

Stan Ridgway, Back Towards Diamond Bar

A yellow moon hung low in the sky
The snake will crawl, the raven fly
And guilty hands will grip the wheel
Keep on the road, no skid or peel
And then I drove right down the road
I saw myself in a cloud of dust
I wanna drive, I wanna drive
With a trunkload of sin
I don't know the mess I'm in
The mess I'm in

I wanna fly high in the sky
Look right into the red bird's eye

I'm goin' east, I'm flyin' west
North and southccyou take the test
In a rear view mirrorcccheck for « red and tin »
I don't know the mess I'm in
The mess I'm in

I got a trunkload a' trash and tar
And I've been drivin' down that road
Back towards diamond bar
Diamond bar...
Diamond bar...
Diamond bar...