

You said a road trip would do us some good
Despite every instinct I said that I would
It's been six years since you put on that ring
Maybe the road will fix everything

When all that remains is the gas in the tank
The tread on the tires and what's left in the tank
Sometimes the road is the best remedy
How many more miles to Yosemite?

I'm riding shotgun through prairies and plains
You say, "How pretty" I'm thinking how strange
It feels to follow this sinking ship down
Maybe the mountains will turn us around

When all that remains is the gas in the tank
The tread on the tires and what's left in the tank
Sometimes the road is the best remedy
For a love that's grown old try some new scenery
So how many more miles to Yosemite?

Two hours to go, I broke down in Modesto
You told me, "Don't make a scene"
We're damned if we make it, we're damned if we don't
And we're somewhere stuck in between

Now we're running on fumes it's an uphill climb
Drove right past all the danger signs
And I just can't wait to tell you goodbye
Cut a new trail, leave our love behind
Sometimes the road is the best remedy
For two broken hearts that need setting free
So how many more miles to Yosemite?
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