

Chuck Prophet

"Revival Road"

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Fare thee well old friends
Fare thee well we go
Burning up fuel and road
Oh but bet your stars
One day we'll return
For revival, sin and soul

Well the color of road
Is as black as the coal
The oldtimers burnt into ash
And the lines laid in gold
Lead us all the way home
We follow them as hours pass
While the diesel engine's humming like the rain
All while the rubber tires are burning up to sing,

Fare thee well old friends
Fare thee well we go
Burning up fuel and road
Oh but bet your stars
One day we'll return
For revival, sin and soul

Heading down, heading south
Come south we head north
To the west where the west never won
Chasing lonesome whistle bells
And iron to falling suns
While the diesel engine's burning like a train
In that old familiar Norfolk southern way

Fare thee well old friends
Fare thee well we go
Burning up fuel and road
Oh but bet your stars
One day we'll return
For revival, sin and soul
For revival, sin and soul

So long...

Fare thee well old friends
Fare thee well we go
Burning up fuel and road
Oh but bet your stars
One day we'll return
For revival, sin and soul
For revival, sin and soul

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