

## **Loud Family**

# **"One Will Be The Highway"**

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Almost empty in the Fillmore  
Ten or twelve who know the band look like they'll stay  
But I'll be on my way  
Heading back to work and days and morning

Almost grabbed you for a photo  
Sprawled and laughing with the beers on empty tables  
And who would not be able  
To see that here was something to believe in

It's too late to be wanting anything  
Besides what has to be  
Too late not to see  
That like any other it's a ride  
And one will be the highway that it drops us off beside

We forget the need for soldiers  
For the sadness when a soldier has to die  
The tearful parent's eye  
Bringing into focus what needs watching

How unlikely we should be here  
Free to take the other's hand with little danger  
Or leave it for a stranger  
Uncemented by the fear of losing

It's too late to be wanting anything  
Besides what has to be  
Too late not to see  
That like any other it's a ride  
And one will be the highway this as well lies dead  
beside

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