

The Road

Mal Blum

From the white sands of New Mexico
To the California coast
The places I have loved the most that keep me on the road

Your hair blowing in the wind on the off-ramp and oon again
To everywhere I've ever been that keeps me on the road

You keep me on the road
You keep me on the road
You keep me on the road
You keep me on the road

From the flatlands to the mountaintops
To all dressed-up parking lots
To everywhere that I forgot that keeps me on the road

To the beds where I have laid awake thinking about other fates
But there's never been no other way for me than keeping on the road

You keep me on the road
You keep me on the road
You keep me on the road
You keep me on the road

Until I make it home
Until I make it home

You keep me on the road
You keep me on the road
You keep me on the road
You keep me on the road

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