

# Tommy Shaw, Friendly Advice

My suitcase is packed  
It's sitting by the door  
I've gone over all the facts  
I can't take them any more

But every time my feet hit the street  
My head starts aching and  
My knees get weak  
I turn back around I let myself in  
I feel like a dog  
No matter what I come back again

My friends all try to give me friendly advice  
They all agree I shouldn't be so nice  
Women really like it when you push them around  
But it's not me

So here I go again  
Ignoring all the signs  
It doesn't take a scientist  
To read between the lines

But right about the time  
I'm sure I've had enough  
I've decided to call it quits and I'm  
Ready to get tough  
You turn it on with those  
Those big brown eyes  
The next thing you know  
I'm out buying long-stem roses

I'm like my daddy  
Old-fashioned  
I don't know what to do

I'm a creature of habit  
I don't know what else to do

It's like a game  
That's been rigged  
So nobody wins