

Booze Cruise

Mad Caddies

we hit the road
we had ten hours left on our drive
level of sanity going out the window
who knows what lays ahead
and all i see is the endless headlights flying away
you're sick of me ???
i'm sick of you
this one through
to turn around to walk away
you'll be leaving
but i'll be here to stay
one way to go
the direction undetermined
rand mcnally goes flying out the window
with empty bottles and broken spirits
the endless headlights are flying away
when i was younger
i leapt at the chance
now that i'm older i wonder
if i had it to do all over again
would i do anything different
way too much time
and bullshit on my mind
i feel like i'm fallinf to pieces
the smoke surrounds your head
you don't wanna be there
i can hear you when you're falling