

This Side of Paradise

[Bryan Adams](#)

I'm ridin' in the back seat, nine years old
Starin' out the window countin' the highway poles
And then I get to thinkin' that it don't seem real
I'm flyin' through the universe in a '69 Oldsmobile I wanna know what they're not tellin'
And I don't wanna hear no lies
I just want something to believe in
Ah, it's a lonely, lonely road
I'm on this side of paradise I'm ridin' in the back seat, black Limousine
Starin' out the window at a funeral scene
And then I get to thinkin' and it don't seem right
I'm sittin' here safe and sound
And someone I love is gone tonight I wanna know what they're not tellin'
And I don't wanna hear no lies
I just want something to believe in
Ah, it's a lonely, lonely road
We're on this side of paradise There ain't no crystal ball, there ain't no Santa Claus
There ain't no fairy tales, there ain't no streets of gold
There ain't no chosen few, ya it's just me and you
That's all we got yeah, that's all we got to hold on to
Yeah this side of paradise I remember bein' a little boy in the backseat, nine years old
Always askin' questions, never did what I was told
And then I get to thinkin' like I always do
We wander 'round in the darkness but every now and then
A little light shines through I want to know what they're not telling
I don't wanna hear no lies
I just want something to believe in
Ah, it's a lonely, lonely road
We're on this side of paradise, oh yeah
This side of paradise, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

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