

# Bob Dylan, Ninety Miles An Hour (Down A Dead End Street)

I took you home from a party and we kissed in fun  
A few stolen kisses and no harm was done  
Instead of stopping when we could we went right on  
Till suddenly we found that the brakes were gone.

You belong to someone else, and I do too  
It's just crazy bein' here with you  
As a bad motorcycle with the devil in the seat  
Going ninety miles an hour down a dead end street  
Ninety miles an hour down a dead end street.

I didn't want to want you, but now I have no choice  
It's too late to listen to that warning voice  
All I hear is thunder of two hearts beat  
Going ninety miles an hour down a dead end street  
Ninety miles an hour down a dead end street.

You're not free to belong to me  
And you know I could never be your own  
Your lips on mine are like a sweet, sweet wine  
But we're heading for a wall of stone.

Warning signs are flashing ev'ry where, but we pay no heed  
'Stead of slowing down the place, we keep a pickin' up speed  
Disaster's getting closer ev'ry time we meet  
Going ninety miles an hour down a dead end street  
Yeah, ninety miles an hour down a dead end street  
Well, ninety miles an hour down a dead end street.