(Are you ready to go)

I've got the same taste in my mouth Chewing on words that I can't spit out Same bubble over my head Dot, dot, dot call me doctor brain dead

I got the same job in the same old town Working me up just to hold me down Same bars on the neon strip Same old dog with the same old tricks

And I, I think I already know 'Cause every time I shake the eight ball the same words begin to show

(Are you ready to go)
(Are you ready)
Are you ready to go
Yeah I'm dying to know
(Are you ready)

I got the same hat, same pair of jeans John Deere snapback, holes in the knees Toothpick 'cause I don't chew gum Same bad habits that I can't outrun

In the same car that I bought in '05 Blown out speakers with a dent in the side Same girl in the passenger seat Kissing my neck and asking if I'm ready to go

I think she already knows 'Cause I'm shaking like an eight ball and the words begin to show

(Are you ready to go)
(Are you ready)
Are you ready to go
Yeah I'm dying to know
(Are you ready)
Are you ready to go
Yeah I'm dying to know
(Are you ready)
Are you ready to go
Yeah I'm dying to know
(Are you ready to go
Yeah I'm dying to know
(Are you ready)