

Strawberry Road

Brett Dennen

I am up on old
Strawberry Road
Trying to keep my head from spinning
Out of control

How much love can one heart hold?
You left me wanting more
What can make a house a home?
I'm not so sure

Every morning I wake up
With a little emptiness
I try to fill it through the day
But I must admit

Whenever I get to feeling lonely
I put some Jerry on
And drift until I'm gone

I let the light come in
Through each one of these wounds
Everything must have its phases
Just ask the moon

I look up and laugh and love
And try to lift
I'm doing okay I guess
But I must admit

Whenever I get to feeling lonely
I put some Jerry on
And drift until I'm gone

I am up on old
Strawberry Road
Trying to keep my head out' the gutter
Out of the cold

How much love can one heart hold?
You left me wanting more
What can make a house a home?
I'm not so sure

Mmm, Strawberry Road