

Martin Sexton

"Freedom Of The Road"

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In a westerly direction this car is my train
I'm driving and I'm wonderin what it is I'm runnin from
again
I feel like an eighty year old man but I'm holdin on to
twenty nine
And up ahead on that horizon is the California line.

Now I've had enough of this freedom of the road
Never was good with decisions
Least that's what I've been told

Up ahead a truck's carryin a wide load
A pre-fab house cut in half
Cute little front door and two windows
I'm not sure whether to cry or should I laugh
You see I broke a home up myself once when I
stumbled to that door
I read that note by the dawns light
Said don't you come round here anymore

Now I've had enough of this freedom
Of the road
Never was good with decisions that's what I've been
told
I've been holdin on to this ticket cause one day I'll pass
this toll
Magic road grant your freedom to some one else for I'll
be comin home

There'll be no more pay per view movies in these
economy motels
No more trash in my back seat from micky d's or taco
bell
No more layin my trump card for the ladies in the
lounge
I think I'll leave a little somethin for the next travelin
man to scrounge

I know there's got to be someone out there
Who thinks I still have my home
I got his picture right here in my back pocket

Along with some rocks I found in Arizona I want to show
him
I know I'll return to that awkward silence
And so much work I've never known
But I know this man must make amends
Cause I know my traveling days are done.

Chorus

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