

## Up The Road

Ron Sexsmith

I'm looking out across the way  
To her old abode  
It'd sure be good to see her again  
Coming up the road

When out to paint the weather gray  
Lo and behold  
Her eyes told of better days  
Coming up the road

Oh, and maybe  
Love knows where to find me  
And I'll wake up and find her beside me  
To guide me

For the world cannot defeat us when  
You've got a hand to hold  
And how the stars will greet us then  
Coming up the road

Oh baby, there'll be happier times  
If we believe  
Every thing's gonna be alright  
With all our might

I'm looking out across the way  
To her old abode  
It'd sure be good to see her again  
Coming up the road

And how the stars will greet us then  
Coming up the road