

Riverside

"Trucking Along"

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And I've heard of a place, in unreachable places,
That just might come if, I might go.

And I'm not from around here,
I haven't really ever been,
And I can't shake this feeling, I'm alone,
I'm alone, alone.

Trucking along, I'm trucking along, I'm trucking
along my friends,
Bags are packed and I am on my way to find where I
belong today.

Maybe I belong, somewhere in the reaches,
Somewhere where I am free to let it sing.
Maybe in the city, one of ancient kind,
I close my eyes and listen to the footsteps,
Listen to the footsteps.

Trucking along, I'm trucking along, I'm trucking
along my friends,
Bags are packed and I am on my way to find where I
belong today.

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