

Matt Costa

"The Road"

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The number of [Incomprehensible]
And we cling to our tried and true and
You know we're creatures of comfort and
We find our patterns and stick to what we know best
But there's a big wide beautiful world out there
For those that want it, it's out there

Don't talk, don't say nothin'
I've just packed my things and I'm headed for
somethin'
Where I'm goin' well I don't really know
The road is callin' so I've got to go
Yes, the road is callin' so I've got to go

We bid farewell as the winds blew like hell
I said, "We'd meet again like some storybook tale"
But no, we don't talk, we don't say nothin'
I just packed my things and go headed for somethin'
But where I was headed well, I didn't really see
The road was callin' and I was on my way
Yes, the road was callin' and I was on my way

So don't talk, don't say nothin'
I've just grabbed my things and pretend like there's
nothin'
Between us no more as I walked out the door
She closed it behind me and cried on the floor

And I couldn't talk, no I couldn't say nothin'
I just closed my eyes and headed blindly towards
somethin'
'Cause where I'm goin', well, I don't really know
The road is callin' so I've got to go
Yes, the road is callin' so I've got to go

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