

O.A.R. "Road Outside Columbus"

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There's a road outside Columbus, Ohio.
Feels like I drove along for years.
This Midwest way of ease it surrounds us.
I can't deny the rhythm here.
And as I pull away from Riverside beside me.
That High Street never looked so good.
I miss my lady even though she often writes me.
She tells me tales of my neighborhood.
Surprise, surprise, I traveled here.
Four hundred miles from where I'm known.
My friends are here.
A couple years I've spent, I found I have a second
home.
As I'm blazing down my trail to education.
There's no bliss in ignorance for me.
I stop and stare, a breath of air might slow me down
some.
But that's just fine with me.
Surprise, surprise, I traveled here.
Four hundred miles from where I'm known.
My friends are here.
A couple years I've spent, I found I have a second
home.
I never traveled far.
Two hundred miles to go.
That boulevard will take me home.
Surprise, surprise, I traveled here.
Four hundred miles from where I'm known.
My friends are here.
A couple years I've spent, I found I have a second
home.
Surprise, surprise, I traveled here.
Four hundred miles from where I'm known.
My friends are here.
A couple years I've spent, I found I have a second
home.

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