

Sheryl Crow "Everyday Is A Winding Road"

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I used to ride,
With a vending machine repair man.
He says he's been down this road more than twice.
He was high on intellectualism.
I've never been there but the brochure looks nice.

Jump in let's go, Lay back, Enjoy the show.
Everybody gets high.
Everybody gets low.
These are the days when anything goes.
Everyday is a winding road.
I get a little bit closer.
Everyday is a faded sign.
Everyday is a winding road.
I get a little bit closer to feeling fine.

He's got a daughter he calls Easter,
She was born on a Tuesday night.
I'm just wondering, why I feel so alone.
Why I'm a stranger, in my own life.

Jump in let's go, lay back, enjoy the show.
Everybody gets high, everyday gets low.
Every day is a winding road.
I get a little bit closer.
Everyday is a faded sign.
I get a little bit closer.
Everyday is a winding road.
I get a little bit closer.
Everyday is faded sign.
I get a little bit closer to feeling fine.

I've been swimming in a sea of anarchy,
I've been living on coffee and nicotine,
I've been wondering if all the things, I've ever seen,
Were ever real,
Were ever really, happening.

Jump in lets go, Lay back, enjoy the show.
Everyday is a winding road,
I get a little bit closer.
Everyday is a faded sign,

I get a little bit closer.
Everyday is a winding road,
I get a little closer to feeling fine.

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