Truck Stops and Tail Lights

Zebrahead

Hold on tight yeah this city makes you crazy Drive all night till the sun goes down And maybe we will leave this dead end town for good

The scene is getting old and always dragging me down And all the people who surround Are always taking shit now And these so called friends in this so called life Will cut you into shreds overnight

Gonna leave this town behind me No one's ever gonna find me This town will be the death of me I know No one's ever gonna find me I'm a prisoner of these dead end streets I know Oh oh oh

Don't look back Put your money where your mouth is Make a pact that we're never gonna break This just might be the last you see of me

On these dead end streets All the sorrows we drowned And all the friends that were down Are all long gone now And the so called truths Were just watered down lies Now there's nothing left to do but bail tonight

Pack up your bags and grab the moonshine Meet me out back at a quarter to nine In the rear view mirror we shrink the skyline Later to the takers cut them down to size Pedal to the metal and fuck the goodbyes