Highway To Spain

Magna Carta

Two drifters running free heading for the sun
rolling down a highway to Spain
we were almost finished, before we had begun
and nothing, nothing would be the sameFrom Rouen down to Toulouse that old transit saw us well
rolling through the vineyards on the hill
bread and cheese in a sleepy town heading out as the sun went down
counting up the money for a small hotelDown that highway to Spain
strangers to the sun
who knows when we'll be back again
on that highway to Spain
the race is on again, my friend
South of Saragossa, aiming for Madrid
where mirages danced fandangos on the plain
we ran out of money, I can't remember just what we did
but I recall we got there just the same
Down that highway to Spain
strangers to the sun
who knows when we'll be back again
on that highway to Spain
the race is on again, my friend
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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