

On the Road

John Denver

Back in 1958, we drove an old V-8.
And when it gone a hundred 'thou, we got out and pushed it a mile.
We didn't know who we were, we didn't know what we did, we were just on the road.

Heading down from Canada on a gravel road a mile from Montana,
then my Daddy read a sign and took us in the wrong direction.
I asked my Daddy, where are we going? He said we'll just follow our nose.
So I looked out the window and dreamed I was a cowboy.
We didn't know who we were, we didn't know what we did, we were just on the road.

Met a girl in a truck cafe, fell in love almost right away,
then the Mercury was ready to go, and I had to leave her.
Shooby dooby doo sha doo, shooby dooby doo sha doo, shoo doo.

Go home, said the man in the moon, go home.
Go home, said the man in the moon, go home.
Because it's getting sort of late, and I'll soon turn out my light.
Go home, said the man in the moon, go home.
We didn't know who we were, we didn't know what we did, we were just on the road.
We didn't know who we were, we didn't know what we did, we were just on the road.