

# On the Road

Voltaire

On the road  
It gets so lonely  
Far away from home  
Every night I cry myself to sleep  
I cry a river of tears  
And I lie in this bed  
And wish that you were here.

9 AM, there's a call on the phone  
My agent says "I know you're not alone.  
Kick the girl out, son,  
There's a car outside  
To take you to the airport."  
12 PM, I'm on the plane  
The stewardess smiles,  
'Cause I remembered her name  
She asked, "Where're you going?"  
And I told her:  
"Honey, you should know that it's all the same."  
The suit to my left, he gets all riled,  
He says: "You're lucky that your life is wild."  
And I said: "Hey Man,  
That's just what it's like being on the road."  
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4 PM, I'm at the club  
Checking sound in a dingy pub  
Then it's back to the room  
Where I drink some wine  
And take a nap in the tub  
12 AM, I hit the stage  
The place is packed  
And they're on a rage  
I finish up with a lovesong,  
Standing in the middle of a rain of thongs  
Curtains closed and I hit backstage  
I said "You better not be underaged!"  
To the girl on my lap while  
Everyone's taking their tops off  
Everyone's taking their tops off  
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Naked girls throw themselves at you  
And you do things you never thought you'd do  
All the champagne that you can drink  
Man, it stinks, I tell you, it sucks

Being on the road.  
4 AM, There's a knock on the door  
The afterparty is in the room next door  
Willie tells me that  
Hank drank all of the beer,  
But they're bringing more.  
That's about when I hear the scream,  
It's the girls from the pagan bikini team  
They're undressed to kill  
I hear they're rabid fans  
And they aim to please  
Johnny says that the party's wild,  
I say "I'll be there in a while.  
As soon as I finish writing  
This stupid postcard,  
Writing some girl this postcard."

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And I lie - lie - lie - lie -lie -  
Lie - lie - lie - lie - lie - lie  
On the road.