

# Filatov & Karas, Highway

when we were young  
we're driving round, round, round this streets  
looking for some fun  
we're going round, round, round this streets

always dreaming  
fighting that feeling that we will never belong  
Everything's turning  
bridges are burning  
baby those days are gone

turn on the radio on  
roll the windows down, down, down  
all the way  
we gotta sing our song  
and live our lives like  
it's our final day

always dreaming  
fighting that feeling that we will never belong  
Everything's turning  
bridges are burning  
baby those days are gone

I am gonna hit the highway, highway  
I am gonna do it my way  
I am gonna hit the highway, highway  
I am gonna do it my way

I am gonna drive through the darkness  
gonna drive till the morning comes  
gonna drive to the ocean  
with you in the morning sun

maybe this highway  
will take us back someday  
when we are far away

I am gonna hit the highway, highway  
I am gonna do it my way  
I am gonna hit the highway, highway  
I am gonna do it my way