

People On The Highway

The Pentangle

There's people on the highway,
People in the towns,
You just can't get away;
I'm a-going to the mountains,
Going by the sea,
You won't see me again.

Gonna move on buddy,
Gonna leave my trouble and worry behind,
Find a new home to rest my uneasy mind

For it's better to be going,
Better to be moving
Than clinging to your past;
Love is made from living,
And dreams are made of sleeping,
Better catch it while it lasts.

Sweet lady she won't call
Or knock upon my door,
She won't see me at all;
And every word I've said,
Everything I done,
Will not turn her pretty head

Now if I stay I'll lose out,
For the dealer deals too fast
And the game's turned about;
So I think I'll try a new game,
One I understand,
Then my life won't be in vain

When you're feeling kind of blue,
Kind of mixed up inside,
And good times are few;
When every day brings the rain
In a never ending flood,
And you're on your own again

And when it's hard to decide
What should be your next move
And what'd be the outcome;
And when sunny days roll by
And pass you unnoticed,
And time ceases to run.