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 gona 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