Riding To New York

Passenger

Well, I met him in Minnesota
He was dark and overcast
With long, grey hair and eyes that stared
Through me like I was glass
I asked "Where are you going to?"
He said, "I'm the wind I'm just blowing through."
He lit up a cigarette and began to talk"See the doctors told me that my body won't hold me
My lungs are turning black
Been a lucky strike's fool since I was at school
And there ain't no turning back
They can't tell me how long I've got
Maybe months but maybe not
I'm taking this bike and riding to New York'Cause I wanna see my grand-daughter one last time
Wanna hold her close and feel her tiny heartbeat next to mine
Wanna see my son and the man he's become
Tell him I'm sorry for the things I've done
And I'd do it if I had to walk
I'm taking this bike and riding to New YorkThrough the forests of Wisconsin that I knew as a boy
Past the sky line of Chicago
Round the lakes of Illinois
I lay my head in a motel bed where my back is sore and my eyes turn red
Listen to the trucks roll past my door
Through the fields of Ohio as the sunshine paints them gold
I run just like a river runs, rapid, quick and cold
And fly through Pennsylvania and the Jersey turnpike tolls
And I won't stop 'till I get to New York'Cause I wanna see my grand-son one last time
Wanna see his eyes sparkling and stare back into mine
Now my time is shorter
I wanna see my daughter
Tell her all the things that I should have taught her
And I'd do it if I had to walk
Oh, I'm taking this bike I'm riding to New YorkAnd I'd go up to the churchyard one last time
Lay flowers down for the woman who gave me the best years of my life
And I'd do it if I had to walk
I'd do it if I had to walk
I'm taking this bike and riding to New York"

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/