

48 To Go

The Fray

From Denver to California
By way of Mexico
We're lost and we're finding each other
And we may never see the west coast
We may never see the west coast

We're taking it slow
But for now, we're two down
And forty eight to go

Missed an exit in Albuquerque
We don't seem to mind at all
We pull over, the sun is burning
And we lay down to feel the rain fall

We're taking it slow
But for now, we're two down
And forty eight to go

The desert wind blowing your hair back
Window down, town after town
Where will we be in half a century?
Two down and forty eight to go

The sun rises in Bernardino
Some time after six A.M.
You take twenty seven up old canyon road
Sometimes you win before you run
Sometimes you win before
We got forty eight, forty eight to go

Forty eight, forty eight, yeah
Come on baby
Come on darling
Forty eight to go

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