

# Athenaeum, On Her Way

She likes the feel of the car, she likes the smoke of the crowd.  
She likes the sound of her voice, she likes the radio loud.  
On a night like this, she will not be found.

on her way  
she's never coming home tonight.  
On her way  
there's no one there to make it right.

She takes a shower but knows that she will never be clean.  
The only thing she left was her voice on the answering machine.  
and not a day goes by that she would understand.

On her way  
she's never coming home tonight  
On her way  
there's no one there to make it right.

Baby she takes it all from her family  
as her problems multiply.  
There's a path to the road where she'll finally  
watch the road and why, wave goodbye  
wave goodbye  
wave goodbye  
wave goodbye.

On her way  
She's never coming home tonight  
On her way  
there's no one to make it right  
On her way  
She's never coming home tonight make it right  
On her way  
if there's no one there to make it right