

The Road

Eric Burdon

The road, the road is a killer
Backed up by devious men
The road, the road is a killer
But you'll always go back again
Twenty percent of my money
It's twenty percent of my soul
You got to understand baby
I live, I don't play this rock'n'roll

Out on the road, on the road
Twisted, wicked highway
Long and lonesome road

You walk on stage and you're blinded
Losing you way in the night
Sixty thousand people are waiting
So you do a crazy dance in the light
In the morning you're back on the highway
Looking for that pot of gold
You started out so young and strong and eage
Oh well, now you're lonely and you're cold

The road, the road is a killer
It sneaks up at you from behind
It makes you a slave in the long run
It takes your body, soul and your mind
Sometimes I wonder how it all began
Sometimes I see myself given up for dead
I got to get back on the highway
And find my dream
Long long and winding
It will make you breakdown and scream