

Badlees, The

"Road To Paradise"

Visit "[Road To Paradise](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Janie got a present late one Christmas day

Immaculate conception one could hardly say

She took her little baby and all her daddy's cash

The guilt stayed forever but the money didn't last

CHORUS

Tell me no more secrets

Tell me no more lies

When the road you thought you were on

Ain't the road to paradise

She said, "What's so lonely about being alone

I've got this little boy that I can call my own"

"Tomorrow," she said, "we're gonna start a new life"

She stared out the window and she turned out the light

CHORUS

Paradise

It's funny it ain't much like...

Leave that girl alone to live her life

She's been around enough to know what's wrong or
right

You don't gotta tell her

You don't gotta tell her it's alright

Janie got pregnant she was the queen of our class

Hot little romance but it didn't last

Last time I saw her it was Thanksgiving day

She was trading in her food stamps at the IGA

CHORUS

Visit [Badlees, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.