



Freeway

Gershon Veroba–Vocals, Guitar, Keyboards; Yosi Piamenta–Lead guitar; John Tandy–Woodwinds;
Jerry Sokolow–Trumpet, Flugel Horn; Gal Gershovsky–Drums; Tony Montalbo–Bass; Co-arranged by
Avromi Finkelstein

Everybody's on the Freeway
Everybody's in their car
Some folks travel the city
Some folks travel far

Everybody has his mountain
Look at the way we climb
Some of us going for the glory
And some of us go for the dime

He don't do Bank America
He don't take MasterCard
And he doesn't care if you're lean & hungry
Or if you're fat and large
And he don't want your excuses
And he doesn't want your fraud
Cause the bottom line of this whole life is
What did you do for G-d.

Everybody's on the Freeway Everybody's in their car
Your run out of gas and the joker asks "Where is the nearest bar?"
Everybody's on the Freeway
We're all going to his town
Everybody hoping for a thumbs-up
On a whole life spent thumbs down

(He don't do Bank America...)

Everybody's on the Freeway
Everybody's in their car
Some folks travel the city
Some folks travel far
Some folks travel the city and some folks travel far.