

# Nowhere to Go

Melissa Etheridge

I know a place  
Down past an old shack  
On a road that goes to nowhere  
Ain't nobody coming back  
We can go there tonight  
We can talk until dawn  
Or maybe something else  
I'll leave the radio on

There's no one to hear  
You might as well scream  
They never woke up  
From the American dream  
And they don't understand  
What they don't see  
And they look through you  
And they look past me  
Oh, you and I dancing slow  
And we got nowhere to go

Past the Wal-Mart and the prison  
Down by the old V.A.  
Just my jeans and my t-shirt  
And my blue Chevrolet  
It's Saturday night  
Feels like everything's wrong  
I've got some strawberry wine  
I wanna get you alone

Down by the muddy water  
Of the mighty Mo  
In an old abandoned box car  
Will I ever know  
Dance with me forever  
This moment is divine  
I'm so close to heaven  
This hell is not mine  
This hell is not mine...