

Nowhere to Go

[Melissa Etheridge](#)

I know a place down past an old shack
On a road that goes to nowhere, ain't nobody coming back
We can go there tonight, we can talk until dawn
Or maybe somethin' else, I'll leave the radio on, the radio on
There's no one to hear, you might as well scream
They never woke up from the American dream
And they don't understand, what they don't see
And they look through you and they look past me
Oh, you and I dancin' slow, we got nowhere to go
Past the Wal-Mart and the prison down by the old V.A.
Just my jeans and my t-shirt and my blue Chevrolet
Well, it's Saturday night, it feels like everything's wrong
I've got some strawberry wine, I wanna get you alone, get you alone
Coz there's no one to hear, you might as well scream
They never woke up from the American dream
And they don't understand, what they don't see
And they look through you and they look past me
Oh, you and I dancin' slow, we got nowhere to go
Down by the muddy water of the mighty Mo
In an old abandoned box car, will I ever know?
Dance with me forever, this moment is divine
I'm so close to Heaven, this Hell is not mine, this Hell is not mine
There's no one to hear, you might as well scream
They never woke up from the American dream
And they don't understand, what they don't see
And they look through you and they look past me
Oh, you and I dancin' slow, we got nowhere to go
We got nowhere to go, we got nowhere to go
We got nowhere to go
You and me, you and me, you and me
Got nowhere to go

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