

Byrds, The

"Paths Of Victory"

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Trails of troubles,
Roads of battles,
Paths of victory we shall walk.

The trail is dusty, and my road it might be rough,
But the better roads are waiting, and boys it ain't far
off
I walk down by the river, I turn my head up high
and I saw that silver lining that was hangin' in the sky.

Trails of troubles,
Roads of battles,
Paths of victory we shall walk.

The evening dust was rolling, I was walking down the
track,
The was a one way wind ablwin', it was blowing at my
back.
That evening train was rolling, the hummin' of its
wheels,
My eyes they saw a better day as I looked across the
fields.

Trails of troubles,
Roads of battles,
Paths of victory we shall walk.

The trail is dusty, the road it might be rough,
But the good Lord is awaiting, and boys he ain't far off.

Trails of troubles,
Roads of battles,
Paths of victory we shall walk.

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