

Melissa Etheridge, Nowhere To Go

I know a place down past an old shack
On a road that goes to nowhere...Ain't nobody coming back
We can go there tonight...We can talk until dawn
Or maybe something else...I'll leave the radio on

There's no one to hear...You might as well scream
They never woke up from the American dream
And they don't understand what they don't see
And they look through you and they look past me
Oh, you and I dancing slow and we got nowhere to go

Past the Wal-Mart and the prison down by the old V.A.
Just my jeans and my t-shirt and my blue Chevrolet
It's Saturday night...Feels like everything's wrong
I've got some strawberry wine...I wanna get you alone

Down by the muddy water of the mighty Mo
In an old abandoned box car...Will I ever know
Dance with me forever...This moment is divine
I'm so close to heaven...This hell is not mine
This hell is not mine...