

# Down the Road

James Andrews

I gave you high steppin' slippers  
But you still can't move your feat  
And it's cold in the morning  
So I turn away at the heat  
You say faster so I speed up  
But still I'm much too slow  
I feel your innuendo  
You got all the answers, least they say you do  
But when I start to strut my stuff  
You say "hey it ain't time to go"  
That ain't what I've been told  
Guess I better meet you down the road  
Down the road

You know sometimes I want to steal away and stare  
Until my face it touch the ground  
My dinner in Chicago, oh my breakfast down the line  
If you don't hear from me girl, I hope you're feelin' fine  
'Cause I've been doin' time, hope you're feelin' fine

Call me up, catch a plane  
But don't think of taking another game  
'Cause my regular lady she gets my pocket change

Do you want my every thought  
Well come over here and try to get me off  
Won't you please me

Shake your dignity  
Put a little on me  
On me, on me, on me

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