

# 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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