

815-1000
Music from the open road

When i am on the open road
My past
A distant memory
My future
A cup of coffee and a view of the stars
From the backseat of my car
That's when
The music sounds sweetest
Fill my cup
And i imagine
Some people say
What's up with this guy
Why
Why does he need to fly away
Why can't he sit still
For just one day
And i say
It's just my way
It's just my way
And i can tell you this
I was made for the open road
It's where music
Makes sense
Finally
And after all