

M**"Cry On The Shoulder Of The Road"**

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(Matraca Berg/Tim Krekel)

I'm rollin' out of Bakersfield
My own private hell on wheels
But this time I'm gone for good
And I've never gone this far before
Beyond the slammin of the back screen door
But you never loved me like you should

And there ain't no tellin what I'll find
But I might as well move down the line
There's no comfort here in your zip code
I'd rather break down on the highway
With no one to share my load
And cry on the shoulder of the road

It makes me feel a little low
Steel guitar on the radio
And it's kinda scary the way those truckers fly
So this is how leaving feels
Drinking coffee and making deals with the One above
To get me through the night

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