

# Down the Road

**Bryan Sutton, David Holt & T. Michael Coleman**

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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written by BROWN, TONY/EARLE, STEVE/HINSON, JIMMY  
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