

Long Ride Home

Michael Franti & Spearhead

You and me
Will always be
Dreaming of place that we'll never ever get to see
Like Indonesia or Zanzibar
Every night we end up at a local bar
Somebody told me don't stare at horizons
Unless you are ready to run
So let's save our money and buy a car
So we can drive all the way across America

One day closer till my number comes
We gonna keep on burning till the night is gone
It's a long ride home
We drove past the Mississippi, past a bus of hippies
Drinkin' 40's and rolling up some sticky icky's
Under the stars, and maybe even Mars
Muscle cars are smokin' up the boulevard
You look pretty, out in the city
You said you love me and there's no place that you wanna go alone

One day closer till my number comes
We gonna keep on burning till the night is gone
It's a long ride home
Take me away
One day closer till my number comes
We gonna keep on burning till the night is gone
It's a long ride home