

Jimi The Jet

"MY ROAD"

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back on my own now again, hitting the road
facing the blue skies again, the engine groans
wheels are turning, leaving things behind
I wanna forget about
but it just makes me sigh
choose life man, she meant
she didn't know what to say
I'd rather choose a cigarette and praise the day
it's hard to find reasons
when you've got your head covered with dirt
I guess my mother'd say, she'd say
just save your words
each time it leeches me out
and each time it hurts and next time it's different, girl
I'll try but I know that I lie
lead me to the end of the line
the end of the line...
feeling free now, feeling so high
I caught the hurricane
from the middle of my twisted mind
going straight ahead my dear and

IÂ´ll never look back

All thereÂ´ll be left you

is just a thirty mile trie track

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