

## Truck Stops and Tail Lights

Zebrahead

Hold on tight yeah this city makes you crazy  
Drive all night till the sun goes down  
And maybe we will leave this dead end town for good

The scene is getting old and always dragging me down  
And all the people who surround  
Are always taking shit now  
And these so called friends in this so called life  
Will cut you into shreds overnight

Gonna leave this town behind me  
No one's ever gonna find me  
This town will be the death of me I know  
No one's ever gonna find me  
I'm a prisoner of these dead end streets I know  
Oh oh oh

Don't look back  
Put your money where your mouth is  
Make a pact that we're never gonna break  
This just might be the last you see of me

On these dead end streets  
All the sorrows we drowned  
And all the friends that were down  
Are all long gone now  
And the so called truths  
Were just watered down lies  
Now there's nothing left to do but bail tonight

Pack up your bags and grab the moonshine  
Meet me out back at a quarter to nine  
In the rear view mirror we shrink the skyline  
Later to the takers cut them down to size  
Pedal to the metal and fuck the goodbyes