

# The Pink Spiders, Still Three Shy

The interstates and eighteen wheelers  
The sketches on the rest stop bathroom stalls  
I call her from a hotel pay phone so far from it all  
The odometer is hypnotizing  
The tires turn the dirt for miles and miles  
I wanna see the Nashville skyline  
If only for awhile

Cause I heard about the party last night  
I heard that there were drugs and fist fights  
When all I see are miles of streetlights  
That's when I miss home

So I try to forget but I die inside every time I miss it  
Cause you're still three shy  
Don't you forget it's not a party when we're gone  
And if the cops come by  
have a drink and tell them this one's for the boys  
And I will try to forget that I'm gone

A thousand miles until the ocean  
Casinos sit a couple miles ahead  
The city's in the rearview mirroi, Tennessee's in bed

Now I'm drinking at the Blackjack table  
A cigarette is hanging from my lips  
My head is spinning round in circles as I take a sip  
Cause I heard you split a cab home last night  
I hope you found your way home alright  
Cause underneath a sea of bright lights  
I feel alright here