GEORDIE'S ON THE ROAD
Ralph McTell

Geordie's on the road again
Daisy roots and a tartan bag
Hear from him in old New York
Maybe here in Amsterdam.

See you in Los Angeles
In a couple of hours, well I'll be there
Down below he's on the road
And it may take him a love affair

It's a long road, has no name
Icy clouds and mountain tops
Travelling blind, we're much the same
Turnpikes, freeways, trucking stops.

Don't know why we're travelling
Just to keep from standing still
And don't know when we'll meet again
All I know is that we will.

May the road that leads you on,
Like the choice to be alone,
Be direction freely made
And at the right time lead you home.