

The Road Is Lonesome

Club des Belugas

Don't wanna know what's written on the last page
Let's just leave cause I've grown so tired of this place
Oh the road is lonesome before you travel on it
Oh the road is lonesome before you travel on it Let the wind run through my fingers
There's a cool breeze coming from the sea
I hear the sand under the wheels
There's a cool breeze Our eldorado won't stop running, I'm drifting to sleep
While you drive me far away we left head over heels
Oh the road is lonesome before you travel on it
Let the wind run through my fingers
There's a cool breeze coming from the sea
I hear the sand under the wheels
There's a cool breeze Oh the road is lonesome
Oh the road is lonesome before you travel on it We travel light, not more than what fitted in a paperbag
Grabbed our boards for a roadtrip in a Cadillac
Oh the road is lonesome before you travel on it
Let the wind run through my fingers
There's a cool breeze coming from the sea
I hear the sand under the wheels
There's a cool breeze coming from the sea
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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