

# Kilauea Road

Words & Music by James C. Burns

Kilauea Road... Brings me home.

She's rollin down the window just to watch the wind  
Blowin through her hair.  
Trucker cap and glasses on.  
A pony tail with savage calm she's stares.  
At the mirror. But she's not there.

Lessons learned as a girl taught her how  
To rule the world with sin.  
To break the will of all her men.  
She'll build em up then tear em down again.  
Like a shadow on the interstate, she drives alone.  
And Kilauea Road. Brings her home.

Blessings used as weapons do not lessen  
All the damage she has done.  
Complains about the freezing rain.  
While blocking out the sun.  
And those demons on the hill? They cheer her on.

To break the silence now they say.  
Would only ruin everything.  
Just show em how the game is played.  
Holding back to get a bigger ring.  
Like children with a gun.  
Aiming at their own.  
And Kilauea Road. Brings them home.  
And Kilauea Road. Takes a toll.

I've seen it all before.  
So I know how it turns out in the end.  
I'm washed up on the shore.  
Broken by the wreckage she defends.  
But now I drink from a well.  
That I call my own.  
And Kilauea Road has freed my soul.  
And Kilauea Road, Brings me home.