

Route 66

All alone the motor man
Rides across this big land

Covered in black leather
Tough against all weather

The road never seems to end
Hill after hill again and again

The engine constantly roars
As the machine timelessly soars

After reaching his physical limits
He stops to stretch for a minute

Weaving down and around two curves
Testing the strength of his nerves

Crosswinds cause his bike to sway
While trucks blast down the highway

When night comes and the day is spent
He seeks a place to pitch his tent

A bright moon lights up the sky
Watching over him like a women's eye