

## **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

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