

# Big Log – Robert Plant

My love is in league  
With the freeway  
Its passion will ride, as the cities fly by  
And the tail-lights dissolve,  
In the coming of night  
And the questions in thousands take flight  
My love is a-miles in the waiting  
The eyes that just stare,  
And the glance at the clock  
And the secret that burns,  
And the pain that don't stop  
And it's fuelled once again  
Leading me on - leading me down the road  
Driving me on - driving me down the road  
My love is exceedingly the limit  
Red-eyed and fevered with the hum  
Of the miles  
Distance and longing - my thoughts do collide  
Should I rest for a while at the side?  
Your love is cradled in knowing  
Eyes in the mirror,  
Still expecting they'll come  
Sensing too well when the journey is done  
There is no turning back - no  
There is no turning back - on the run  
My love is in league with the freeway  
Oh, with the freeway,  
And the coming of night-time  
My love, my love is in league  
With the freeway



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych