

Higsons

"Where The Highway Ends"

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it's 6 a.m., open roads and open skies
under this wyoming sunrise
a close encounter with
the emptiness and nothingness
21 years out on the run from our small hometowns
you could hear a whisper in the wind
filling me with confidence
so i took advice from the headlights
it made it clear it opened up my eyes
and it opened up my mind
holding on forever to these dreams
we made together
i'm never gonna let them die
cause i couldn't bare the sight
there is not a word spoken
living in the moment
we're broken down but we're not broken
it will be alright
the world lied awake
as the haze burned away
the wheel seemed to turn on its own
on its way toward the horizons golden
so sunrise i'm holding on to you
lift me up, drop me down
through the sounds and i'll float
across the coasts, the unknowns
or in our minds where no one knows
this is where we choose to run away
from all the things we just can't take
all the forced smiles and dreams that washed away
hold on, hold tight, be strong, it will be alright

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