

Bouncing Souls, Here We Go

We were riding north to Chicago on route 65
we'd played the first show on a tour of 45
limey Shawn and Bryan rode in the truck 16 miles away
me Shal Pete and Lamar thumbed down the ramp of exit 158
the smell of farm and diesel fuel it burned in the 3:00 sun
16 miles to the garage with a bottle of water and our thumbs.
Dead bottle caps buds and birds we passed
on the way who's gonna pick up 4 punks in Indiana on Sunday

here we go!
"the diagnosis wasn't good" is what Don the Ford guy said.
Stuck in Indiana for a week cuz the bus was dead.
24 hour White Castle 25cent refills for a while we know
what to do with no money riding down the jewel
of the denial. Loaded with our sleeping bags we hitched a ride to town
we ran into some punky kids bought some beers
they showed us around under a bridge by the river
we got drunk and sang clash songs we were saved just
in time by the Sonic Iguana here we go!.