

The Turnpike Down

The Lemonheads

I'm lost in the see-through.
Pane always needs a bath.
Between a want and a need to,

Butterscotch streetlamps mark my path.
{Play verse chords}
My country was of thee
Now why'd you have to leave
How'd this come to have to pass
Butterscotch streetlamps mark my path

Mark my path, mark my path down.
Mark my path, mark my path down.
Mark my path, mark my path down.
Mark my path, mark my path down.