

Tarkio Road (Re-Recorded)

Brewer & Shipley

Moving on down the Tarkio Road
Headed up to Crete, Nebraska
Trying my best to set the highway on fire
But my bicycle won't go no fasterTarkio Road is a mother
It's just like, oh, so many others
Well, the children reject you
And the police inspect youLooking inside the trunk
Under the hood, hoping to find
The secret places where you
Always keep your mind
Whoa, whoa, no, Tarkio RoadHaving a room or lying in jail
Learning 'bout the
Price of being free
Trying to live a constitutional life
But being held back by hypocrisyCarry the load, my brother
You're jost like, oh, so many others
Ooh, the children reject it
And the police inspect itYou're tied to the chair
Better cool it, bound and gagged
Is that the ways on the American flag
Whoa, whoa, no, carry the loadI'm singing Tarkio, Tarkio Road
Tarkio, Tarkio Road
Tarkio, Tarkio Road
Tarkio, Tarkio Road
If you're looking for some trouble
You can find it on the Tarkio RoadTwenty-four hours above our fence
Fifty-five years of pollution
Everyone knows how the puzzle was laid
But can anyone recall the solutionTarkio Road is a mother
It's just like, oh, so many others
Well, the people infect you
Well, they never elect youNo reason to cause that you
May have perfectly sound
The blind looker's gonna
Try to put it down
Woah, whoa, no, Tarkio RoadI'm singing again
Tarkio, Tarkio Road
Tarkio, Tarkio Road
Tarkio, Tarkio Road

Tarkio, Tarkio Road
If you're looking for some trouble
You can find it on the Tarkio Road

Songwriters
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patents pending.

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