

Lonely Love

Joel Plaskett

Dirt under your nails
From working in the garden
Trying to grow a plant
With the wind under our sails
You and me we're getting started
Don't tell me that you can'tIce cold knuckles
And ice cold feet
Where the asphalt buckles
And they crack the concrete
Number one road
I know you too well
Don't do what you're told
Don't break your spellLonely love
I rest my case
You've been gone too long
To come back to this place
Lonely love
This heavy heart is gonna hitchhike
The day I need a photograph
To remember what you look likeI could feel resistance
Coming down the wire
But I would go the distance
Rolling on these four black tires
On the number one road
Through the thick and the thin
I will do what I'm told
Just let it begin

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