

# You Don't Own the Road

The Kills

You don't own the road boy  
Better kick up a storm  
You don't own the big city lights  
Better cop out your own

You don't own the green pines,  
The blue sky, or the smoke  
You don't own the dust in your  
Big brown eyes when you keep them closed

Yeah, steal them back for me love  
Oh yeah, steal them back for me love, oh yeah

You don't own the road boy  
And neither do I  
You don't own the big city lights  
That make my eyes cry

You don't own the green pines  
So be careful where you lean  
And when you're lost under the blue sky  
Look down and you'll find me

Yeah, steal it back for me love  
Oh yeah steal it back for me love, oh yeah

Come on over  
If that's the way you feel  
When you're lonesome steal it  
Back when you're lonely  
Back when you're lonely, back

You don't own the sadness son  
See the tide just comes in  
Guilt is played on the violin  
By those who never cared to sing

Yeah, steal it back for me love  
Oh yeah, steal it back for me love, back for me love  
Oh yeah, steal it back for me love, back for me love  
Oh yeah, steal it back for me love, back for me love  
Back for me love  
Back for me love