

(Beginning of What's About to Happen) Hwy 74

Kyuss

In the middle of the Highway,
As you ride down the road,
Just get that feeling,
It's all so black and bald.
And then theres my face,
When you're drivin the desert sand,
Well open my hand,
Well open up the land.

Yeah.

Well everyone now bring your car to me.
From the mother of earth to the depth of the sea.
Well dont raise any hand for me,
When ya na na na na need me.

Yeah.

In the middle of the Highway,
As you ride down the road,
Just get that feeling,
It's all so black and bald.
And then theres my face,
And a-drivin the desert sand.
Well open my hand,
Well open up the land.

Yeah.

Well everyone now bring your car to me,
From the mother of earth to the depth of the sea.
Well dont raise any hands for me,
no no,
When ya na na na na need me.

Yeah.