

## **What a Trip**

Fifty miles out of Seattle.  
Next week Raleigh Durham, it don't matter.  
New towns and white clouds are all scattered.  
What a trip, what a trip we're on.

Headed for some place we've never been.  
Counting off the miles 'til we pull in.  
C'mon, give that roulette radio a spin.  
What a trip, what a trip we're on.

Follow the music.  
Follow the moon.  
Follow the muse.  
Follow the tune.  
What a trip, what a trip we're on.  
What a trip, what a trip we're on.

Driving through the night my back is achin'.  
Rolling towards the dawn as it is breakin'.  
Working on the song that we are makin'.  
What a trip, what a trip we're on.

Shudder of the wind as trucks fly by.  
Sometimes it seems there's only sky.  
And, sometimes it's so beautiful I cry.  
What a trip, what a trip we're on.

Follow the music.  
Follow the moon.  
Follow the muse.  
Follow the tune.  
What a trip, what a trip we're on.  
What a trip, what a trip we're on.

And, where we're driving to tonight is where we're leaving from tomorrow.

Loneliness, it still comes creepin'.  
When I'm lying in the dark instead of sleepin'.  
Still we're grateful for every breath we're breathin'.  
What a trip, what a trip we're on.

Follow the music.  
Follow the moon.  
Follow the muse.

Follow the tune.

What a trip, what a trip we're on.

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What a trip, what a trip we're on.

Words and Music by Judi Jaeger and Bob Reid © 2017

**Song notes:**

Judi: We have been following the music and the muse. I feel lucky to be on this trip with all of you.

Bob: It has been quite a trip these last 7 years. We look forward to many more, and to sharing the road with you.