

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.