

A Road Song

America

We're still in Wisconsin
As far as I know
Today was Green Bay
And tomorrow's Chicago
Wish I was lying
But there isn't much to report
My phone is dying
So I've got to keep it short I just wanted to say
Hey, I've been writing you a road song
It's a cliché
But hey
That doesn't make it so wrong
And in between the stops at the Cracker Barrel
And forty movies with Will Farrell
I need some way to occupy my time
So I'm writing you a road song
I sure hope you don't mind I bought you
A light blue T-shirt last night
From some band
I couldn't stand but their logo is all right
Some kid threw a bottle on stage
He had an arm like a pro
I know it's getting late
I guess I should let you go But did I happen to say
Hey, I've been writing you a road song
Don't run away
Because, hey
I promise it won't be too long
And I know it's not what you'd call necessary
And I know that I'm no Steve Perry
And even if you roll your eyes and groan
I'm still writing you a road song
That you can call your own

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