

Country Road

James Taylor

Take to the highway, won't you lend me your name?
Your way and my way seem to be one and the same.
Mamma don't understand it, she wants to know where I've been.
I'd have to be some kind of natural born fool to want to pass that way again,
But I could feel it on a country road.

Sail on home to Jesus, won't you good girls and boys.
I'm all in pieces, you can have your own choice.
But I can hear a heavenly band full of angels and they're coming to set me free.
I don't know nothing 'bout the why or when but I can tell that it's bound to be,
because I could feel it, child, yeah, on a country road.

I guess my feet know where they want me to go walking on a country road.

Take to the highway, won't you lend me your name?
Your way and my way seem to be one and the same.
Mamma don't understand it, she wants to know where I've been.
I'd have to be some kind of natural born fool to want to pass that way again,
But I could feel it on a country road.

Walk on down, walk on down, walk on down, walk on down, walk on down a country road.
Na na na na na na na na na na, country road, yeah, walking on a country road...

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