

Think it's gonna snow
Think I'll stay home
The thought of goin' out
Sends chills down my back bone
Look round the house
Lookin for the past
I wanted too much more
and now look where I'm at
look where I'm at

When the sun will shine
and I can see the grass
bid you siyonara
and pack my tracks
look around the bars
check every show
just to reconfirm that it's my time to go
my time to go

Where's all the romance that I used to know?
I wanna fall in love again with the open road
the open road

Think I'm gonna stop
Think I'm gonna rest
Wicked man is tired
and he don't wanna jest
Get what I want
say what I can
I guess it's no surprise when I show up again
show up again

don't dig the food
don't want the drink
dry out in style
waste all my ink
I'm checkin out past noon
bill me if you want
it's my disposition as a wasteful savant
as a wasteful savant

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