

# Flat Tire

## Joe Fletcher & the Wrong Reasons

Well you can't bring her home to mother  
And she's a nightmare in the sack  
I know my dinner's on the table there  
But I'm never going back  
And I'm still stuck on her sister  
On the other end of town  
Don't call me when the sun comes up  
Cause we're still getting down

Sometimes I get so tired  
Wonderin where it all went wrong

It's just another flat tire  
On another road gone too long

And no picknick  
and her daddy's always lookin down his nose  
He don't like the choices I have made  
Or how I wear my clothes  
And I've never seen him smile  
When he's speaking about his wife  
As long as his shirts all tucked in  
Man, everything's all right

Sometimes I get so tired  
Wondering where it all went wrong

It's just another flat tire  
On another road gone too long

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You know I try  
I try, and I try once more  
My whole body starts to shake  
When I get near that front door

You see these motels suit me perfectly  
There are mirrors everywhere  
When my baby got to go to work  
I lay back and I comb my hair

Sometimes I get so tired  
Wondering where it all went wrong

It's just another flat tire  
On another road gone too long

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