

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 something else
I'll leave 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 dancing slow
And 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
It's Saturday night
Feels like everything's wrong
I've got some strawberry wine
I want to get you alone 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

Songwriters

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