

Down the Road

Kansas

I, I'm in a kind of foolish game I try to get rich quick
But I'm going insane
The kind of freaks that hang out on 42nd Street
They're all pimping Judy's and popping speed, well
It's a game of cat and mouse and I think it's got my soul
I think it's time for thinking 'bout a time to roll on
Down the road, so here I go Here come Big Mike, I kinda owe him some beans, well
He must be crazy, I guess that's why he's so mean
If I tell him I'm leaving, he would sure enough split my gut
'Cause he knows I sold to a sucker and I owe Big Mike a cut
But I'll slip him a twenty dollar bill till I get out of town
When I hit those white lines, I'm gonna be gone like a
Greyhound down the road, down the road, yeah It's a long, long road

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