Golden State

Orleans

These roads stretch a thousand miles
In every way, I look for the day
As we ride over the hill
Well, I am blindThe Golden State has been home
But I place my stake to roam and to rake
But good souls we mend
Would teach me in what course to takeGood friends remain
Even through the pain
Of a long road aheadAt 48 we seem so well
For three short years we worked like hell
I've been here before lyin' on your floor
It was good to meGood friends remain
Even through the pain
Of a long road aheadThese roads stretch a thousand miles
In every way, I look for the day
As we ride over the hill
Well, I am blindGood friends remain
Even through the pain
Of a long road aheadGood friends remain
Even through the strain
Of a long road ahead

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