

The Bouncing Souls, Highway Kings

Sitting here drinking again...
thinking back on how simple it used to be.
Can it ever be that way again?
I'm drinking this one to my friends.
Looks like they'll be here till the end.
Till the bitter end.
What are dreams for, anyway,
without the guts to live your life that way?
We are the highway kings.
Chasing our destinies.
Cruising through a timezone
as the world stands still.
Harvest moon in a desert sky.
Making good time as we pass it by.
Wherever this road takes us, it was meant to be.
We're already home.
What are dreams for, anyway,
without the guts to live your life that way?
What are songs for, anyway,
without the guts to live your life that way?
Learned to let go
of the things we can't control.
Left em behind and followed rock and roll.
We found a new way of life.
Forever till the end of time.
But never getting old.