

Bonnie Tyler, Love Of A Rolling Stone

You hate old Chicago ,in the winter time
When the cold wind blows right through you
And you said it ain't no fun
You called west a dream come true
Then one week it got the best of you
On a path lying in that Oklahoma sun
Swore if this day ever came
There'd be no strings, no playing games
Misty eyes and sad goodbyes to say

When love is gone why try to put
A finger on what happened
When somewhere down the road
It slipped away

All I ever wanted was a baby in my arms
A wedding ring and a simple thing called home
All you ever gave me was a look at some old highway
The sky above and the love of a rolling stone

I remember when you told me
That you'd always be a drifting man
And you didn't need another hungry mouth to feed
And I won't bring a child into a world between roses
And a thorn and the side of a tumbling tumbleweed

One day you may miss me
But I hope you don't feel guilty
Go chase the sun until your dying day
But inside me there's a second little heartbeat
That goes with me
And the one more thing that happened on the way

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