Two Aging Truckers

Carbon Leaf

A horse needs to run, a heart needs to bleed. An engine can't gain the miles if it's kept pristine.
If the view of change is constant just like I've been told is any back yard the boundless starts to all directions unknown.
Will I be there? Will I be there?
When all the stories fade, when I am out of breath?
My yoke is, your yoke is, restin' on our shoulders and we share the weary load.
My yoke is, your yoke.
We're just like two aging truckers down the road.
Ah
Ah
Children of our parents, a storybook held close.
A mom and dad's heart-felt work is work down to the bone.
And the leveraging meant everything, so a palace for a home.
The remains of the day - were never shown, never known.
Will I be there? Will I be there?
When all the stories fade, when I am out of breath?
My yoke is, your yoke is, restin' on our shoulders and we share the weary load.
My yoke is, your yoke.
We're just like, two aging truckers down the road.
Ah
Ah
We now work in reverse, we salvage and we save.
We fight the rust, one if by land, two if by grace.
Sure as the spring will hail the greenest in all things
Let the freshest of our love set sail and and float the open breeze.
Will I be there? Will I be there?
When all the stories fade, when I am out of breath?
Will I be there? Will I be there?
When all the stories oh!
My yoke is, your yoke is, restin' on our shoulders and we share the weary load.
My yoke is, your yoke.
We're just like, two aging truckers down the road.
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Two aging truckers down the road.
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