

Down The Road

Bachman-Turner Overdrive

I gave you high steppin' slippers
But you still can't move your feat
 And it's cold in the morning
 So I turn away at the heat
 You say faster so I speed up
 But still I'm much too slow
 I feel your innuendo
You got all the answers, least they say you do
 But when I start to strut my stuff
 You say "hey it ain't time to go"
 That ain't what I've been told
 Guess I better meet you down the road
 Down the road

You know sometimes I want to steal away and stare
 Until my face it touch the ground
My dinner in Chicago, oh my breakfast down the line
If you don't hear from me girl, I hope you're feelin' fine
'Cause I've been doin' time, hope you're feelin' fine

Call me up, catch a plane
But don't think of taking another game
'Cause my regular lady she gets my pocket change

Do you want my every thought
Well come over here and try to get me off
 Won't you please me

Shake your dignity
Put a little on me
On me, on me, on me

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