

# 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 faster  
Tarkio Road is a mother  
It's just like, oh, so many others  
Well, the children reject you  
And the police inspect you  
Looking inside the trunk  
Under the hood, hoping to find  
The secret places where you  
Always keep your mind  
Whoa, whoa, no, Tarkio Road  
Having a room or lying in jail  
Learning 'bout the  
Price of being free  
Trying to live a constitutional life  
But being held back by hypocrisy  
Carry the load, my brother  
You're just like, oh, so many others  
Ooh, the children reject it  
And the police inspect it  
You're tied to the chair  
Better cool it, bound and gagged  
Is that the ways on the American flag  
Whoa, whoa, no, carry the load  
I'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 Road  
Twenty-four hours above our fence  
Fifty-five years of pollution  
Everyone knows how the puzzle was laid  
But can anyone recall the solution  
Tarkio Road is a mother  
It's just like, oh, so many others  
Well, the people infect you  
Well, they never elect you  
No reason to cause that you  
May have perfectly sound  
The blind looker's gonna  
Try to put it down  
Woah, whoa, no, Tarkio Road  
I'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

MICHAEL BREWER, TOM SHIPLEY Published by

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