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## On The Road

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Smoke hangs limp in the air,  
Like a shroud on a dead man's grave,  
And the smell of the stale beer,  
It sticks to your clothes and you know.

①. Your back on the road,  
With the boys in the band,  
Travelling around,  
On our one night stands.

Ever tried dipping some chips in the beer,  
And biting the lobes on some girls ear,  
Running your hand across her chest,  
Saying good bye as the day draws near.

①.