

Up The Road

Ron Sexsmith

I'm looking out across the way
To her old abode
It'd sure be good to see her again
Coming up the road

When out to paint the weather gray
Lo and behold
Her eyes told of better days
Coming up the road

Oh, and maybe
Love knows where to find me
And I'll wake up and find her beside me
To guide me

For the world cannot defeat us when
You've got a hand to hold
And how the stars will greet us then
Coming up the road

Oh baby, there'll be happier times
If we believe
Every thing's gonna be alright
With all our might

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And how the stars will greet us then
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