

# Badlees, Middle of the Busiest Road

(alexander/naydock)

dreamed a misfit came a calling days at a time  
a malcontent from the look alike ball and she was mine  
she said, "take all preconceptions, tie 'em if you have to with a bow  
leave 'em proud and prominent in the middle of the busiest road"

a stripper picked me up one night down at the "hideaway jewel"  
she just wanted breakfast talk, she was working her way through school  
talked about her boyfriend and her second full semester overload  
she said, "some days I feel like I've been thrown in to the middle of the busiest road"

and I'm riding, only riding

a wreck out on the interstate and I got out to look  
flares, blood and cassette tapes, broken glass by a trivia book  
trooper said she never felt a thing as far as real trauma goes  
two strangers hold a requiem in the middle of the busiest road

and I'm riding, only riding, yeah I'm riding

I'm gonna start a talk show on a local am station  
one in danger of going dark and I'll pay 'em compensation  
five thousand watts of power freeing tales of happenstance untold  
eventually I'll be toll free to the dwellers of the busiest road

and I'm riding, only riding, yeah I'm riding, only riding