

# The Open Road

Rivals

Ever since I was three, it's been the same old thing  
Packed up my stuff, I'm ready to leave, I'm ready to leave  
My house on rocks, the sliding mess it always was  
Now, at least my heart is my home

And I can see the open road  
And I can see the open road

My highest highs become my lowest lows  
But I can see the open road  
They know I'm coming home  
But I can see the open road

What is this you always taught me, mommy?  
"Stay strong down this path, my darling"  
And I guess that's what I've always done  
And I'm here to prove to my family that I'm worth something and  
I think I'm worth something  
And I'm startin' to see that I'm worth something

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They know I'm coming home  
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Ever since I was three it's been the same old thing  
Packed up my stuff, I'm ready to leave, I'm ready to leave  
My heart's on hold, for this love I've always known  
Now, at least I know I am home