

Two for the Road

The 440s & The Chickenhawks

Out of the blue horizon
Stretched a band of gold
From the straits of Juan De Fuca
To the east of Portland, Maine You held my hand as we raced along the Buffalo Bayou
Chasing the tail of this globe
You said, babe one day we're bound to
It takes two for the road We're two of a kind heart closing in the distances
Now here comes our twilight part
We've had the best light of our days
We're two rails that never crossed in anger
Voices never raised, two of a kind heart, two for the road We have been blessed with dreaming
You had Georgia's New Mexico
And while your hands worked in China
It was from Ireland I wrote Moving out from America from those Buffalo Bayou trails
Now didn't you tell me, babe
We'll have this globe by its tail
It takes two for the road We're two of a kind heart closing in the distances
Now here comes our twilight part
We've had the best light of our days
We're two rails that never crossed in anger
Voices never raised two of a kind heart, two for the road We could be anywhere and never leave home
With your hand to hold, we are two for the road
We're two of a kind heart, two for the road
We're two for the road

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