

Next To You, Next To Me

Shenandoah

Riding down the road in my pick-up truck
You better get ready 'cause I'm picking you up
With a full moon a shining and a little bit of luck
We'll run out outta gas and maybe get stuck

We could get lost, baby, I don't care
I ain't worried as long as you're there
There ain't no place that I'd rather be
Next to sitting next to me

There ain't no place that I'd rather be
Next to you, next to me

Barbecue chicken in aluminum foil
Just enough money for my gas and oil
Who needs your shrimp and your caviar?
I'd sooner have you just the way you are

Rich people got their money to hold
Mansion on the hill and diamonds and gold
Well, it can't compare as far as I can see
Next to sitting next to me

There ain't no place that I'd rather be
Next to you, next to me

Radio playing our favorite song
I'll change the station if the news comes on
When the signal ain't coming in too strong
We'll make our music honey, all night long

If the good Lord's willing when we're old and gray
The kids are grown up and moved away
We'll be rocking there side by side
The barbeque chicken and the TV guide

Well there ain't no place that I'd rather be
Next to you sittin' next to me
No there ain't no place that I'd rather be
Next to you, next to me
There ain't no place that I'd rather be
Next to you sittin' next to me

Next to you, next to me
Next to you, next to me
Next to you, next to me
Next to you, next to me