White Bread

El Buzzard

We're driving around coming to your town
This is the fifth time the van broke down
But we're on our way so you can see us play
We'll get there one dayWe're in Missouri, a place to dread
We're all living on white bread
Nothing's new, everything's been said
I want to go to bedWe're in Detroit ready to go
But no one's coming to see the show
How we're gonna get home, I don't know
$9 is all of our doeWe're in Las Vegas, a place to be
All our change is in the slot machines
It's about 125 degrees
I want to go to sleepWe're all living on white bread
I!
Want!
Bread!

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