

Headed back on a highway drive, interstate eighty-five. Coming back from a show that we had in charlotte. It was getting kind of late and the fireworks display, it played a thief to all the stars glory. The wheels they were turning, boy my eyes they were burning, it said Raleigh-fifty miles.

Big city turn me on. Pick me up and throw me down just like your doll. Tell me I'm wrong when i know just what i saw. Big city turn me on, turn me off.

Me and my friends go to the same bar every Thursday. We stare at the centerfold eyes that keep mixing our drinks. The liquor lies are all that's left of this poor girl's innocence. She doesn't know my name but I'll be damned if one day she won't.

Big city turn me on. Pick me up and throw me down just like your doll. Tell me I'm wrong when i know just what i saw. Big city turn me on, turn me off.

Candlelight retrospection on a hand me down couch. There is coffee in my hand, her head in my lap, and Dylan on the stereo. Like a jewelry store window her eyes they were made to sparkle and for a moment i still believed in love.

Big city turn me on. Pick me up; throw me down to the ground just like your doll. Tell me I'm wrong when i know good and well what i saw. Big city turn me on, turn me off.