

I LOVE DRIVING WEST  
Ralph McTell

I love driving west  
Like rock and roll  
The kick drum is my heartbeat  
And the back beat is the snare that traps my soul  
Driving west  
And as the sun rolls overhead  
The white line on the road  
Is turning golden  
As the sky burns red.

I love riding west  
An endless glide  
The sun is like an eager groom racing to make  
The silver moon his bride  
Riding west  
And as shadows fall behind  
The darkness growing fast  
It's the future not the past  
That fills my mind.

I love flying west  
An endless flight  
High above the castled clouds and  
Several sunset hours before night  
Flying west  
The earth below begins to sleep  
I am heading on my way  
There's more left of the day  
For me to keep.

I love driving west  
A setting sun  
The like of which the timeless world has seen  
Before I know but not this one  
Driving west  
This must be the best  
This is my favourite road  
My evening  
Golden eyed screwed up but beaming  
Lined with laughter, tears a streaming  
Beyond the moon the stars are wheeling  
Is that heaven or the ceiling?

I love . . . driving . . . West.