We jumped onto the van, had this job to do
The other night quite far to go
Put the pedal to the metal, let the engine rattle
Just headin' for the very next show
We smelled like a bar, hung over in the car
Just tryin' to get a little bit of sleep
But Russ just said "Boys it's beer o'clock"
No quitters on the highway to hell

Let the cigarettes burn, the booze go round The radio's playing our favourite sound

Rodeo Radio - no MTV all the more Rodeo Radio - no more no less, yearning for Rodeo Radio - we want Rodeo Radio ...

Well, the party in the van just started to boil We still had one hour to go
When a cop-car passed and they pulled us out
And a little fat sucker just started to shout
"We don't like you kinda folks around here,
So you better hit the road, fuck off"
So we payed our bill, put the pedal to the metal
Did the mooning when we drove off

Let the cigarettes burn, the booze go round The radio's playing our favourite sound

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We arrived at the club quite late that night
The whole crowd's waiting for us to start
We played a rock'n'roll show way out of control
Kicked asses and the girls kept fainting in the first
row

The party backstage just blew our heads off
Wished that we could have a day-off
But no way, next gig's quite far to go
So we hopped into the van, put the pedal to the metal
We smelled like a bar, hung over in the car
Just tryin' to get a little bit of sleep
But Guss just said "Boys it's beer o'clock"
No quitters on the highway to hell

Let the cigarettes burn, the booze go round The radio's playing our favourite sound

Rodeo - no MTV all the more
Radio - no more no less, yearning for
Rodeo - no Viva shit all the more
Radio - no more no less, yearning for
Rodeo - no MTV Dating Shows
Radio - no Ringtones for the phone
Rodeo Radio - we want Rodeo Radio

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