

# Down the Road

## Kansas

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 pimpin' Judys and poppin' speed, well  
It's a game of cat and mouse, and I think it's got my soul,  
I think it's time for thinkin' 'bout a time to roll on  
Down the road Here comes Big Mike, I kinda owe him some beans,  
He must be crazy, I guess that's why he's so mean,  
If I tell him I'm leavin', 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 20-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

Songwriters

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