

# Nowhere To Go

[Melissa Etheridge](#)

I know a place down past an old shack  
On a road that goes to nowhere, ain't nobody coming back  
We can go there tonight, we can talk until dawn  
Or maybe somethin' else, I'll leave the radio on, the radio on  
There's no one to hear, you might as well scream  
They never woke up from the American dream  
And they don't understand, what they don't see  
And they look through you and they look past me  
Oh, you and I dancin' slow, we got nowhere to go  
Past the Wal-Mart and the prison down by the old V.A.  
Just my jeans and my t-shirt and my blue Chevrolet  
Well, it's Saturday night, it feels like everything's wrong  
I've got some strawberry wine, I wanna get you alone, get you alone  
Coz there's no one to hear, you might as well scream  
They never woke up from the American dream  
And they don't understand, what they don't see  
And they look through you and they look past me  
Oh, you and I dancin' slow, we got nowhere to go  
Down by the muddy water of the mighty Mo  
In an old abandoned box car, will I ever know?  
Dance with me forever, this moment is divine  
I'm so close to Heaven, this Hell is not mine, this Hell is not mine  
There's no one to hear, you might as well scream  
They never woke up from the American dream  
And they don't understand, what they don't see  
And they look through you and they look past me  
Oh, you and I dancin' slow, we got nowhere to go  
We got nowhere to go, we got nowhere to go  
We got nowhere to go  
You and me, you and me, you and me  
Got nowhere to go

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