear your voice on every station
Singing out of your dream
Here I am on the road again
The song began and in the end
I was standing by
I was standing by the sea

And by the roadside the trees are shimmering
Black and silver in the cold night air
And under the moon a new song singing
Saying I will meet you there

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