

Friendly Advice

Tommy Shaw

My suitcase is packed
It's sitting by the door
I've gone over all the facts
I can't take them any more

But every time my feet hit the street
My head starts aching and
My knees get weak
I turn back around I let myself in
I feel like a dog
No matter what I come back again

My friends all try to give me friendly advice
They all agree I shouldn't be so nice
Women really like it when you push them around
But it's not me

So here I go again
Ignoring all the signs
It doesn't take a scientist
To read between the lines

But right about the time
I'm sure I've had enough
I've decided to call it quits and I'm
Ready to get tough
You turn it on with those
Those big brown eyes
The next thing you know
I'm out buying long-stem roses

I'm like my daddy
Old-fashioned
I don't know what to do

I'm a creature of habit
I don't know what else to do

It's like a game
That's been rigged
So nobody wins