

# 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 on 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

Until I make it home  
Until I make it home  
Until I make it home  
Until I make it home