

Road Song

the telephones

When I was a little kid
My father told me to see the world for him
So I, I took my things
And painted pink sunsets over the vast oceans
Send your dad a note, you made it kid, you're on the road
Send your dad a note, you made it kid, you're on the road
Mother, teach me about the country
Can you tell the lies from the lives that you've seen
Now mother, can you tell me
Where this road is gonna lead?
Just let yourself go and sell your soul to the road
Just let yourself go and sell your soul to the road
Don't you know I was rested under the track
Even then I knew I would always be back
And I know that this Steel Train
Is gonna ride on 'till the end
Blue skies and desert rain
I passed my life by course of Steel Train
And I ride to the end of the rails
I tell my father of all my tales
I say everything I saw, I was thinking of you
And the reason that I'm here is all because of you
Don't you know I was rested under the track
But even then I knew I would always be back
Oh yeah, I know that my Steel Train
Is gonna ride until the end
Yeah, I know there's room on this Steel Train
We're gonna ride it 'till the end, alright
Hey babe, I know all about my Steel Train
We're gonna ride on 'till the end

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