

matchbox twenty, Rest Stop

Just three miles from the rest stop
And she slams on the brakes
She said I tried to be but I'm not
So could you please collect your things
I don't want to be cold
I don't want to be cruel
But I gotta find more than what's happening with you
And if you would open up the door

She said while you were sleeping
I was listening to the radio and wondering what you're dreaming
When it came to mind that I didn't care
And I thought hell if it's over
Well I had better end it quick or I could lose my nerve
Are you listening? Can you hear me?
Have you forgotten?

Just three miles from the rest stop
And my mouth's too dry to rage
The light was shining from the radio
I could barely see her face
But she knew all the words that I never had said
She knew the crumpled up promise of this broken down man
As I opened up the door, she said

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