

Caught

Dale Watson

Caught, in a camera's eye
Caught, without an alibi
A picture's worth a thousand words they say
We're caught in a motel room
The tangled sheets smell like sweet perfume
No matter who's at fault, we're caught

Now who'd have thought it'd end like this
The after glow's such a painfull bliss
What a web we weave when we practice to deceive

We played the game but now we lose
Now we're just back street news
Oh my God, what are we gonna do

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Rumors spread like wildfire in this town
It's too late to change our fate
We'll never live it down

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