

Open Road

Hubert C. Crowell



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



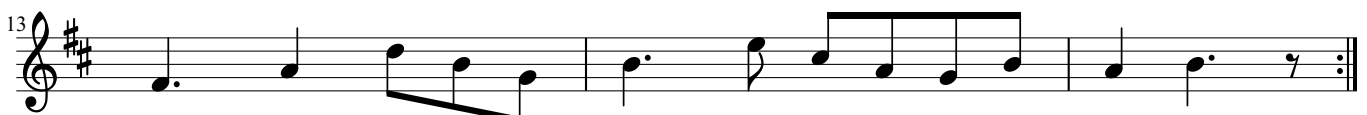
The inter - state makes it easy but not so in the past.
Make room for all the trucks rol-ling in line big and tough.



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!