

She aint waiting til she gets older,  
Her feet are making tracks in teh winter snow,  
She got a rainbow that touches her shoulder,  
She be headed where the thunder rolls,  
Ah, ah, ah  
She got rhythm,  
Got that rhythm, of the road  
Ah, ah, ah  
She get crazy,  
Woman get crazy if she cant go  
Ah but ah, she just looking good.  
She comes like the secret wind  
Shes as strong as the mountains, walks tall as a tree.  
She been there before, she'll never give in,  
She'll be gone tomorrow like the silent breeze.  
Ah, ah, ah  
She got rhythm,  
Got that rhythm, of the road  
Ah, ah, ah  
She get crazy,  
She get crazy if she cant go  
Ah but ah, she just looking good.  
You know how sometimes, you got to rush,  
You're running blind, but she jumps the gun.  
Question is, not does love exist, but when, she leaves, where she goes.  
I got a feeling she dont know either,  
Wait like the wind, watch where she blows.  
Oh, oh, got that rhythm,  
That sweet rhythm, of the road  
Oh, oh, oh she get crazy,  
Woman get crazy, if she cant go  
Oh, oh a looking good  
Ah yes!