

# The Bug

## Dire Straits

Well, it's a strange old game, you learn it slow  
One step forward and it's back to go  
You're standing on the throttle, you're standing on the brakes  
In the groove till you make a mistake Sometimes you're the windshield  
Sometimes you're the bug  
Sometimes it all comes together, baby  
Sometimes you're a fool in love Sometimes you're the Louisville slugger  
Sometimes you're the ball  
Sometimes it all comes together, baby  
Sometimes you're gonna lose it all, groove it, groove it, groove it You gotta know happy, you gotta know glad  
Because you're gonna know lonely and you're gonna know bad  
When you're rippin' and a ridin' and you're comin' on strong  
You start slippin' and a slidin' and it all goes wrong because Sometimes you're the windshield  
Sometimes you're the bug  
Sometimes it all comes together, baby  
Sometimes you're a fool in love Sometimes you're the Louisville slugger, baby  
And sometimes you're the ball  
And sometimes it all comes together, baby  
Sometimes you're gonna lose it all, groove it And again groove it  
Groove it  
Break it down Then you got the glory, then you got none  
One day you're a diamond and then you're a stone  
Everything can change in the blink of an eye  
So let the good times roll before we say goodbye Sometimes you're the windshield  
Sometimes you're the bug, yeah  
Sometimes it all comes together, baby  
Sometimes you're a fool in love Sometimes you're the Louisville slugger, baby  
Sometimes you're the ball  
Sometimes it all comes together, baby  
Sometimes you're gonna lose it all, I say Sometimes you're the windshield  
Sometimes you're the bug  
Sometimes it all comes together, baby  
Sometimes you're a fool in love Sometimes you're the Louisville slugger, baby  
Sometimes you're the ball  
Sometimes it all comes together baby  
Sometimes you're gonna lose it all, groove it [Incomprehensible] The bug

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