

Off the Chain

The Lacs

Well, I slipped off to the carport on Sunday after church
And I cranked some rock 'n' roll, put the dank inside my bowl
Lit a spark up on the dark side where I wasn't supposed to go
And that preacher man's gonna know, but I just can't say no
To an old untamed mustang just itching to get gone
I 302'd the boss, said I'm taking Monday off
I ain't strung out on the shit and ain't derailed off the track
s
Just don't cross that line and make sure the line's fat

Oh, I, I'm not ashamed
Sometimes I'd like to find some cocaine
I get tired of living life good, so I ease towards the flame
And, oh, I'd like to get off the chain

I don't know what's left of me, these demons try to get the bes
t of me
Maybe it's just my destiny, another highway-to-hell recipe
Then I pour up a cold drink and I called up an old flame
And I'm feeling just like old Hank when I chop out that propane
That gas pedal sticks, I'm alone
Hearing voices in my head, saying, "Boy, get back home"
And I take it and own it and I don't try to flaunt it
Another come-to-Jesus moment, but when the pain comes, I'm a-
stoning

Oh, I, I'm not ashamed
Sometimes I'd like to find some cocaine
I get tired of living life good, so I ease towards the flame
And, oh, I'd like to get off the chain

Oh, I, I'm not ashamed
Sometimes I'd like to find some cocaine
Yeah, I get tired of living life good, so I ease towards the fl
ame
And, oh, I'd like to get off the chain
I said, oh, I'd like to get off the chain