

# Eyes On the Road

Allday

Now I got the prettiest looker  
Slap her on the butt like gimme some sugar  
I don't know love but the feeling is right,  
We fuck until we think we know the meaning of life

Keep it in drive, eyes on the road  
I got nobody, all on my own

I can see my future and I think it is bright  
My parents keep saying a degree would be nice  
But, I tell 'em I don't need their advice  
I'm driving 'round town high beam on my lights

Keep it in drive, eyes on the road  
I got nobody, all on my own

It's no that easy to decide your pathway,  
Had to quit believing that this life's a party,  
If you want a wife she wants a guy with money  
Do you want me and my life with nothing?

[Hook:]

7 lonely dollars in my bank account  
Next months rent in major doubt,  
Drive around town playing take care loud  
With the windows down.  
All the windows down, all the windows down  
All the windows down, all the windows down

My parents keep giving me a telling off  
You're 21 already all that's in your head is rocks,  
They say maybe I should cut my hair short  
But, no no no, I don't care for it

Keep it in drive, eyes on the road  
I got nobody, all on my own

Fuck you, fuck that, I just wanna get across  
Everything is perfect right now, hope it never stops,  
'Till I'm on the radio and I'm on the telly  
And I'm living out these Happy Days like I'm Fonze

Keep it in drive, eyes on the road  
I got nobody, all on my own

Yes, I don't have a boss or a desk chair  
Just a room full of fans saying hell yeah,  
And a closet full of clothes that are threadbare  
All the windows are down I'm breathing fresh air

[Hook]

Fucking bottle of whatever mixed with O.J  
Homemade bong feel like a cake lord I'm so baked  
On the home straight tryna drive home straight  
Take a corner like I'm german made I don't break  
But I'm aussie made, golden grade Irish flesh

Cast iron heart that I possess tucked inside my chest  
Tired as heck dreaming of my fiery death  
If I don't explode my own skull I'll probably die of stress  
Beside myself like siamese all kinds of E's  
Inside my palm to find some ease or try at least  
I'd like to like the man I am just so I can breathe  
But the man inside of me we'll he's trying to leave  
It's funny coz they'll call this my lyrical flow  
The complexity of words it shits me though  
I know they're serious I'm growing weary though  
Fuck this verse, I'm nearly home, yeah