

Road Outside Columbus

O.a.r. (of A Revolution)

There's a road outside of Columbus, Ohio.
Feels like I drove along for year.
This Midwest way of ease it surrounds us.
I cannot deny the rhythm here.
And as I pull away from Riverside beside me.
That High Street never looked so good.
I miss my lady even though she often writes me.
She tells me tales of my neighborhood. Surprise, surprise. I traveled here.
Four hundred miles from where I'm known.
My friends are here.
A couple year I've spent. I found I have a second home. As I'm blazing down my trail to education,
There's no bliss in ignorance for me.
I stop and stare, a breath of air might slow me down some.
But that's just fine with me. Surprise, surprise. I traveled here.
Four hundred miles from where I'm known.
My friends are here.
A couple year I've spent. I found I have a second home. I never traveled far.
Two hundred miles to go.
That boulevard will take me home. Surprise, surprise. I traveled here.
Four hundred miles from where I'm known.
My friends are here.
A couple year I've spent. I found I have a second home.
Surprise, surprise. I traveled here.
Four hundred miles from where I'm known.
My friends are here.
A couple year I've spent. I found I have a second home

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