

After Hours

Roy Buchanan

Down every road there`s always one more city
I`m on the run, the highway is my home

I raised a lot of cane back in my younger days
While mama used to pray my crops would fail
Now I`m a hunted fugitive with just two ways
Outrun the law or spend my life in jail

I`d like to settele down but they won`t let me
A fugitive must be a rolling stone
Down every road there`s always one more city

I`m lonly but I can`t afford the luxury
Of having one I love to come along
She`d only slow me down and they`d catch up with me
For he who travels fastest goes alone

I`d like to sttele down but they won`t let me
A fugitive must be a rolling stone
Down every road there`s always one more city
I`m on the run, yhe highway is my home
I`m on the run, yhe highway is my home