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Ingram Hill ''Highway''

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On a highway along the atlantic I'm rifling through these last 17 years. The radio waxes romantic. It's lullabies fill our eyes with tears.

We don't say a word. There's nothing to say that hasn't been heard. And how you've grown my little bird. I'm regretting letting you fly.

6 pounds and 7 ounces. A ball of bones and flesh and tears were you. Now your hands, your tiny pink hands, grew larger than my hands ever grew.

We don't say a word. There's nothing to say that hasn't been heard. And how you've grown my little bird. I'm regretting letting you fly. I'm regretting letting you fly. I'm regretting letting you fly.

On a highway. On a highway.

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