

# Golden State

## Bobby Brackins

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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