

Indianapolis

The Bottle Rockets

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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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