

I got the riding pneumonia today
Well, the weather's too fine to stay
Now I want to go down to Mexico
Got a feeling we'll be heading that way

By this time tomorrow, who knows where I'll be?
Highway lines keep marking time, riding by the sea
Ain't no concept I can't stop, moving on my way
The future's bright, with eyes of light, leaving Monterey

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Moving in the mountains, sailing through the pines
That lakeside light on summer nights makes you feel like flying
Just passing through the morning dew, nature is a roar
There's motion on the highway, you can see my spirit soar

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Look out of the window, tell me what you see
I hear a storm come calling, reaching after me
Starting to slide on the mercury mile, moving on the side
Well, that spray just paves our way, let your body ride

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