

# Great Alaskan Ninja

## Silage

It's a hip hop number five  
Leaving our town  
Yes, we cover new ground  
As we head for mile five  
Sixteen motels  
Shaking their heads  
Man, my eyes are getting red  
Guess we sleep in the van  
Just another day of a traveling band  
"Driving across the land, kicking up sand"  
"Ten-fifteen on the I-17  
Someone's too much time  
Just leaked on the van  
It's weird on the bridge  
It's weird on the hill  
Yeah, there's always something weird  
Hives me something to tell  
My insides are losing control  
For now, but it's getting better  
Simple, lost, and...

Lyrics provided by  
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