

Still Three Shy

The Pink Spiders

The interstates and eighteen wheelers
The sketches on the rest stop bathroom stalls
I call her from a hotel pay phone so far from it all
The odometer is hypnotizing
The tires turn the dirt for miles and miles
I wanna see the Nashville skyline
If only for awhile

Cause I heard about the party last night
I heard that there were drugs and fist fights
When all I see are miles of streetlights
That's when I miss home

So I try to forget but I die inside every time I miss it
Cause you're still three shy
Don't you forget it's not a party when we're gone
And if the cops come by
have a drink and tell them this one's for the boys
And I will try to forget that I'm gone

A thousand miles until the ocean
Casinos sit a couple miles ahead
The city's in the rearview mirroi, Tennessee's in bed

Now I'm drinking at the Blackjack table
A cigarette is hanging from my lips
My head is spinning round in circles as I take a sip
Cause I heard you split a cab home last night
I hope you found your way home alright
Cause underneath a sea of bright lights
I feel alright here