

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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