

Peter Fonda

"I Dream Of Highway"

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When I was young I dreamed of highways
I never knew... I'd find you there
You got yours... and I got my ways
It's all gone... and I don't care

So come and lay down here on my pillow
I got to see you one more time
Don't tell lies... they're hard to handle
It's too late... to change my mind

Some words don't come easy
Some don't come at all
Don't think I'll be talking... when you leave

Late last night I thought I heard you crying
I guess you had some trouble in your sleep
And the only sound I can rely on
Is the song,... you're singing when you leave

Some words don't come easy
Some don't come at all
Don't think I'll be talking when you leave

When I was young I dreamed of highways
I never knew... I'd lose you there
You've got yours... and I got my ways
It's all gone... and I don't care
It's all gone... and I don't care

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