

Endless Grey Ribbon

Nick Lowe

The cold, dark night
Is split by the stab of twin headlights
Like fingers of guides that know of it
But have never been there
And eyes red-rimmed
Are pealed for the n'th time
And strain for the roadsigns
That flash past the windshield
In the hard drivin' rain

His mind is not dwelling on beds of white linen
But the endless gray ribbon that winds on ahead

A moon comes up, cheesy and golden
Reminding of older times, gunning moter times
Restless and young
A cut glass bowl, free with four gallons
Is now the companion
Of what once was the champion of heartbreakers' row

His thoughts may be thinking of sweet smelling women
But the endless gray ribbon is his for tonight

From Coastacola to Richfolk, Virginia
It's amazing how samey they are
Twenty five buys some time with a waitress
Passion's Peterbuilt out in the car lot

His thoughts may be thinking of sweet smelling women
But the endless gray ribbon is his for tonight

Endless gray ribbon
Endless gray ribbon
Endless gray ribbon ...