

Lorrie Morgan, Exit 99

EXIT 99

I charged out on that interstate in a great big huff
The fight we had just made me feel I had enough
With every passing mile the question seemed to grow
Who was right and who was wrong and who
(musique) I rolled the window down at exit ninety-one
Felt the cool wind blowing through my hair
I saw the crimson light embrace the setting sun
And suddenly I knew I loved you, at exit, ninety-nine
(musique)