

## Hi'way Songs

Gordon Lightfoot

When I walk the hill so high  
Around the town where I was born  
New York seems so far away  
Though I was there just yesterday

I have played on my guitar  
In coffeehouses, hall and bars  
Everyone that I call friend  
Knows they will not be forgot

Trains and planes and rented cars  
Singers, saints and other starts  
I suspect them every one  
They'll never change, it's too much fun

Just for now I'd like to rest  
In the shade of a maple tree  
To the blue Canadian sky  
I'll say a prayer for the world out there

When I stand on my own sod  
It feels so good to be home, by God  
The winter wind has turned my head  
But I always came up warm somehow

Bottles, beads and cigarettes  
And lovers that I ain't found yet  
Pickin' with a friend till dawn  
And singing all of those hi'way songs

Just for now I'd like to rest  
In the shade of a maple tree  
To the blue Canadian sky  
I'll say a prayer for the world out there

When I walk the hill so high  
Around the town where I was born  
New York seems so far away  
Though I was there just yesterday

I would travel all my life  
If loneliness was not the price  
While headin' north across that line's  
The only time I'm flyin'