On The Road Again

The Lovin' Spoonful

I woke up this mornin', looked around my four walls
And a dream told me you ain't happy at all
I packed up my bags, I took my last look and then
Look out, pretty mom, I'm on the road again

I'm on the road again
(Just as sure as you're born)
I'm on the road again
(Just as sure as you're born)
Look out, pretty mom, I'm on the road again

I ran home last night to get my dinner hot
I pulled on my door and found the door was locked
I jumped through the window and believe it or not
She had not even put my dinner in the pot

I've never been evil and I've never been sly
But if I sit some place and let the time roll by
I start to get restless, pack my bags up and then
Look out pretty mom, I'm on the road again

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