

Gig Bag Road

Local H

I woke up on the rumble strip
Now I'm in the passing lane
We move at a comfortable clip
Marching in the big parade
Coming forth to carry me home
Walking down the gig bag road
I'm never gonna be pig food

Oh, looking for a piggyback ride
Marching in the big parade
Where the saints show the same signs
We're drinking the same Koolaid
Ain't nobody want your soul
Don't even want your rock and roll
Looking for a way back home
Walking down the gig bag road [x2]

An act of mercy is an act of waste
When you're bleeding through the nose
I burned the pretty flowers in the sink
I peeled the petals off the rose
I woke up on the rumble strip
Now I'm in the passing lane
We move at a comfortable clip
Looking for a way back home

Looking for a piggyback ride
Marching in the big parade
Where the saints choose their sides
We're drinking the same Koolaid
Ain't nobody want your soul
Don't even want your rock and roll
Looking for a way back home
Walking down the gig bag road

Walking down the gig bag road [x3]

Looking for a piggyback ride
Marching in the big parade
Where the saints choose their sides
We're drinking the same Koolaid
Ain't nobody want your soul
Don't really want your rock and roll
Walking down the gig bag road [x5]