

Martin Page

"Glory Bound"

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Freedom came my way that night
Just like a jet plane IN and out of sight
I was hauling ass at a million miles an hour
Wondering how hard I'd hit
When they came into the station
They said I was bad beyond repair
But I got no qualms with my situation
Say here I am
So say cheri cheri won't you dare to
Say cheri cheri won't you dare to
Leave a message and your number please
Tie them up all my old fantasies
Put them in a big red bow and send them care of me
I'm taking a chance on the wind
I'm packing all my bags
Taking a mistake I gotta make
Then I'm glory bound
So I packed it up and I went to the winds
And I lived out of a VW bus for a year or two
Ain't nothing but a pipe dream and my guitar
Livin off of apple fields and old cigars
Diggin this microphone checking it out every night all
alone
The car battery is dead again so I got my head dead
set against it
So say cheri cheri won't you dare to
Say cheri cheri won't you dare to
Leave a message and your number please
Take the time to want to satisfy me
Take all those fantasies and send them care of me
Chorus

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