

Spiral Highway

Paul Simon

Every bar and grill
Every greasy spoon
Anywhere a quarter buys a tune
Ride the spiral highway one more round

Every local call
Every pink motel
Any time the strain begins to tell
Ride that spiral highway one more roll

After the rain on the interstate
Headlights slide past the moon
A bone-weary traveler waits by the side of the road
Where's he going?

Then I think it's strange
The way the body turns
And how my heart approaches what it yearns
Ride that spiral highway one more round
Ride that spiral highway one more round