

18 miles road workers wanna slow us down  
The AM radio static and that old funk sound  
is playing. Pull up in this po-dunk town  
So now it's either eat McDonald's or don't eat a meal  
til tomorrow  
Countin yellow lines as we're skirtin past cops  
And the damn van smells like dirty ass socks  
Haven't talked to my girl on the phone since the  
weekend  
It's Wednesday today, so I know that she's cheatin.  
Female fans in the Simpleway(?) flatter me  
Cause all I'm really stackin is a kitchen-aid salary  
And I could use some triple A batteries  
My discman is dead, the loneliness haunts me, it lives  
in my head  
I don't wanna act that 'vay'  
So I try to take a nap backstage  
And get the rest that I have not found yet  
But right when I get comfortable they say that it's  
time to do soundcheck (Shit!)

[chorus X2]

I got 25,000 miles to go, before my system is back on  
cruise control  
Count those yellow lines! (So let's ride.)  
Count those yellow lines!

I gotta be on stage in 25 minutes  
But my girlfriend calls and says 'we need to visit'  
Man her voice just switched tones, she wants to break  
up but we can talk about it when I get home (click,  
gone)  
I'm on the verge of tears, my life is a mess  
I gotta try to suppress the nervous fear, it's like I'm  
possessed to persevere  
But man underneath the scenery, something keeps  
punching me repeatedly  
And everybody knew from the lit up stage  
I was trying to entertain with the wave of my pent-up  
rage  
I had my dj drop the needle  
But I felt like Don Flamingo, heartbroken  
And I could not hide it, it hurts to acknowledge it,  
But I was such a jerk to the audience  
I didn't even make the attempt to connect with the fans  
I just went outside, drunk, and slept in the van

[chorus]

The next day I'm on the way to Baltimore  
But what the hell is my big sister callin for?  
I answered, she told me she was calling to tell me  
To come home quick cause momma's not healthy  
Great, me and old girl failed each other  
Now I gotta go home to an ailing mother  
But first I gotta do like 30 more shows  
This is my life on the God-damn-road