

Highway Halo

Old Crow Medicine Show

Driving rain,
Narrow shoulder,
Break down lane,
Marching forward,

Gone where I do not know,
One eye on the open road,
Stepping out in the great unknown,
With a highway halo.

Shaky faith,
?
Patron saint,
Traveling minstrel,
Let her dusty wings unfold,
Forgive her bad luck soul,
Put her in a purple robe,
And a highway halo.

Passing train,
Sound like silver,
Broken chain,
Shine like gold,
Fortunes just a painted stone,
Gone where those hobos roam,
Crown king of a jungle thrown,
With a highway halo.

Gone where it suits my soul,
Can't you hear my big wheels roll,
You can light up the darkest road,
With a beam of eternal glow,
With a highway halo.