

Michelle Lewis, Outside

(Michelle Lewis)

He's breathes the air lightly
Since skipping parole
And he dials the phone quietly
But she put him on hold
There are good sons and bad seeds
She thinks he's the latter
But it no longer matters what she'll say
He'll be driving all night anyway

Over backroads he'll ride
Then he cuts the headlights
And he watches their lives
From the outside

And they can't let him in
So he's driving again
As he's wishful thinking
On the outside

Mmmmmmm...

Oh say can you see by the dawns early light
Playing on the T.V.
I guess he's in for the night
He fell asleep waiting for his sister to call
All the motels and roadside bars
He wants home but it only gets farther

Over backroads he'll ride
Then he cuts the headlights
And he watches their lives
From the outside

And they can't let him in
So he's driving again
As he's wishful thinking
On the outside

Oohhh...

Yes, it's killing them knowing he's out there, somewhere
Reminding that they could be too

oohhh...

Over backroads he'll ride
Then he cuts the headlights
And he watches their lives
On the outside

And they can't let him in
Cause they know where he's been
So he's left there thinking
On the outside
On the outside
On the outside...