

Ron Sexsmith, Up The Road

I'm looking out across the way
To her old abode
It'd sure be good to see her again
Coming up the road

When out to paint the weather grey
Lo and behold
Her eyes told of better days
Coming up the road

Oh and maybe
Love knows where to find me
And I'll wake up
And find her beside me
To guide me

For the world can not defeat us when
You've got a hand to hold
And how the stars will greet us then
Coming up the road

Oh baby, there'll be happier times
If we believe
Everything's gonna be alright
With all our might

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To her old abode
It'd sure be good to see her again
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And how the stars will greet us then
Coming up the road