

Country Road

Al Kooper

Take to the highway won't you lend me your name
Your way and my way seem to be one and the sameMama 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 you know I could feel it
On a country roadSail 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 roadI guess my feet know where they want me to go
Walking on a country roadTake to the highway won't you lend me your name
Your way and my way seem to be one and the same, child
Mama don't understand it
She wants to know where I've been
I'd have to be some kind of natural born fool
I wanna pass that way again
But I could feel it, oh
On a country roadWalk on down, walk on down, walk on down
Walk on down, walk on down a country road
La
Country road, oh, yeah
Walking on a country roadCountry road, uh
Country road

Songwriters
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