

# Indianapolis

## The Bottle Rockets

Got a tow  
From a guy named Joe  
Cost sixty dollars  
Hope I don't run out of dough Told me 'bout a sex offense  
Put him three days in jail  
Stuck in Indianapolis  
Hope I live to tell the tale Can't go west, can't go east  
I'm stuck in Indianapolis  
With a fuel pump that's deceased  
Ten days on the road now  
I'm four hours from my home town  
Is this Hell or Indianapolis  
With no way to get around Called my girl to tell her  
Of the trouble that I'd had  
First time I called her in ten days  
Guess that made her mad Far as she's concerned  
I belong in this Hoosier state  
Stuck in Indianapolis  
With no way to set things straight Can't go west, can't go east  
I'm stuck in Indianapolis  
With a fuel pump that's deceased  
Ten days on the road now  
I'm four hours from my home town  
Is this Hell or Indianapolis  
With no way to get around Sittin' in this bar  
Is gettin' more than I could stand  
If I could catch a ride  
Really think, I'd ditch this van Who knows what this repair will cost  
Scared to spend a dime  
I'll puke if that jukebox plays  
John Cougar one more time But If I ever leave here  
I hope never to return  
If I get that van back  
Man, the road, I'm gonna burn Right now, my future's in the hands  
Of the boys, down at Firestone  
Stuck in Indianapolis  
Feelin' all alone Can't go west, can't go east  
I'm stuck in Indianapolis  
With a fuel pump that's deceased

Ten days on the road now  
I'm four hours from my home town  
Is this Hell or Indianapolis  
With no way to get around  
Is this Hell or Indianapolis  
With no way to get around

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