Freeway Of The Plains

Spin Doctors

You said the price was final,
But you're willing to haggle
I fold my arms and wait for you,
But you treat me like the rabble.
'cause I thought it was love, baby,
When I kissed you in the kitchen,
It wasn't no dove, just a white pigeon.
There's a hole in my pocket,
And there's a brand new ruby charm by your silver locket.
Kicked in the ass and thinking
Just to never do correction,
And when it comes to the gadgets, baby,
I hope I made the right selection.
'cause I thought it was love, baby,
When I kissed you in the kitchen,

It wasn't no dove, darlin', just a white pigeon.
There's a hole in my pocket,
And there's a brand new ruby charm by your silver locket.
Atlas shrugged here on planet claire,
With his lead umbrella for the acid rain.
He put the earth down, and stuck out his thumb,
And he hitched a ride out on the freeway of the plains.
Won't you bury my body
By the broken dam of reason,
And when you chisel my epitaph,
Leave out the part about the treason.
'cause I thought it was love, baby,
When I kissed you in the kitchen,
It wasn't no dove, just a white pigeon.
There's a hole in my pocket,
And there's a brand new ruby charm by your silver locket.

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