

The Wilkinsons, Highway

Angeline slipped out the door an hour before dawn
The folks in town would never know what she was running from
I was waiting for her up at Exit 41
She didn't know where I was going
She just knew where she had been
I took her up to Birmingham where she knew she had a friend
A little shaken up
But her tears were dry by then
I see people come and go
Each on a different path
Some chasing new beginnings
Some running from their past
Me, I just keep rollin' on
While others fade away
Mile after mile Day after day
I am the highway
I've seen flowers blooming on the shoulder of the road
Tied to little wooden crosses
For those who didn't make it home
Some folks breaking down
Some getting where they want to go
I see people come and go
Each on a different path
Some chasing new beginnings
Some running from their past
Me, I just keep rollin' on
While others fade away
Mile after mile Day after day
I am the highway I am the highway
I have no beginning
And I don't have an end
You might turn around
But there's no going back again
So the trick is to enjoy the ride
And learn from where you've been
Stretching out to the horizon
As time just fades away
Mile after mile Day after day
I am the highway
I am the highway