

Gordon Vincent

"Out Here On The Road Tonight"

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She was my lover
She was my warm bed in the spring
She was my kind eyes
She was my patron
She wasn't leaving
She said she wasn't leaving for some time
She left me empty,
Just like a bottle
Wasted and damaged
Blasted stone cold
Now I never use the word "tomorrow"

(Chorus)
Oh, and by the way
I'm feeling almost grown
Out here on the road tonight

My cloudy iris
My lonely fire in the sun
My only secret
My one desire
Pull down a blanket
And pull down the blinds
Let the clock unwind with you

(Chorus)

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