

Down the Road

Kansas

I'm in a kind of foolish game, I try to get rich quick,
But I'm going insane,
The kind of freaks that hang out on 42nd Street
They're all pimpin' Judys and poppin' speed, well
It's a game of cat and mouse, and I think it's got my soul,
I think it's time for thinkin' 'bout a time to roll on
Down the road

Here comes Big Mike, I kinda owe him some beans,
He must be crazy, I guess that's why he's so mean,
If I tell him I'm leavin', he would sure enough split my gut,
Cause he knows I sold to a sucker, and I owe Big Mike a cut,
But I'll slip him a 20-dollar bill till I get out of town,
When I hit those white lines, I'm gonna be gone like a
Greyhound down the road