

Lynyrd Skynyrd, Outta Hell In My Dodge

(Randall Hall, Johnny Van Zant, Ed King, Robert Johnson)

Five a.m. in the mornin', whiskey still runnin' through my head
I could get out of bed and maybe I'll just have another cigarette
As long as I can remember seems all I've ever done is work
The boss is a jerk and I ain't payin' the rent
Spent my whole life shovelin' dirt

[Chorus:]

I'm gonna get outta Hell in my Dodge
Can't take this anymore
Gonna go downtown pick up my girl
There ain't nothin' worth waitin' for
Take the road less traveled
Spend my life behind the wheel
Gonna get outta Hell in my Dodge
Freedom made out of steel

There's a knock on the door from the Sheriff
Askin' me where I was last night
Seems somebody lookin' a lot like me
Had takin' up with his wife
He said son if I ever catch him
There's gonna be some hell to pay
He'll be gone for good if I see him again
'Cause I just might blow him away

[Chorus]

What's a poor man supposed to do
Stuck in the middle and trapped by the blues
Baby, I'm sick of these blues

I'm gonna get outta Hell in my Dodge
Can't take this anymore
Gonna go downtown pick up my girl
There ain't nothin' worth waitin' for
Well I Don't care if I'm wrong or right
Gotta split this town tonight
Gonna get outta Hell in my Dodge
Live my life behind the wheel
I'm Gonna get outta Hell in my Dodge
My freedom made out of steel