

The Divine Comedy, Freedom Road

It's early morning on I-19.
I ain't got much for company,
A pick-up truck, a brown Volvo,
And a couple of jokers on the radio.

I wish that it could stay like this,
But soon I'll have to put up with
The whole world and his Uncle Joe
Cluttering up my freedom road.

When I was a boy I'd fantasize
About the freedom road. I'd drive
A thousand miles before sundown,
Father a child in every town.

But a hundred thousand miles have passed
Between me and iconoclastic images
Of the freedom road.
I wanna shed this heavy load.

Well I've seen the power of the lightning storm,
I've seen the endless ears of corn,
I've seen the lakes at the break of day,
And that shit takes my breath away.

But if I were to even start
To tell them how it melts my heart,
Never more would my truck-stop friends
Look me in the eye again.

It's early morning on I-19,
A dreamer's waking from his dream,
A driver who has lost his way
Parks up his rig and walks away.