

The Road

Matt Costa

Don't talk, don't say nothing
I've just packed my things and I'm headed for something
Where I'm going, well, I don't really know
The road is calling so I've got to go
Yes, the road is calling so I've got to go We bid farewells
The winds blew like hell, said we'd meet again like some storybook tale
But no, we don't talk, we don't say nothing
I just pack my things and go headed for something
But where I was headed, well, I didn't really say
The road was calling and I was on my way
Yes, the road was calling and I was on my way
So don't talk, don't say nothing
I'll just pack my things and pretend like there's nothing between us no more
As I walked out the door, she closed it behind me and cried on the floor
And I couldn't talk, no, I couldn't say nothing
I'll just close my eyes and head blindly towards something
'Cause where I'm going, well, I don't really know
The road is calling so I've got to go
Yes, the road is calling so I've got to go

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