

Molly Magdalain "The Open Road"

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It's cold in Colorado and now I'm ready to leave.
For 3 weeks we'll be spirits on the mythic open seas.
On the road like Kerouac, we'll trace our truth across
this map.
Through canyon lands and deserts till our troubles take
us back

To the open road, this is where I find the truth of my
soul.
There's no place like my home on the open road.

We sleep along the shoreline and dream in waves and
wind.
Like gypsy souls we travel, most of all we look within.
Reflections I'm confronted by will make me change as
much as I can.
In the mirror of these strangers I see clearly who I am

On the open road, this is where I find the truth of my
soul.
There's no place like my home on the open road.
We stop to feel the sunshine and the ground in Joshua
Tree.
I try not to read the road signs pointing towards reality.
It seems so long that I've been gone, it's just so much
that I have grown.
It seems like I could spend forever here upon

The open road, this is where I find the truth of my soul.
There's no place like my home on the open road.

We are all alone. We are all looking for a home.
We are all traveling this road

On the open road, this is where I find the truth of my
soul.
There's no place like my home on the open road.

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