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