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 vanJust 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 tellMy insides are losing control
For now, but it's getting better
Simple, lost, and...

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