# Down the Road

## hipbootjoe

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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