

Rhythm Of The Road

Elephant Revival

The rhythm of the road,
Along that river flowing.
Never knowing where we're going, but where we've been.
And the white lights keep on winding,
This road that is reminding we may never feel the same again.

Riding round the bend of the winding red dirt trail,
The sun it softly sinks below the trees.
And that sweet home sense is calling
As the nighttime begins falling
Wherever I hang my head up, all my home.

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Rolling with the wind on a lonesome mountain [...]
I feel the steel rumble in my bones.
I hear the whistle in the distance,
And I give up my resistance.
There ain't no sense in trying to stop a train.

Traveling by foot along the highway to freedom.
When wondrous blue sky turns to gray.
I see no sign of shelter,
And the thunder god I felt her.
I will find my things, for I will make my way.

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