

A Road Song

America

We're still in Wisconsin, as far as I know
today was Green Bay and tomorrow Chicago
I wish I was lying but there isn't much to report
My phone is dying so I got to keep it short

I just wanted to say, hey
I've been writing you a road song
It's a cliché but hey
that doesn't make it so wrong

And in between the stops at the cracker barrel
And 40 movies with Will Ferrell
I need some way to occupy my time
So I'm writing you a road song
I should hope you don't mind

I bought you a light blue
T-shirt last night
from some band I couldn't stand
but their logo was alright

And some kid threw a bottle on stage
he had an arm like a pro
I know it's getting late
I guess, I should let you go

But did I happen to to say, hey
I've been writing you a road song?
Don't run away, 'cause hey
I promise it won't be too long

And I know it's time what you'd call necessary
and I know that I'm no Steve Perry
and even if you roll your eyes and groan
I'm still writing you a road song
that you can call your own