Hittin' the States

Toxic Lab Rats

Eight states, thirteen cities
Fifteen days of being wasted
Weâ€™re out here doing what we love
And we do it for you
From Kentucky to the city of rats
Kinda worried â€™bout Michigan
But BeMoâ€™s was a blast!
Weâ€™re out here doing what we love
And we do it for you

Hittinâ€™ the interstate in the middle of the night
/Crashed out, bombed out/
Hope our driver can get it right

Weâ€™re hittinâ€™ interstates
Weâ€™re hittinâ€™ bourbon shots
That Buffalo Trace kept me in the haze
Weâ€™re hittinâ€™ interstates
Weâ€™re hittinâ€™ whatever you got
Your White Dog made me puke at the parking lot

Hittin' Cleveland late afternoon
/Pirate's Cove/
And the fans are waiting
We're out here doing what we love
And we do it for you
Awesome crowd, awesome venue
And the size of the beer is just my taste
Weâ€™re out here doing what we love
And we do it for you

Hittinâ€™ the interstate in the middle of the night
/Crashed out, bombed out/
Hope our driver can get it right

Weâ€™re hittinâ€™ interstates
Weâ€™re hittinâ€™ bourbon shots
That Buffalo Trace kept me in the haze
Weâ€™re hittinâ€™ interstates
Weâ€™re hittinâ€™ whatever you got

Your White Dog made me puke at the parking lot

Woh oh oh Iâ€™m never gonna clean up that lot
Woh oh oh yeah I puked, so what

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Lyrics submitted by Toxic Lab Rats.

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