All towns have a place
Where decent drivers are not safe
Where traffic law is touch and go
Where the posted limit does not bind
And half the drivers seem to blind
And the other half is stupid, whoa, whoa, whoa

Well Billy-Bob and Bobby-Sue And little Jimmy-Jerry and Betty-Boo All know it's dangerous to go Down on Idiot Road

Down on Idiot Road they drive real fast
They never put their signal on when they want to pass
They cut you off as they talk on their cell phones (Down on Idi
ot Road)
Granny's doing thirty on the passing lane
The tailgater behind you got his bumper on your brain
Where people think that stop means go
Down on Idiot Road

The guy beside you picking his nose Starts running you off the road You give him a honk and he gives you the finger So you swerve into the passing lane But the idiot is doing the same And your turnoff's coming up, whoa, whoa, whoa

So a three lane change you try to pull When some guy on a bicycle Puts his spandex butt where you need to go Down on Idiot Road

Down on Idiot Road they drive real fast
They never put their signal on when they want to pass
They cut you off as they talk on their cell phones (Down on Idi
ot Road)

Granny's doing thirty on the passing lane
The tailgater behind you got his bumper on your brain
Where people think that stop means go

Down on Idiot Road Down on Idiot Road Down on Idiot Road Down on Idiot Road