

On the Road

Sunset Sons

Smell smoke, perfume, whisky and wine
And I'll drink down oh I'm even blind
Before the flesh starts to wrinkle my brain
I love the way the ghosts call my name
Hit a brick street 'til we pull up too
A massive of thoughts have cleared into few
My hang is poured right straight through the crown
Haha, well that's how you know

Baby I'll be on the road
Honey, I ain't coming home
Honey, I ain't coming home
I'm gonna be on the road
Honey, I ain't coming home
Baby, don't call my phone
Ain't come home
Ain't come home
I'm gonna be on the road

I'll never leave morning, I'm feeling bad
This two piece chain is driving me mad
Pick up my bang went straight for the door
Forgot to get the girl on the floor
Laughing cross the sign to rain
The formal motive filled with a grain
Stoy and George go rough through the car
Haha, we love going far

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