

These roads stretch a thousand miles
In every way, I look for the day
As we ride over the hill
Well, I am blind

The Golden State has been home
But I place my stake to roam and to rake
But good souls we mend
Would teach me in what course to take

Good friends remain
Even through the pain
Of a long road ahead

At 48 we seem so well
For three short years we worked like hell
I've been here before lyin' on your floor
It was good to me

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Good friends remain
Even through the strain
Of a long road ahead