Trying to Get Back to You

Doc Walker

There oughta' be a faster way
To fill up a Malibu, I swear
Thank God, today you can pay here at the pump
Oh, one little thing to make up time
To get me back out there
Headin' down the road like a bullet from a gunI bet she's in that flannel robe
Curled up by the file
Reading Bridget Jones for the fifteenth time
Every minute I'm not there
Is another I'll need forgiveness for
There's still 300 miles to care aboutEverything is in slow motion
No matter what I do
It's like running under water
Trying to get back, trying to get back to youI wonder how it'll go down
When I pull up in the drive
Will she throw her arms around me
Or throw me out?
I can beg and plead my case
And say I need her in my life
But I can't do a thing from where I am right nowEverything is in slow motion
No matter what I do
It's like running under water
Trying to get back, trying to get back to youMile after mile
Wheels turn so slow
Will I ever get back homeEverything is in slow motion
No matter what I do
It's like running under water
Trying to get back, trying to get back to youEverything is in slow motion
No matter what I do
It's like running under water
Trying to get back, trying to get back to youNo matter what I do
It's like running under water
Trying to get back
Trying to get back to youWheels turn so slowTrying to get back
Trying to get back to you

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