

## **Nitty Gritty Dirt Band**

### **"Sarah in The Summer"**

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I've driven this road as a stranger  
I've driven this road as a friend  
I've driven this road as a slack jawed tourist  
And I'm drivin' on it once again

It might be cold and long and lonely  
But she's waiting on the other side  
And I'm an hour closer to Sarah in the summer  
And joyfully I ride, joyfully I ride

I climb through George Town, Silver Plume  
The tunnel at Love lands' cold  
The lake on the left is a little low  
Route nine is the Breckenridge road

There's a sign right below Copper Mountain  
Telling where the weather and independence run free  
And I'm an hour closer to Sarah in the summer  
And that's where I wanna be, that's where I wanna be

In the evening shadow of Red Butte  
Up the lane from the slaughter house bridge  
The first cabin the moonlight strikes  
As it crests the cleft in Hunter Crick Ridge

Up from between old Red and Smuggler  
Rising high on a piano bench there  
And I'm an hour closer to Sarah in the summer  
And what lies between beware

And the red sandstone sentinels rising high on either  
side  
As I follow the eagle valley through the canyon where  
the saints reside  
In Mt, Snowmass's majesty south and east out of  
Glennwood springs  
And I'm an hour closer to Sarah in the summer  
Where the roaring river sings, roaring river sings

I've driven this road as a stranger  
I've driven this road as a friend  
I've driven this road as a slack jawed tourist

And I'm drivin' on it once again

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But she's waiting on the other side  
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And joyfully I ride, joyfully I ride, joyfully I ride

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