

## **O.A.R. (Of A Revolution) "Road Outside Columbus"**

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There's a road outside of Columbus, Ohio.  
Feels like I drove along for year.  
This Midwest way of ease it surrounds us.  
I cannot 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.

Suprise, suprise. I traveled here.  
Four hundred miles from where I'm known.  
My friends are here.  
A couple year 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.

Suprise, suprise. I traveled here.  
Four hundred miles from where I'm known.  
My friends are here.  
A couple year 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.

Suprise, suprise. I traveled here.  
Four hundred miles from where I'm known.  
My friends are here.  
A couple year I've spent. I found I have a second home.  
Suprise, suprise. I traveled here.  
Four hundred miles from where I'm known.  
My friends are here.  
A couple year I've spent. I found I have a second home

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