

Fast Track

Corey Smith

He was born in West Virginia with a mountain in his yard,
had a dream and then he followed it away.
Ran to Tennessee, carried a guitar in his hand,
signed a record deal and thought he had it made.
Cut an album on "The Row" and then they ran it up the charts,
called him a renegade and made him grow a beard.
Went on an arena tour and did all the late-night TV,
got nominated for New Artist of the Year. He took the fast track to the tip-top. He took the fast track to the tip-top.
He took the fast track to the tip-top. Now he's looking for a slow train down. Smiling for the cameras flashing on his pearly whites,
oh, the lovely ladies thought he was the best.
They waited in a line. Oh yeah, he had 'em taking turns.
He was relishing the taste of his success.
Flew on a private jet, he had a brand new XLII,
rode in limousines instead of yellow cabs.
He never gave a second thought to how much everything would cost.
The label said they'd put it on his tab. He took the fast track to the tip-top. He took the fast track to the tip-top.
He took the fast track to the tip-top. Now he's looking for a slow train down. When the single ran its course, the label pulled the plug,
all the smoke and mirrors went away.
Now he's just another sucker out there looking for a gig,
drinking in a bar down on Broadway. Now he's back in West Virginia with a mountain in his yard,
wondering how it all could go so wrong.
He's almost out of money and his ego's getting bruised
and he thinks, "Maybe I should just try writing songs."
Now there's an idea. He took the fast track to the tip-top. He took the fast track to the tip-top.
He took the fast track to the tip-top. Now he's looking for a slow train down.

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