

# Mad Caddies, Booze Cruise

We hit the road  
We had ten hours left on our drive  
Level of sanity going out the window  
Who knows what lays ahead  
And all I see is the endless headlights flying away

Your sick of me  
I'm sick of you  
Let's pull off and just talk this one through  
To turn around  
To walk away  
You'll be leaving but i'll be here to stay

One way to go  
The direction undetermined  
Rand McNally goes flying out the window  
With empty bottles and broken spirits  
The endless headlights are flying away

Your sick of me  
I'm sick of you  
Let's pull off and just talk this one through  
To turn around  
To walk away  
You'll be leaving but i'll be here to stay

When I was younger  
I leapt at the chance  
Now that I'm older I wonder  
If I had it to do all over again  
Would I do anything different  
Way too much time  
And bullshit on my mind  
I feel like I'm falling to pieces  
The smoke surrounds your head  
You don't wanna be there  
I can hear you when you're falling

Your sick of me  
I'm sick of you  
Let's pull off and just talk this one through  
To turn around  
To walk away  
You'll be leaving but i'll be here to stay