

Russell Hitchcock

"For The Freeway Home"

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If you wanna know what gets me through my day
When I'm three states away and bleary-eyed
It's dream that I might breed you air again
And that this road will end at your bedside
One more coffee one more whisky one more show
Oh one more song for the freeway home

And then this dream you're with me everywhere
It's only cos you're there I'm near my wing
And these cords keep ringing through my mind
When I'm supposed to be on a side don't mean a thing
My eyes are happy just to watch you glow

Oh one more song for the freeway home

So if this song should make it to your ears
Let it be a souvenir you can call your own
It's about a kind of music that's sweeter than
A voice of just one man out of state alone
And I sing it for you everywhere I go
Oh one more song for the freeway home

One more coffee one more whisky one more show
Oh one more song for the freeway home
For the freeway home

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