

# Gig Bag Road

## Local H

I woke up on the rumble strip  
Now I'm in the passing lane  
We move at a comfortable clip  
Marching in the big parade  
Coming forth to carry me home  
Walking down the gig bag road  
I'm never gonna be pig food Oh, looking for a piggyback ride  
Marching in the big parade  
Where the saints choose their sides  
We're drinking the same Koolaid  
Ain't nobody want your soul  
Don't even want your rock and roll  
Looking for a way back home  
Walking down the gig bag road  
An act of mercy is an act of waste  
When you're bleeding through the nose  
I burned the pretty flowers in the sink  
I peeled the petals off the rose  
I woke up on the rumble strip  
Now I'm in the passing lane  
We move at a comfortable clip  
Looking for a way back home Looking for a piggyback ride  
Marching in the big parade  
Where the saints choose their sides  
We're drinking the same Koolaid  
Ain't nobody want your soul  
Don't even want your rock and roll  
Looking for a way back home  
Walking down the gig bag road Walking down the gig bag road  
Looking for a piggyback ride  
Marching in the big parade  
Where the saints choose their sides  
We're drinking the same Koolaid  
Ain't nobody want your soul  
Don't really want your rock and roll  
Walking down the gig bag road

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
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