

Coma

"Between The Road Signs"

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Never been to Cleveland when the sun was shining
Even when it shines it looks like rain
Oh, God, on the road again

People say that I've adjusted well to traveling
Still I'm feeling homesick now and then
Oh, God, on the road again

In between the road signs and the white lines
And all of the comforts of home
In between the road signs and the white lines
I'm singing the road sign, white line song
I'm singing, won't you sing along
I'm singing, won't you sing along
I'm singing, won't you sing along

Never been to Cleveland when the sun was shining
Even when it shines it looks like rain
Oh, God, on the road again

I don't live in New York city anymore
But it's still close enough to be a friend
Oh, God, on the road again

In between the road signs and the white lines
And all of the comforts of home
In between the road signs and the sad rhymes
And all of the comforts of home
All of the comforts of home

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