



It's bad enough to get your heart broken, but when it doesn't seem to be that hard for the other person it just makes it sting all the more. Perspective is a wonderful thing, though, and the view changes depending on where you stand.

Milton Sledge - drums
Alison Prestwood - bass
Dan Dugmore - electric guitar
George Marinelli, Jr.
- electric guitar
Pete Wasner - piano, B-3
Tony Arata - acoustic guitar

Tony Arata
(Little Tybee Music/
Forerunner Music, Inc. ASCAP)

This Side of the Blues

There's an endless stretch of highway
For every mile there is a next one
But your first step's all that matters
It gives you your direction
And mine was down a lonesome road
And yours was away from me
But as fate and highways sometimes go
I knew some day we'd meet

*I don't mind if you don't remember
Don't be mad if I can't forget
Someday I might be where you are
But I just haven't quite made it yet
So would you just please indulge me
While I take a good long look at you
I promise you'd understand if you were standing
On this side of the blues*

There's a million ways to say goodbye
And every time the word gets spoken
Now you can bet that half the hearts do fine
While the other half get broken
And therein lies the reason why
We see things like we do
You know it ain't so much the distance
As it is the different point of view

chorus

Somewhere down the road a ways
Maybe it all will turn
And it will be your turn to say

*I don't mind if you don't remember
Don't be mad if I can't forget
Someday I might be where you are
But I just haven't quite made it yet
So would you just please indulge me
While I take a good long look at you
I promise you'd understand if you were standing
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