

Riding Through

Goodbye June

All my life, I never had a home
Back and forth, across the land, I would go
You could see me riding through the heat of Atlanta
West Tennessee or Southern Indiana

I'm riding through
Ooh, I'm riding through
Yeah, I'm going through
I'm riding through, oh

Arkansas or West Mississippi
Playing all these shows with the blood on my fingers
Will they remember? Or will they forget?
Either way, I'm riding through, pop in that Segar cassette

I'm riding through
Oh, I'm riding through
Yeah, I'm going through
I'm riding through, oh
Oh, yeah

Riding through, yeah
Turn it up
Turn up the rock and roll, yeah

My home is my soul
My soul is the music
I play it for people
Hoping they won't refuse it
Different countries, different stages
Different room full of fans
I'm riding through with the guitar
Strapped to the top of the van

I'm riding through
I'm riding, riding through
Oh, I'm riding through
I'm riding, riding through
Yeah, I'm going through
I'm going, going through
Oh-oh-oh, I'm riding through
I'm riding, riding through
Oh, I'm riding through
I'm riding, riding through
Oh, I'm riding through
I'm riding, riding through
Oh-oh, I'm going through, yeah
I'm going, going through
I'm riding through

Oh, I'm riding through