

## Rest Stop

## Matchbox Twenty

Just three miles from the rest stop  
And she slams on the breaks  
She said I tried to be but I'm not  
And could you please collect your things  
I don't wanna be cold  
I don't wanna be cruel  
But I gotta find more  
Than what's happening with you  
If you'd, open up the door

She said, while you were sleeping  
I was listening to the radio  
And wondering what you're dreaming when  
It came to mind that I didn't care  
So I thought, hell if it's over  
I had better end it quick  
Or I could lose my nerve  
Are you listening, can you hear me  
Have you forgotten

Just three miles from the rest stop  
And my mouth's too dry to rage  
The light was shining from the radio  
I could barely see her face  
But she knew all the words that I never had said  
She knew the crumpled-up promise of this  
Broken down man, and as I opened up the door

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