

## **Diana Vickers**

### **"Right Back To Mine"**

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(Chorus)

The road I travel is lined with hard chunks of gravel  
paved over time.

When I lose my way I find your road leads me straight  
right back to mine.

All week long I'm lookin' for the weekend. My work is  
takin' a back seat to you. Nine to five check out and  
head for freedom. All week long all I can think of is you.

Friday night and I don't know where I'm goin'. I made  
no plans. I still haven't heard from you. I've got a feelin'  
somethin' ain't right I can't shake it. By Saturday my  
gray will turn to blue.

I've been thinkin' about you all week long. Wonderin' if  
there's somethin' wrong. Probably is but that ain't  
nothin' real new.

(Repeat chorus)

The road I travel is lined with hard chunks of gravel  
paved over time. When I lose my way I find your road  
leads me straight right back to mine.

Redemption's born on Sunday morn. These are the  
days that prayers were made for.

(Chorus-repeat twice)

The Road I travel is lined with hard chunks of gravel  
paved over time. When I lose my way I find your road  
leads me straight right back to mine.

Your road leads me straight right back to mine.

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