

Doing 70 on the freeway
Smoke coming out the hood
Tow-man say its ninety
I bargain him down to eighty
Cause I can't even dance for my money
No they won't gimme me cash
I'm breaking my back for my money
Dollar bills piling up on the dash

So I dash across the street
To the only thing that's open
I need something to eat
Thank God for the Chevron
I need something for me
I've been working so long
Need something for me
Need something for me
Dash across the street
To the only thing that's open
I need something to eat
Thank God for the chevron
I need something for me
I been working so long

I keep posting photo's back home
And I feel bad
Cause its a bag and I know it
Do they know it?
Do I show it?
What am I doing?
Why am I here?
What am I doing?
Why am I here?

I can't even dance for my money
No they won't pay me cash
So I'm selling my gear for my money
Best synth I ever had

I dash across the street
To the only thing that's open
I need something to eat
Thank God for the Chevron
I just keep calling
No coverage in the canyon...
I dash across the street
To the only thing that's open
I need something to eat
Man I miss my pension
I need something for me
I've been working so long

Need something for me
(Thank God thank God)
Need something for me
(Oh man oh man)
Need something for me

(Thank God thank God)
Need something for me
Thank God thank God
Oh man Oh man
Thank God thank God
Oh man Oh man