

Ninety Miles An Hour (Down a Dead End Street)

Bob Dylan

I took you home from a party and we kissed in fun
A few stolen kisses and no harm was done
Instead of stopping when we could we went right on
Till suddenly we found that the brakes were gone.

You belong to someone else, and I do too
It's just crazy bein' here with you
As a bad motorcycle with the devil in the seat
Going ninety miles an hour down a dead end street
Ninety miles an hour down a dead end street.

I didn't want to want you, but now I have no choice
It's too late to listen to that warning voice
All I hear is thunder of two hearts beat
Going ninety miles an hour down a dead end street
Ninety miles an hour down a dead end street.

You're not free to belong to me
And you know I could never be your own
Your lips on mine are like a sweet, sweet wine
But we're heading for a wall of stone.

Warning signs are flashing ev'ry where, but we pay no heed
'Stead of slowing down the place, we keep a pickin' up speed
Disaster's getting closer ev'ry time we meet
Going ninety miles an hour down a dead end street
Yeah, ninety miles an hour down a dead end street
Well, ninety miles an hour down a dead end street.