# In the Van Again

## Shelter

Another year I here, unload the gear.
There a health food restaurant over there.
The sound check now but no one cares.
Hey what time are we on stage?
The trailer like a puzzle packed.
With T-shirts, drums, and all our crap.
We take it back.
It a science the third day.
Now we pack the gear, wee out of here.
It a 14 hour drive but no one sleeping.
Say your good-byes and then wee in the van again.
Relationships wee on the phone.
The autobahn our second home.
I know those roads, from Berlin to Rome.
Like 80 in the states.
And I love this city ad I love to stay but at 12 olock wee o our way.
Il be back again in early May 'cause we just got added dates.
Ie traded in the university for this back seat and poverty.
But this whole time I felt so free and learned more in the end.
And winter has passed but we made it through.
Don tell me about paying dues.
And if you paid, then youl know too.
youl end up doing it again and again and again.

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