

think I'll pack it in and buy a pick-up
take it down to L.A.
find a place to call my own and try to fix up
start a brand new day

the woman I'm thinking of - she loved me all up
but I'm so down today
she's so fine she's in my mind
I hear her callin'

see the lonely boy, out on the weekend
trying to make it stay
can't relate to joy, he tries to speak and
can't begin to say

she got pictures on the wall
that make me look up
from her big brass bed
now I'm running down the road trying to stay up
somewhere in her head

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