

Side of the Road

Concrete Blonde

Talk to me, baby
Say something nice
Talk to me, honey
I need your advice Never my fortune
Never my fame
I don't wear diamonds
I don't drink champagne I've learned a lot that I don't want to know
Take me back to where we were so long ago
Take me down easy, take me down slow
By the side of the road Slow me down, baby
Drive for a while
Pull over, baby
I've put on my miles We're running and buzzing and talking about
All kinds of things I can do well without Drive me to where we were so long ago
Bottle of wine and I'm ready to go
Let's have a drink to the car radio
By the side of the road I can remember
Us laughing in bed
Hung over
Happy and holding our heads We didn't care about what people said
It's hard recognizing a dream that's gone dead Feeling my liquor, feeling alone
Nowhere to go, so I guess I'll go home
You were the first and the only one
By the side of the road By the side of the road
By the side of the road

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