

Bryan Adams, This Side Of Paradise

I'm ridin' in the back seat - nine years old
Starin' out the window countin' the highway poles
And then I get to thinkin' - that it don't seem real
I'm flyin' through the universe in a '69 oldsmobile
And I wanna know what they're not tellin'
And I don't wanna hear no lies
I just want something to believe in
Ah - it's a lonely lonely road I'm on
This side of paradise
I'm ridin' in the back seat - black limousine
Starin' out the window at a funeral scene
And then I get to thinkin' - and it don't seem right
I'm sittin' here safe and sound and someone I love is gone tonight
I wanna know what they're not tellin'
And I don't wanna hear no lies
I just want something to believe in
Ah - it's a lonely, lonely road we're on
This side of paradise
There ain't no crystal ball - there ain't no santa claus
There ain't no fairy tales
There ain't no streets of gold
There ain't no chosen few - ya it's just me and you
And that's all we got ya...that's all we got to hold on to
Ya this side of paradise
I remember bein' a little boy in the backseat - nine years old
Always askin' questions - never did what I was told
And then I get to thinkin' like I always do
We wander 'round in the darkness but every now and then
A little light shines through
I want to know what they're not telling
I don't wanna hear no lies
I just want something to believe in
Ah - it's a lonely lonely road we're on
This side of paradise