

Riding to New York

Passenger

Well, I met him in Minnesota,
He was dark and overcast.
With long, grey hair and eyes that stared
Through me like I was glass.
I asked "Where are you going to?"
He said, "I'm the wind I'm just blowing through."
He lit up a cigarette and began to talk.

Said:

"The doctors told me that my body won't hold me,
My lungs are turning black.
Been lucky strikes four since I was at school now there ain't no turn
ing
Back.
They can't tell me how long I've got,
Maybe months but maybe not,
So I'm taking this bike and riding to New York.

'Cause I wanna see my grand-daughter one last time,
Wanna hold her close and feel her tiny
Heart beat next to mine.
Wanna see my son and the man he's become,
Tell him I'm sorry for the things I've done,
And I'd do it if I had to walk.
Oh, I'm taking this bike and riding to New York

Through the forests of West Constant
That I knew as a boy,
Past the sky line of Chicago,
Round the lakes of Illinois
I lay my head in a motel bed where my back gets sore and my eyes turn
red,
Listen to the trucks roll past my door.
Through the fields of Ohio as the sunshine paints them gold.
I run just like a river runs, rapid, quick and cold.
And fly through Pennsylvania and the Jersey turn piked holes.
And I won't stop 'till I get to New York.

'Cause I wanna see my grand-son one last time.
I wanna see his eyes sparkling ans stare back into mine.
Now my time is short,
I wanna see my daughter,
Tell her all the things that I should have taught her
And I'd do it if I had to walk.
Oh, I'm taking this bike and riding to New York.

And I'd go up to the churchyard one last time,
Lay flowers down for the woman who gave me the best years of my life,
And I'd do it if I had to walk.
Yeah, I'd do it if I had to walk.
I'm taking this bike and riding to New York."