

# ROADHOUSE

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Somewhere in the land of broken hearts  
My car broke down, refused to start  
I pushed it to the local mechanic  
He said, "Son, I would not panic"

***"You are not the first one,  
you won't be the last one.  
A grease and oil and a tune and then  
we'll have you on the road again."***

Well, I sat down at the roadhouse bar  
Just to think about my broken car  
The waitress smiled and she said, "Hello"  
I said, "I love you, take me home"

***She said, "You are not the first one,  
you won't be the last one.  
Cool down kid, you'll overheat  
and I'll fix you something nice to eat"***

"Havin trouble with your car?"  
Asked my neighbour at the bar  
He said, "I'm still waitin for mine to be fixed  
and I've been here since '66"

***He said, "You are not the first one,  
you won't be the last one.  
In this land of broken hearts,  
Well, it's hard to come by spare parts"***

I looked around that roadhouse then  
It was full of broken hearted men  
It was a melting pot of misery  
I begged them for some sympathy

***They said, "You are not the first one,  
you won't be the last one.  
The heart that breaks doth ache and yearn but  
Take a number and wait your turn"  
They said, "Take a number and wait your turn"  
They said, "Take a number and wait your turn"***

Now I've got some advice for those  
Who think that love is like a rose  
Well, it's more like a car than it is a petal  
So, keep it tuned and full of petrol

***Coz you are not the first one  
You won't be the last one  
Fill your tyres up with air and love  
O love, yeah love will drive you anywhere***