

Nat Stuckey, Lovin' On Backstreets

We try to pick the most unlikely places
Where no one's apt to know us by our names
Then for a while we share the sweet affection
That makes it worth the sorrow and the pain

Of lovin' on backstreets and livin' on main
Suffering hell through the daylight for the heaven darkness brings
Two hearts in the shadows tradin' passion for pain

Lovin' on backstreets and livin' on main

[fiddle]

In the morning when I face the one who owns me
And she comforts me with some things I can't explain
Then once again I'll hate myself for livin'
And wonder just how long my mind can stand the strain

Of lovin' on backstreets and livin' on main...