

## 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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