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 mistakeSometimes you're the windshield
Sometimes you're the bug
Sometimes it all comes together, baby
Sometimes you're a fool in loveSometimes 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 itYou 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 becauseSometimes you're the windshield
Sometimes you're the bug
Sometimes it all comes together, baby
Sometimes you're a fool in loveSometimes 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 itAnd again groove it
Groove it
Break it downThen 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 goodbyeSometimes you're the windshield
Sometimes you're the bug, yeah
Sometimes it all comes together, baby
Sometimes you're a fool in loveSometimes 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 saySometimes you're the windshield
Sometimes you're the bug
Sometimes it all comes together, baby
Sometimes you're a fool in loveSometimes 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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/