

# 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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