

# Are We There Yet?

## Bob Curnow's L.A. Big Band

I think that we're lost again and this looks like the shitty side of town. We're running out of gas and the sun is going... down... down... down. Time to turn around and start heading back in the right direction now, but my map is upside down. I just wanna make it to the show, but I don't think that we're gonna go. I can see the headline now... "Four punks found dead again... We know you don't care... but, film at ten. And, now on to sports." Things are looking bleak, everybody thinks that I'm a geek. We're hiding all our cash, my fingernails are digging in the dash. "Why didn't you ask for directions? What Cracker Jack box did you find your license in? You stupid piece of shit... I'll never ride with you again!" I just wanna make it to the show, but I don't think that we're gonna go. "Just pull over let me drive!" Everybody wants me dead. I think the club is up ahead. It feels good to be alive!

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