

## Road Outside Columbus

O.A.R.

There's a road outside Columbus, Ohio.  
Feels like I drove along for years.  
This Midwest way of ease it surrounds us.  
I can't deny the rhythm here.  
And as I pull away from Riverside beside me.  
That High Street never looked so good.  
I miss my lady even though she often writes me.  
She tells me tales of my neighborhood.  
Surprise, surprise, I traveled here.  
Four hundred miles from where Im known.  
My friends are here.  
A couple years Ive spent, I found I have a second home.  
As Im blazing down my trail to education.  
There's no bliss in ignorance for me.  
I stop and stare, a breath of air might slow me down  
some.  
But that's just fine with me.  
Surprise, surprise, I traveled here.  
Four hundred miles from where Im known.  
My friends are here.  
A couple years Ive spent, I found I have a second home.  
I never traveled far.  
Two hundred miles to go.  
That boulevard will take me home.  
Surprise, surprise, I traveled here.  
Four hundred miles from where Im known.  
My friends are here.  
A couple years Ive spent, I found I have a second home.  
Surprise, surprise, I traveled here.  
Four hundred miles from where Im known.  
My friends are here.  
A couple years Ive spent, I found I have a second home.