**EVERYDAY IS A WINDING ROAD**

C# F#

I hitched a ride with a vending machine repair man

C# F#

He says he's been down this road more than twice

C# F#

He was high on intellectualism

C# F#

I've never been there but the brochure looks nice

G#m C#

Jump in, let's go

G#m C#

Lay back, enjoy the show

G#m C#

Everybody gets high, everybody gets low,

G#m B

These are the days when anything goes

**C# F#**

**Everyday is a winding road**

**C# F#**

**I get a little bit closer**

**C# F#**

**Everyday is a faded sign**

**C# F# C#**

**I get a little bit closer (to feeling fine)**

He's got a daughter he calls Easter

She was born on a Tuesday night

I'm just wondering why I feel so all alone

Why I'm a stranger in my own life

Jump in, let's go

Lay back, enjoy the show

Everybody gets high, everybody gets low

These are the days when anything goes

**Chorus (twice)**

*Hang on the C#, then guitar solo over verse*

I've been swimming in a sea of anarchy

I've been living on coffee and nicotine

I've been wondering if all the thing I've seen

Were ever real, were ever really happening

**Chorus (twice)**

**C# F# C# F#**

**Everyday is a winding road**

**C# F# C# F#**

**Everyday is a winding road**

**C# F# C# F#**

**Everyday is a winding road**