

I was riding down the highway when I thought I spotted someone in the road  
I said, "You going my way?"  
And he turned his head and said, "Man, I don't know."  
So I asked about his government and he turned his head and then began to laugh  
And I asked him, "What you running from?"  
And he said, "My man, I'm running from my past."

And we laughed aloud, and sang aloud  
And then we drank a brew  
I didn't think a thought about Mr. Brown, he's through.  
I heard the loud, marching sound, of a revolution coming through.  
There's no need to come around unless you're true.  
Someone in the road

Well we kept on driving down that road for about an hour and a half.  
The way that we were moving left half myself reflecting in the past.  
Tired of endless talking, stopped the car and started walking down a path.  
Lifted spirits to my heart, Lord knows that anger never lasts.

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