

# Down The Road

Ugly Duckling

I got my lab coat on, lookin for an elixir  
Gathering ingredients, put em in the mixture  
The fixture in makin all the music we do  
is lookin at the same thing from three points of view

Like the Leaning Tower of Piza or the pyramid in Giza  
We stand grand and without comparison, seize the day  
The same way that Humphrey Bogart did the "Maltese  
Falcon," except it's our album that's the art piece

I scatter matter with the lyrics that come  
Off the tip of my tongue  
and by matter I mean visions

Words I woo like a Montague would do a Capulet  
And you can bet that my rap Erector Set is arisen

Headin down the road is everyone's main task

Pick a direction at the intersection, step on the gas

+ (Andy Cooper)

Can I elaborate Andy? (Man, serve some English muffins)  
Well, let me get the butter knife (Go head Dizzy Dustin)

+ (Andy Cooper)

In the land of the blind the man with one eye is king  
You gotta have the bait to get the bite  
Keep your ear to the ground to hear the train leavin town  
Before you get me wrong, get me right  
Set sail through the gale, I gotta keep it moving  
Till it smoothens and rides just like a fahrvergnugen  
Others try to beat you by bending the law  
Talkin smoother than a man with (Gauze in his jaws)  
But I can leave your racetracks full of thumbtacks  
So on the final lap you have to hit the pit to fix the flat  
And who can you really trust  
Are you going my way on the information superhighway  
I'm Jonny Quest at his best, obsessed  
With the idea of knowing everything and nothing less  
Which means Dizzy Dustin's gonna head due north  
Down the road, but it eventually forks

\*Young Einstein scratches and cuts "Down the road"\*

It don't stop now, it don't stop  
It can't stop now, it can't stop  
It don't stop now, it don't stop  
It can't stop now, it can't stop

I was weeping like a weeping willow  
On my sleeping pillow one night  
Looking for direction in the labyrinth called life  
Cause I can't fight without a strategy  
and comradery means a lot to me  
But people don't wanna have to be  
stressed and depressed on my account

And self preservation is what living's about  
But when I'm down and out like a pass route  
With no friend, I tend to feel assed out  
Is it just me or am I the oddity?  
Do I need a lobotomy to make it on this odyssey?  
I mean, you try to be cool and let people come close  
But they hurt me and desert me when I need them most  
Out in the cold with no igloo, I play Yahoo  
And get serious, which I hate to do  
And it's true, if I would've stayed off the path of trouble  
I wouldn't have to struggle, but now all I can do I pray  
Now I have faith, but not in men in pulpits  
Often the culprits who are shaping and manipulating  
Parables and miracles into their mold  
Take your own look down the road

\*Young Einstein scratches and cuts "Down the road"\*

We're gifted, and we're going far -- > Milk

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"Alright, are we ready for some hip hop, everybody?"