Wendy Bucklew "Road Trip"

Visit "Road Trip" on MotoLyrics.com

He's got one hand on the steering wheel The other's playing in the wind And he turns up that song he used to love But was always embarrassed to admit And he sings out loud and clear But only out here. He's passing up the fruit stands and tourist traps He saves his money for convenient-store coffee, smokes, and gas Knows a sure-fire way and has the will of his want He says, "This time things are gonna be different" "This time I'm gonna do as I pleases" He signals right on a random exit That ol' time warp came into view He said, "I'll have the 99-cent breakfast And coffee brewed to wake the dead" And hands back a sticky menu The waitress calls him "honey" My God, she must've worked here All her life And he started missing home 'Til he remembered why he'd left, Sat back and reset his sights And he wants The world to hold him like a baby Never treat him like a child He thinks his tears are some big secret

The only one kept by the night
Only at night
So he picks a dream--any dream
Follows it for a while then says, "It's just not me"
"No, I'm not running. I'l well on my way"
He still has her picture on his dash
Yeah, that tramp gave back his ring
But every time he's near a pay phone
he's tempted again
He could call as just a friend, lift his voice
and mask his pain
But he won't give her the satisfaction

No, he won't lower himself again.
He says, "This time things are gonna be different"
So he calls me collect about 12 am his time
And he said that job fell through
But there's another one across the line
And I asked, already knowing, if he was okay
And he said, "Yeah. It's just--sometimes..."
So I hugged best I could with words
And with a shrug in his voice
that couldn't fool a stranger
He finally got around to asking,
"Did she ask about me?"
I wish I could have said "yes".

Visit Wendy Bucklew page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.