

## Country Road

John Mayall

Take to the highway won't you lend me your name  
Your way and my way seem to be one and the same

Mamma don't understand it  
She wants to know where I've been  
I'd have to be some kind of natural born fool  
To want to pass that way again  
But I could feel it  
On a country road

Sail on home to Jesus won't you good girls and boys  
I'm all in pieces, you can have your own choice  
But I can hear a heavenly band full of angels  
And they're coming to set me free  
I don't know nothing 'bout the why or when  
But I can tell that it's bound to be  
Because I could feel it, child, yeah

On a country road

I guess my feet know where they want me to go  
Walking on a country road

Take to the highway won't you lend me your name  
Your way and my way seem to be one and the same, child  
Mamma don't understand it  
She wants to know where I've been  
I'd have to be some kind of natural born fool  
To want to pass that way again  
But I could feel it  
On a country road

Walk on down, walk on down, walk on down  
Walk on down, walk on down a country road  
Country road  
Walking on a country road