

(Gerry House/Don Schlitz)

She follows the path of least resistance
She doesn't care to see the mountain top
She twists and turns with no regard to distance
She never comes to a stop

And she rolls, she's a river
Where she goes, time will tell
Heaven knows, he can't go with her
And she rolls, all by herself
All by herself

He's headed for a single destination
He doesn't care what's standing in his path
He's a line between two points of separation
He ends just where it says to on the map

And he rolls, he's a highway
Where he goes, time will tell
Heaven knows, she can't go with him
And he rolls, all by himself
All by himself

And every now and then, he offers her a shoulder
And every now and then, she overflows
And every now and then, a bridge crosses over
It's a moment every lover knows

And she rolls (and he rolls)
She's a river (he's a highway)
Where she goes (where he goes)
Time will tell (Time will tell)
Heaven knows she can't go with him (he can't go with her)
And she rolls all by herself
And he rolls all by himself
Fare thee well