

# Cry on the Shoulder of the Road

Martina McBride

I'm rolling out of Bakersfield  
My own private hell on wheels  
But this time I'm gone for good  
I've never gone this far before  
Beyond the slammin' of the back screen door  
But you never loved me like you should

And there ain't no telling what I'll find  
But I might as well move down the line  
'Cause there's no comfort here in your zip code  
I'd rather break down on the highway  
With no one to share my load  
And cry on the shoulder of the road

It makes me feel a little low  
Steel guitar on the radio  
And it's kinda scary the way these truckers fly  
So this is how leavin' feels  
Drinking coffee and makin' deals with the One above  
To get me through the night

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