

Sylvia, River Road

Here I go once again with my suitcase in my hand
I'm running away down River Road
And I swear, once again, that I'm never coming home
I'm chasing my dreams down River Road

Mama said, "Listen child, you're too old to run wild
You're too big to go fishing with the boys these days
So I grabbed my clothes and ran
Stole five dollars from the sugar can
Just a twelve-year-old jail-breaker running away.

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Well I married a pretty good man and he tries to understand
But he knows I've got leaving on my mind these days
When I get that urge to run I'm just like a kid again
A thirty-year-old jail-breaker running away.

And here I go once again with my suitcase in my hand
I'm running away down River Road
And I swear once again that I'm never coming home
In my dreams I still run down River Road