

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'