

Freeway

The Castellows

Hey Mama, I'm going on at 9 o'clock
Athens, Georgia at the 40 Watt
That's my name up on the marquee
Good to see, then I'm gone like a tumbleweed

Rolled-up blue jeans, greener grass
Guitar sound out the Marshall stack
And I missed those glory days
'Cause I was born 40 years too late
Or maybe right on time

Way back, never gonna see me again
Sweet like nothing, a whisper in the wind
Rolling down a river like a lost map dot Mark Twain
Playing with the band, staying up till dawn
Don't know what you're feeling till you hear it in a song
What you can't buy is better than a pocket full of change
Living that free way
Living that free way

We're all chasing something real
Turnpike's playing outside of Mobile
Birdie's working AG for the GCA
Ellie just bought herself a cheap Mustang
And I still play bass

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Rolling down a river like a lost map dot Mark Twain
Playing with the band, staying up till dawn
Don't know what you're feeling till you hear it in a song
What you can't buy is better than a pocket full of change
Yeah, what you can't buy is better than a pocket full of change
Living that free way
Living that free way
Living that free way
Living that free way