

# 1Earthling MUSIC CATALOG

VOLUME 2

THE LONG ROAD HOME



1Earthling

# Music Catalog

## Volume 2

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THE LONG ROAD HOME

2026 – 2027

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## THE LONG ROAD HOME

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# Introduction

## Introduction

The Long Road Home is the second volume in the 1Earthling Music Catalog.

Across eight connected songs, the album follows a traveller who leaves behind a life that no longer fits and begins a journey through distance, uncertainty, discovery, and change. What begins as an act of departure gradually becomes something else: a search for meaning, identity, and a place that cannot be found on any map.

Each song stands on its own, but together they form a single story. The road remains constant throughout, carrying the traveller through moments of possibility, doubt, awareness, choice, recognition, and finally peace.

The Long Road Home is not a story about reaching a destination. It is a story about discovering that home was never a place waiting at the end of the road.

<https://1earthling.com.au/>



## OPEN ROAD FIRE

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Open Road Fire is a fast-moving rock song about leaving behind a life that no longer fits. Driven by urgency and momentum, it captures the moment when movement itself becomes the only thing that matters.

The lyrics follow a traveller stepping into the unknown, propelled by determination, uncertainty, and the belief that something better exists beyond the horizon.

Engine fires first try.  
Gravel kicks behind,  
taking only what I can,  
leaving the rest behind.

Town gone behind the bend,  
signs fade out of sight.  
Just a stretch of open road,  
running down the line.

Sun still low across the dash,  
hands steady on the wheel.  
Road runs out in front of me,  
I keep following the line.

Coffee steaming in my cup,  
there's nothing more I need.  
Line keeps running straight  
for as far as I can see.

Open road, fire in the line,  
running hard, leaving it behind.  
Don't slow or turn around,  
nothing there to take me back.

Open road, fire in the drive,  
keep it moving to stay alive.  
Don't need more, don't need less,  
just the road and what's ahead.

Lines drop out behind the hills,  
radio cuts to noise.  
Last sign gone a mile back,  
now just open road.

Rearview shows an empty line,  
nothing following through.  
Only sky and open ground,  
running into blue.

Open road, fire in the line,  
running hard, leaving it behind.  
Don't slow or turn around,  
nothing there to take me back.

Open road, fire in the drive,  
keep it moving to stay alive.  
Don't need more, don't need less,  
just the road and what's ahead.

Doesn't matter where it ends,  
doesn't matter where it goes.  
Only thing that holds me now  
is the line that I chose.

I don't slow or turn around,  
everything I was, I left.  
Road runs out in front of me,  
no road that leads me back.

I don't slow or turn around,  
everything I was, I left.  
Road runs out in front of me,  
no road that leads me back.

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## THE ROAD RUNS FURTHER

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The Road Runs Further is a driving rock song about possibility, distance, and discovering a world larger than the one left behind. The music carries the energy of the journey forward while allowing space for curiosity and exploration.

The lyrics follow a traveller pausing briefly along the way, discovering new places, new perspectives, and the growing sense that life may hold more than previously imagined.

Sun sits high over the water,  
highway winding down the coast.  
Miles rolling out behind me,  
further than I've ever gone.

Pulled over in a beach town,  
grabbed some lunch, found a seat.  
Tasted the salt in the air,  
watched sets roll through the bay.

Families walking by the shoreline,  
kids and sand castles on the beach.  
I notice the world keeps moving  
through lives I'll never meet.

Billboard map of the coastline,  
names and places never seen.  
Now the road kept drawing lines  
to things I never knew.

Spent so long inside one story,  
thinking that was all there was.  
Something in me now believes  
there is more than what I knew.

Now the road becomes a book,  
each chapter something new.  
Every mile keeps unfolding,  
every turn reveals a view.

The road runs further  
than I've ever seen before,  
past places I've never been,  
toward things I never knew.

The road runs further,  
and the fire still burns.  
Every mile another question,  
every mile another dawn.

Finished lunch, crossed the park,  
family laughter in the air.  
Stood a moment watching seagulls,  
turning circles way up high.

The engine then came alive,  
tyres rolling down the line.  
Some roads seek explanations,  
others are an invitation.

I didn't have the answers,  
didn't know where I would land.  
For the first time in a long while,  
I didn't need a plan.

The road runs further  
than I've ever seen before,  
past places I've never been,  
toward things I never knew.

The road runs further,  
and the fire still burns.  
Every mile another question,  
every mile another dawn.

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## BURN THE DOUBT

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Burn The Doubt is a road song about commitment, uncertainty, and choosing to continue despite unanswered questions. The music balances movement and reflection as the journey reaches its first real test.

The lyrics place the traveller in a roadside diner late at night, where doubt finally catches up and demands a choice between returning to old patterns or continuing forward.

Neon shining in the window,  
coffee cup warm in my hand.  
Headlights roll down the highway,  
then vanish in the night.

Truck stop diner at midnight,  
rain falls against the glass.  
Hours passing with the miles,  
finally catching up to me.

Now as silence finds an opening,  
questions drift into the room.  
The road seems simpler  
when the wheels are rolling on.

Could have turned the truck around,  
could have headed back by dawn.  
Could have called, said I'm sorry,  
could have let it all go still.

People talking at the counter,  
night shift laughter rising low.  
Everyone heading somewhere,  
but I'm sitting here alone.

Every mile brought me here,  
every choice was in the seat.  
Waiting for me to decide,  
would I leave or stay the same?

Burn the doubt, feed the fire,  
let it fuel another mile.  
Not because the road's certain,  
or because the fear was gone.

Burn the doubt, keep it moving,  
let it push instead of pull.  
Some things only find an answer  
while wheels are turning still.

Paid the bill, stepped outside,  
cold air hanging in the night.  
Neon reflected by puddles  
as I crossed the empty lot.

Nothing changed in the diner,  
nothing changed in the town.  
But the weight I carried there  
didn't find a way outside.

I sat listening for a moment  
to the quiet of the night.  
I reached, turned the key,  
the dashboard sprung to life.

Some roads keep you moving,  
some roads keep you fast.  
Some roads will remind you  
of what you left behind.

Burn the doubt, feed the fire,  
let it fuel another mile.  
Not because the road's certain,  
or because the fear was gone.

Burn the doubt, keep it moving,  
let it push instead of pull.  
Some things only find an answer  
while wheels are turning still.

Tail lights fading through the rain.

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## HOLD THE GROUND

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Hold The Ground is a reflective rock song about identity, values, and discovering what truly matters. The music slows the journey just enough to allow deeper reflection without losing momentum.

The lyrics explore the process of separating personal values from expectations, learning what is worth carrying forward and what must be left behind.

Morning breaks on the highway,  
fields running along the road.  
Miles behind and before me,  
still a long way left to go.

Left a lot in the rear-view,  
names and places fading fast.  
Funny how the things you carry  
aren't what you saw would last.

Spent so long keeping pace,  
following where others ran.  
Chasing that put before me,  
never asking where I stand.

Some things matter when spoken,  
some when others cannot hear.  
Some survive miles between them,  
some just disappear.

Line by line it started showing  
what was mine, what was not,  
what I'd keep when the noise ended,  
and what I'd leave behind.

Hold the ground beneath you,  
hold the things that last.  
Some things you are given  
are best left in the past.

Some things are worth carrying,  
but others are really not.  
Hold the ground beneath you,  
let the rest just drift away.

Fence posts weathering time,  
still where they'd always been.  
Didn't move as seasons changed,  
didn't bend to fit the wind.

Maybe that's what I'm missing,  
not another road to find.  
Just a place to stand in time  
and feel what matters now.

Not every road is freedom,  
not every voice is true.  
Not every expectation  
has to belong to you.

Hold the ground beneath you,  
hold the things that last.  
Some things you are given  
are best left in the past.

Some things are worth carrying,  
but others are really not.  
Hold the ground beneath you,  
let the rest just drift away.

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## BETWEEN THE LINES

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Between The Lines is a reflective rock song about observation, awareness, and the meaning that exists beneath everyday moments. The music creates space for quiet reflection while the journey begins to slow and deepen.

The lyrics follow a traveller watching people move through an ordinary morning, gradually recognising that what matters most is often found in what remains unsaid.

Sunrise across the mountains,  
pushing back the dark of night.  
People drifting in for breakfast,  
coming, going, moving past.

Truckers talking at the counter,  
waitress calling out a name.  
Someone laughing with friends,  
yet their eyes looked far away.

Two men sitting by the window,  
watching traffic roll on by.  
Neither one had much to say,  
neither one looked at the other.

Everyone heading somewhere,  
everyone had things to do.  
But the longer I watched,  
the less I thought I knew.

What we say, what we carry,  
don't always travel side by side.  
Sometimes all that really matters  
lives beneath things we hide.

In the pauses,  
in the silence,  
in the spaces  
we left behind.

Between the lines,  
something there lingers.  
Between the lines,  
something there remains.

Between the lines,  
something still sits there,  
holding after people move on,  
after all the words are gone.

Not in answers, not in speeches,  
not in anything defined.  
Sometimes truth waits  
between the lines.

Watched a family leave together,  
watched a couple say goodbye.  
Watched a man staring out  
at the road beyond the signs.

Nothing there asking questions,  
nothing there trying to explain.  
Still I felt something deeper  
moved beneath the average day.

Maybe my years were filled with  
things I never stopped to see.  
Too busy chasing destinations  
to notice what was underneath.

Between the lines,  
something there lingers.  
Between the lines,  
something there remains.

Between the lines,  
something still sits there,  
holding after people move on,  
after all the words are gone.

Not in answers, not in speeches,  
not in anything defined.  
Sometimes truth waits  
between the lines.

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## CHOICES MADE TODAY

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Choices Made Today is a road song about agency, responsibility, and choosing how to live once understanding begins to emerge. The music balances movement and purpose as the traveller reaches a defining crossroads.

The lyrics place the traveller at a junction where familiar patterns and new possibilities meet, exploring the idea that tomorrow is shaped by the choices made today.

State line in the rear-view,  
morning stretching through the sky.  
Road signs, new destinations,  
places I did not know.

Highway ended at a junction,  
two roads heading different ways.  
Stood looking at the signposts,  
listening to trucks roll by.

Now the road goes quiet  
when the choice is yours to make.  
Funny how one road can end  
as a new road starts in you.

Spent years following patterns,  
taking paths I understood.  
Calling something freedom,  
but it never felt that good.

Crossing borders, changing scenery,  
didn't change the things I knew.  
Different places change nothing  
if I bring the same me through.

I need every mile, every lesson,  
every truth I've stumbled on.  
As the road now asks something,  
it never asked before.

Tomorrow does the talking  
for the choices made today.  
Not words we say we believe,  
but roads we choose to take.

Tomorrow does the talking,  
long after the moment's gone.  
Every turn becomes a story  
once you choose to move on.

Could have taken what was familiar,  
could have followed what I knew.  
Could have kept the same old habits,  
just with a different view.

Something in me stopped resisting,  
something finally let me see.  
The hardest road was never leaving,  
it was choosing who to be.

Not every change is distance,  
not every lesson stays.  
Not every truth means something  
until it shapes your days.

Tomorrow does the talking  
for the choices made today.  
Not words we say we believe,  
but roads we choose to take.

Tomorrow does the talking,  
long after the moment's gone.  
Every turn becomes a story  
once you choose to move on.

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## IT'S A LONG WAY HOME

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It's A Long Way Home is a reflective journey song about recognition, acceptance, and discovering that home is not a destination. The music carries the traveller forward while revealing a deeper understanding of the road already travelled.

The lyrics explore the realisation that home is found not in a place but in the choices, values, and lessons carried throughout the journey.

Evening settles on the highway,  
shadows stretching from the trees.  
Maps folded on the seat,  
miles written through the land.

Thought home was somewhere waiting,  
past the next town down the line.  
Thought it lived in a place  
I was always meant to find.

Now I'm starting to believe  
it was never up ahead,  
more a trail of small decisions  
in the roads I chose instead.

Spent so long chasing horizons,  
watching markers drift away.  
The roads I'm choosing now  
turn back to things that stay.

It's a long way home,  
longer than I understood.  
Not a place upon a map,  
or a town I left behind.

It's a long way home,  
built one mile at a time,  
by the things I learnt to carry  
and the things I've left behind.

Rain had washed the dust away,  
night settling on the land.  
Nothing much had really changed,  
yet I saw it differently.

Not because the road had ended,  
not because I'd finally found  
something hidden in the distance,  
just because I'd slowed down.

Maybe home was never waiting  
at the ending of the drive.  
Maybe home was learning slowly

how to live the life that's mine.

It's a long way home,  
longer than I understood.  
Not a place upon a map,  
or a town I left behind.

It's a long way home,  
built one mile at a time,  
by the things I learnt to carry  
and the things I've left behind.

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## WHEN IT ALL COMES QUIET

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When It All Comes Quiet is a calm closing song about stillness, peace, and the quiet that follows movement. The music settles gently, allowing the story to come to rest without forcing a conclusion.

The lyrics follow a traveller helping a stranger during a storm before spending a quiet evening on a farm veranda, where the need to keep searching finally gives way to simple presence.

Heavy rain falls all afternoon,  
wipers working through the grey.  
A car pulled up by the roadside,  
not far from the edge of town.

Gave a lift to where they lived,  
small farm backing up to forest.  
Neither one of us said much,  
just the road and steady rain.

Clouds broke by late afternoon,  
light returned to the fields.  
Water dripping from the fences,  
birdsong carried on the breeze.

Sat on the porch for a while,  
watching the weather clear.  
Hills beyond the treeline,  
fading slowly into shade.

When it all comes quiet,  
after all the miles are gone,  
after all the roads are travelled,  
and the need to keep moving on.

When it all comes quiet,  
nothing asks to be defined.  
Just the wind across paddocks,  
and the quiet of the evening.

Truck waiting near the driveway,  
tomorrow somewhere down the line.  
No decisions needing making,  
nothing pulling at my mind.

Everything kept moving softly,  
as the last light slipped away.  
Tea and shelter accepted,  
as the day gave way to night.

No great answer in the silence,  
no reward for what was learned.  
Just a calm I hadn't noticed,  
while I watched the world turn.

When it all comes quiet,  
after all the miles are gone,  
after all the roads are travelled,  
and the need to keep moving on.

When it all comes quiet,  
nothing asks to be defined.  
Just the wind across the paddocks,  
and the quiet of the night.

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# Music Catalog Volume 1

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words & music by 1Earthling  
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Special call out to Miles the 1<sup>st</sup>. Thanks for all the laughs.