Hit the Deck

GBH

Cruising down the highway,
Indianapolis bound.
The sun is out, shades are on,
But the gig still can't be found.
As we gaze out of the window,
See fields and barns float up.
A psycho in a beat up Chevy,
Got us in his evil eye.Hit the deck, hit the deck.
The gun I fear, not the redneck.He tried to run us off the road,
'cause we broke his law.
It's hard to say what gun he had,
I was lying on the floor.
Terror reigned, no need to panic,
Whizz Pig's at the wheel !
Stops the van in front of him,
Goes and strikes a deal... I'm just a poor boy, a long way from home.
Don't wanna' die here, I'm all alone.
If I ever get out of this place, get out of this jam.
Go home and die on the sanctuary of Birmingham.

Songwriters
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