

You're from the family that moved in up the valley.  
It's lucky I picked you up and not somebody else.  
We'll have to turn around, there's a landside at the quarry.  
And though I sat it myself, you couldn't have better help,  
If you found yourself losing your way through here.

You can still see the moon,  
Though it's the middle of the morning.  
You can smell the clay.  
Like I said, you can count yourself lucky.  
Not many people know this way.

Let's turn off for a minute, I've seen something - let's take a look now.  
But hold on tight, this stretch has needed fixing for years.  
Over there, I knew it. You read these roads like a book now,  
If you drive them every day.  
In the last half-hour a lot of cars have been through here.

You can still see the moon,  
Though it's the middle of the morning.  
You can smell the clay.  
Like I said, you can count yourself lucky.  
Not many people know this way.

Here we are - on that hill over there.  
See all the cars parked in the field,  
And the crowd walking down the fence line?

You can still see the moon,  
Though it's the middle of the morning.  
You can smell the clay.  
Like I said, you can count yourself lucky.  
Not many people know this way.

Remember where we left the car.  
Remember where we left the car.

Remember it's a white Valient.  
Remember it's a white Valient.