

Kinks, The

"The Road"

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Sitting alone on my hotel
Looking in the mirror wondering, "well,
After all this time you never thought you'd still be out
on the road?"
Like a gypsy I was born to roam
Like a wanderer with no fixed abode
I think about the friends I've left behind on the road

Well, the road's been rocky along the way
It's been a long, hard haul on the motorway
But if it gets too smooth it's time to call it a day

(On the road)
The bed and breakfasts and the greasy spoons
(The road)
The loser bars and the noisy rooms
(The road)
The casualties who did too many lines
(The road)
Wasted talent on women and wine

I think of all the friends I've left behind
Whenever it's time to get back out on the road

Started playing blues in a coffee bar
I took a trip down Charing Cross Road
With my imitation Gretsch guitar
And my head full of songs and my eyes full of stars
I saw a band called the Rolling Stones
I thought, "that's it, I'll get a band,
I'm leaving home, I'm out on the road."

The motorways all over this land
(The road)
Far away places like Wigan and Birmingham
(The road)
Didn't have no name, didn't have any fans
(The road)
Didn't have no money so we slept in the van

All those early gigs we ever played

Sometimes we were lucky if we even got paid
On the road
Pete played on the bass guitar
Liked to get around, mixing with all the stars
But Mrs. Avory's child was all fingers and thumbs
But solid as a rock, setting time on the drums
While Dave the Rave hit the rock 'n' roll riffs
Yours truly strummed away with a slightly limp wrist
On the road

Everyday is when I can't get used to it
Everyday is when I can't get away
Another day, another freeway to face
That's the road

Well, life is a road, it's a motorway
And the road gets rocky along the way
But if it gets too smooth it's time to call it a day

(On the road)
Jimi Hendrix, The Who, the Led Zeppelin and Free
They took the road so it's alright by me
Some are survivors, some are debris
If you play in a band that's the road that you take
Living in it, eating in it, sleeping in it
You wake up in the morning, what do you see?
The road

Life is a road, it's a motorway
Lost a lot of good friends along the way
All the families and homes that I've left behind
To the wives and the lovers and friends who had their
time
I say, "you take your road and I'll take mine."
(You take your road and I'll take mine)
You take your road and I'll take mine
(You take your road and I'll take mine)

Life is a road, it's a motorway
And the road gets rocky along the way
But if it gets too smooth it's time to call it a day

(On the road)
Observed all the various phases from
Flower power, heavy metal and acid rock
And still all the critics keep saying
"Are they still around? When they gonna stop?"
It's just the dedicated followers of fashion who like
putting down
All the well respected men who came dancing and are
still on the road

Sometime I get suicidal
Now everyone is a rival
Different cars, different bars and hotels
Corporations, big business and egos
When it all gets too bad I think back
When we were all each other had
When we started out on the road

And there's gas in my tank and I've still got a way to go
Another hotel, it's time to check out soon
As I look around the room
I think of all the friends I've left behind
On the road

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