We're driving around coming to your town
This is the fifth time the van broke down
But we're on our way so you can see us play
We'll get there one day

We're in Missouri, a place to dread We're all living on white bread Nothing's new, everything's been said I want to go to bed

We're in Detroit ready to go
But no one's coming to see the show
How we're gonna get home, I don't know
\$9 is all of our doe

We're in Las Vegas, a place to be All our change is in the slot machines It's about 125 degrees I want to go to sleep

We're all living on white bread I!
Want!
Bread!