

Song For The Road

David Ford

Well the day casts down
Lengthy shadows on unfamiliar towns
I drove 300 miles from the place I call home
And I tip my hat to the angel of the North

And the sun sets fire to the heavens
On the hills over Sheffield tonight
And I'll sail over this countryside with new friends and old
And we are no where, but man, we're alright

So you can keep your belief in whatever
I'll wear my cynicism like a tattoo
While poets try to engineer definitions of love
You know all I can think of is you

And I can't wait to see you on Sunday
Far from the traffic and the smoke and the noise
For this evening I will play back every message that you sent
And I will sleep to the sound of your voice

Now I don't like using words like forever
But I will love you til the end of today
And in the morning when I remember everything that you are
I know I'll fall for you over again

I know someday this all will be over
And it's hard to say what most I will miss
Just give me one way to spend my last moments alive
And I'll choose this, I'll choose this, I'll choose this
I'll choose this, I'll choose this, I'll choose this
I'll choose this, I'll choose this, I'll choose this