

Back on the Road

Flight of the Conchords

This one's called "Back on the Road"
And it's about that feeling

Back, back on the road
Another night, another show
We'd love to stay but we'd prefer to go
Back on the road

Another night singing 'bout nothin'
Another hotel, another complimentary muffin
Another tour bus on a highway set adrift
Another gig missed because we're stuck inside a lift
Another venue, another backstage pass
Another groupie with a goldfish in her arse
We've had some fun and we've had a lot of laughs
Out on the road
But sorry London, we've got to get back
On the road

Back on the, back on the, back on the, back on the road
Gotta get back back back back back on the road
Gotta go, gotta go back back on the road
Gotta get back back, back back on the road
We did another show, put a fish in your asshole
And then we go go, whoa whoa
You left a hole in our soul
We left a sole in your hole
But we gotta go, we gotta go
Gotta get back back back back back on the road

We gave you a backstage pass
And put a bass in your ass
And then we go
Put a mackerel in your crackerel
But we gotta get backerel on the road
Get back back back backerel
Oh there's a plaice in your case but we gotta go
There's a starfish in your starfish, we gotta go
Gotta get going, gotta go
Put a fish in your tush
Fish in your tush
Gotta get back back back back back on the road
Gotta go back back
Gotta go back on the road

Thank you, London