

## Delta Goodrem "Golden State"

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These roads stretch a thousand miles in every way  
I look for the day  
As we ride over the hill  
Well I am blind

The Golden State has been my home  
But I place my stake  
To roam and to rake  
But good souls we mend  
Would teach me in what course to take

Good friends remain  
Even through the pain  
Of a long road ahead

At 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 me

Good friends remain  
Even through the pain  
Of a long road ahead

The roads stretch a thousand miles in every way  
I look for the day  
As we ride over the hill  
Well I am blind

Good friends remain  
Even through the pain  
Of a long road ahead

Good friends remain  
Even through the strain  
Of a long road ahead

