

# Endless Grey Ribbon

Nick Lowe

The cold, dark night  
Is split by the stab of twin headlights  
Like fingers of guides that know of it  
But have never been there  
And eyes red-rimmed  
Are pealed for the n'th time  
And strain for the roadsigns  
That flash past the windshield  
In the hard drivin' rain

His mind is not dwelling on beds of white linen  
But the endless gray ribbon that winds on ahead

A moon comes up, cheesy and golden  
Reminding of older times, gunning moter times  
Restless and young  
A cut glass bowl, free with four gallons  
Is now the companion  
Of what once was the champion of heartbreakers' row

His thoughts may be thinking of sweet smelling women  
But the endless gray ribbon is his for tonight

From Coastacola to Richfolk, Virginia  
It's amazing how samey they are  
Twenty five buys some time with a waitress  
Passion's Peterbuilt out in the car lot

His thoughts may be thinking of sweet smelling women  
But the endless gray ribbon is his for tonight

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