Rewind the clock
We were riding a wave of Oz rock
We were b-b-barely of age to take charge
Or pack our guitars for the long flight, she'll be right

No cash or plan
We were criss-crossing the States in some van
We were c-c-cooking up beans on the block
While the motor was hot
Something's gonna blow, let's get to the show

Give us half an inch we'll be tacking on a mile Give us a half stage we'll start up a rampage

Put on your backpack, throw out your road map God'll use anything, check it and see He's giving us more than we ever could ask for That's the way we roll 'cause we've been set free That's the way we roll 'cause we've been set free

Reset the stage

We were out rattling the cage with each show We were out hawking our shirts for more lights 'Til shine hit the brights and we saw your faces And we got new bassists

The good and the lame
We were spinning our drums like a dial
We were blowing up domes from a pile
It worked for awhile, if yours didn't rise we apologize

All we've got to give is a God given drive He keeps us moving, He keeps on proving

Put on your backpack, throw out your road map God'll use anything, check it and see He's giving us more than we ever could ask for That's the way we roll 'cause we've been set free That's the way we roll 'cause we've been set free

Lighten up, we'll lighten up the load at the starting gate We'll lighten up the load to a fighting weight We'll light up the road Come on kiss your mama goodbye, we gotta fly

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