

Roadways

Steeleye Span

One road leads to London, one road leads to Wales
My road leads me seawards, to the white dipping sails
One road leads to the river, as it goes singing slow
My road leads to shipping, where the bronzed sailors go

Leads me, lures me, calls me, to the salt green tossing sea
A road without Earth's road dust, is the right road for me
A wet road heaving, shining, wild with seagulls' cries
A mad, salt sea-wind blowing, the salt spray in my eyes

To add more miles to the tally, of grey miles left behind

In quest of that one beauty, I was put here to find
Leads me, lures me, calls me, to the salt green tossing sea
A road without Earth's road dust, is the right road for me

My road calls me, lures me, west, east, south and north
Most roads lead men homewards, my road leads me forth
Leads me, lures me, calls me, to the salt green tossing sea
A road without Earth's road dust, is the right road for me