

# Open Road

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Ribbons of black we fol-low, over hills and val-leys so fast.  
Four lanes, six lanes, eight or more, there are never enough.



The inter - state makes it easy but not so in the past.  
Make room for all the trucks rol-ling in line big and tough.



Small little cros-ses along the way to mark the place they stay-ed.  
Road crews slow us down when our taxes paid go to work.



Road kill every where, on the road they should not have play-ed.  
You never know whats up ahead, smok-ey found a place to lurk.



When you have a heavy load, trips are best on the open road!