

## Wilkinsons "Highway"

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Angeline slipped out the door an hour before dawn  
The folks in town would never know what she was  
running from  
I was waiting for her up at Exit 41  
She didn't know where I was going  
She just knew where she had been  
I took her up to Birmingham where she knew she had a  
friend  
A little shaken up  
But her tears were dry by then  
I see people come and go  
Each on a different path  
Some chasing new beginnings  
Some running from their past  
Me, I just keep rollin' on  
While others fade away  
Mile after mile Day after day  
I am the highway  
I've seen flowers blooming on the shoulder of the road  
Tied to little wooden crosses  
For those who didn't make it home  
Some folks breaking down  
Some getting where they want to go  
I see people come and go  
Each on a different path  
Some chasing new beginnings  
Some running from their past  
Me, I just keep rollin' on  
While others fade away  
Mile after mile Day after day  
I am the highway I am the highway  
I have no beginning  
And I don't have an end  
You might turn around  
But there's no going back again  
So the trick is to enjoy the ride  
And learn from where you've been  
Stretching out to the horizon  
As time just fades away  
Mile after mile Day after day  
I am the highway  
I am the highway

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