

Christie Road (Produced by Andy Ernst)

Green Day

Staring out of my window watching the cars go rolling by
My friends are gone I've got nothing to do
So I sit here patiently watching the clock tick so slowly
Gotta get away or my brains will explode Give me something to do to kill some time
Take me to that place that I call home
Take away the strains of being lonely
Take me to the tracks at Christie Road See the hills from afar standing on my beat up car
The sun went down and the night fills the sky
Now I feel like me once again as the train comes rolling in
Smoked my boredom gone, slapped my brains up so high Give me something to do to kill some time
Take me to that place that I call home
Take away the strains of being lonely
Take me to the tracks at Christie Road Mother, stay out of my way of that place we go
We'll always seem to find our way to Christie Road
Mother, stay out of my way of that place we go
We'll always seem to find our way to Christie Road If there is one thing that I need that makes me feel complete
So I go to Christie Road, it's home, it's home
It's home, it's home, it's home

Songwriters

ARMSTRONG, BILLIE JOE/PRITCHARD, MIKE RYAN/WRIGHT III, FRANK EDWIN
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