

Private Lives

The Oak Ridge Boys

Another show is over, the lights go down
The loading ups begun
We sang a lot of country songs
We put our hearts in every single one.

We climb aboard our time machine
Tail lights disappear into the night,
No-one knows how many miles
Before we get back to private lives.

Like brothers we share memories
Brothers in the harmonies we sing.
As different as the clothes we wear
But like a family we share our name.
We all lay a dream or two aside for private lives.

Like the smoky mountain back roads
You know where our music's coming from
Rolling, rolling, rolling.
Take it to the California sun.

Telephone, calling home
Pouring out our feelings on the line.
Oh I love you, I miss you too
Never losing touch with private lives.

Like brothers we share memories
Brothers in the harmonies we sing.
As different as the clothes we wear
But like a family we share our name.
We all lay a dream or two aside for private lives.
We all lay a dream or two aside for private lives.