

Rodney Crowell, Glasgow Girl

I'm stuck out on the Ring Road, tonight the stars are crossed
If I don't find my way around soon, I'm sure to end up lost
Sheffield has that certain mix of danger and despair
I need to roll these windows down and breathe the cold night air

I said goodbye to Camden Town as night was falling fast
In a borrowed, beat up step van and a tank of petrol gas
And I'm riding on the wrong side like some blue Yank flyboy clown
I'm trying to read these road signs while I'm staring headlights down

Glasgow Girl, skin like milk, hair black silk
And eye's like cobalt pearl

The Glasgow Girl assured me she liked my Texas drawl
And if I ever passed that way again I should be sure to call
I tracked her down to Aberdeen, and I'm trying to get up north
Across the Scottish lowlands far beyond the Firth of Forth

Glasgow Girl, skin like milk, hair black silk
And eye's like cobalt pearl

The Roman's built these roads to last another thousand years
And I'm riding around in circles like it starts and ends right here
The raindrops on my windshield now have turned to ice and snow
I'm stuck out on the Ring Road with a million miles to go

Glasgow Girl, skin like milk, hair black silk
And eye's like cobalt pearl
Skin like milk, hair black silk
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