

Back On The Road Again

Bay City Rollers

Spend my life making out in a limousine
Checking out all the bars and the mezzanines
Won't someone throw me a line
Let me out let me make it this time
Cocaine, back on the road again.

Strung out in Boston, blown out of Maine
Another city but they all just look the same
Hand me down my backstage pass
Another gig and it's another blast
Cocaine, oh yeah.

Cocaine, back on the road again
Cocaine, back on the road again.

Another flight delayed, it's a drag, got the jetlag blues
Checking sound, sleeping round, union house, face in the news
Pack my bags and I'm on my way
I'm working out on a twelve bar day
Cocaine, oh yeah, back on the road again.

Cocaine, back on the road again
Cocaine, back on the road again.

Well, I've been out on the road and it seems like years
And it looks as if it ain't gonna end
LA on a Sunday, New York on a Monday
And I think I've got a touch of the bends
Won't someone throw me a line
Let me out, let me make it this time
Cocaine, aaah ...

Cocaine, back on the road again
Cocaine, back on the road again, aah ...
Cocaine, back on the road again
Back on the road again
Back on the road again.