

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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