Kenny Loggins "Two Of Us"

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Two of us riding nowhere Spending someone's hard earned pay You and me Sunday driving Not arriving on our way back home

We're on our way home We're on our way home We're going home

Two of us sending postcards
Writing letters on my wall
You and me burning matches
Lifting latches on our way back home

We're on our way home We're on our way home We're going home

You and I have memories Longer than the road That stretches out ahead

Two of us wearing raincoats

Standing solo in the sun You and me chasing paper Getting nowhere on our way back home

We're on our way home We're on our way home We're going home

You and I have memories Longer than the road That stretches out ahead

Two of us wearing raincoats
Standing solo in the sun
You and me chasing paper
Getting nowhere on our way back home

We're on our way home

We're on our way home We're going home

We're going home You better believe it, goodbye

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