

# 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