

There's a lot of room in the big glass jug
For the dates we save with the ticket stubs
All the souvenirs that we hold dear
Leave room for where we'll go from here

CHORUS:

Close the doors and start the car
Now we're on vacation
The moment that we're hand in hand
We reach our destination
No reservations

There's a road map atlas colored in
And the colors mark where we have been
There's a highlight line for every ride
On the roads we've ridden side by side

There's a mountain view from the king size bed
We can see the sights inside instead
A little bit of rain falls on the town
We can wait for the weather till the storm dies down

See the waterfall in the wintertime
With the current hidden back behind
A frozen shell can hide the flow
Like the darker days we used to know

We know we're lucky every day
To get to live our lives this way
These tears of joy came at a cost
So let's make sure no drop is lost

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