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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