Big Log

Robert Plant

My love is in league with the freeway Its passion will ride, as the cities fly by And the tail-lights dissolve, in the coming of night And the questions in thousands take flight My love is a-miles in the waiting The eyes that just stare, and the glance at the clock And the secret that burns, and the pain that grows dark And it's you once again Leading me on - leading me down the road Driving beyond - driving me down the road

My love is exceedingly vivid Red-eyed and fevered with the hum of the miles Distance and longing, my thoughts do provide Should I rest for a while at the side Your love is cradled in knowing Eyes in the mirror, still expecting they'll come Sensing too well when the journey is done There is no turning back - no There is no turning back - on the run

My love is in league with the freeway Oh the freeway, and the coming of night-time My love is in league with the freeway