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Martina Mcbride "Cry On The Shoulder Of The Road"

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I'm rollin' out of Bakersfield My own private hell on wheels But this time I'm gone for good 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 'Cuz there's no comfort here in your zip code I'd rather break down on the highway With no one to share my load 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 these truckers fly So this is how leavin' feels Drinking coffee and making deals With the one above To get me through the night

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

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