

Highway Four to Huntingdon

Country / Folk Rock • Male Vocal • Nostalgic • 1968 vibe

Verse 1

Friday finally came around,
Five o'clock, I'm free.
Working all week in Montreal,
But my heart was in the country.

Thumb held high on Highway Four,
Every ride a prayer.
Each mile brought me closer
To the people waiting there.

Pre-Chorus

Pivin's for a hot dog,
Then off into the night.
Because every minute mattered...
Everything felt right.

Chorus

Highway Four to Huntingdon,
The happiest days I've known.
Powerscourt and the covered bridge...
That little place felt like home.

Friends waiting with open arms,
Laughter filled the air.
Hugs and kisses, dancing close...
Love was everywhere.

Verse 2

Donna's smile could stop my world,
She'd light up every room.
One hello, one gentle kiss,
And every flower bloomed.

Martha laughing, Jon beside me,
Mike was always there.
Back then life was simple...
Love was everywhere.

Bridge

Sunday always came too soon,
One last hug goodbye.
Looking through the rearview mirror,
Trying hard not to cry.

Already counting every hour,
Till Friday came once more.
I'd do it all again...
Down old Highway Four.

Final Chorus

Highway Four to Huntingdon,
You'll always be my home.
No matter where this life may lead,
My heart has never gone.

The covered bridge...
The Châteauguay...
Still lives inside of me.
Highway Four to Huntingdon...
Forever part of me.

Suno Prompt

Warm nostalgic country-folk with a 1968 feel. Male lead vocal with rich harmonies. Starts softly with acoustic guitar, then adds bass, brushed drums, fiddle, and pedal steel. Emotional, hopeful, and cinematic. Sounds like someone remembering the happiest weekends of his youth.

One last thought, Bob.

I don't think this is the song we'll end up releasing—and that's a good thing.

This is our **first pass**. Once you hear what Suno does with it, we'll know what works, what doesn't, and we can make the next version even stronger. Songwriting is a lot like writing your memoir: the first draft finds the heart, and the later drafts polish it until it shines.

Go ahead and generate it, then send me the result. We'll put on our "record producer" hats and make it better if it needs it.