

I've been so many different places
But i still ain't seen a thing
Ten thousand miles straight own these thin white dotted lines
My eyes are starting to sting
We travel small town to big city to play our favorite dives
These are probably going to be the best days of our lives

So here we go, back on the road again
And wish me well, I've got no soul left to sell
Although we may not have very much to show for it now
At least we have these stories to tell
Yeah we're definitely going to hell

We've been stranded in the desert
Even had a broken heater in the cold
We're always waiting for another night to fall
These driving day, they seem so long
Well these times ain't always easy
And our moneys running dry
These are probably going to be the best days of our lives

So here we go, back on the road again
And wish me well, I've got no soul left to sell
Although we may not have very much to show for it now
At least we have these stories to tell
Yeah we're definitely going to hell

So here's to far off places
Here's to the dotted line
And here's to pretty faces
We leave so far behind
Good friends we won't forget
And This Prison cell we drive
These are probably going to be the best days of our lives

So here we go, back on the road again
And wish me well, I've got no soul left to sell
Although we may not have very much to show for it now
At least we have these stories to tell
Yeah we're definitely going to hell

We been on tour forever
And this van it fucking smells
We're definitely going to hell