

Highway Robbery

Handguns

Four years spent on the open road
I used to think that there was nothing left for me at home
With everywhere I've been and everything I've seen
This place finally feels like home to me

I'm living like an outlaw, nowhere to go
You can't take what I stole, it's now mine to hold
These yellow lines, they made me who I am today
Even though some might think I'm wasting my life away

Losing my mind on this twelve-hour drive
This van would be my grave if I died tonight
Always on the run, never slowing down
At it since I was young and you can't stop me now

I'm living like an outlaw, nowhere to go
You can't take what I stole, it's now mine to hold
These yellow lines, they made me who I am today
Even though some might think I'm wasting my life away

There's still something about the smell of gasoline
It fuels the fire to keep me going
Exit signs and highways lights
Long drives and late nights

I'm living like an outlaw, nowhere to go
You can't take what I stole, it's now mine to hold
These yellow lines, they made me who I am today
Even though some might think I'm wasting my life away