

The Arrogant Worms, Life On The Road

The life of the artist may seem like fun to you
That's cause you don't know the hell that we go through
Waking up at noon working an hour every day
And every now and then having to go on tour and play
But it is almost worth it when we finally appear
At the best place in the world, insert your town name here

Me and my comrades
Are rock n' roll nomads
So hot we might explode
Or get really sweaty, that's life on the road

We do it for the children and for the elderly too
And 'cause we really, really, really, really like you
And we do it for the money and 'cause we're slobs
Who are unqualified for any paying jobs
While you're working nine to five spare a thought for us
As we're sitting watching DVD's on our fancy bus

Getting a massage
From our masseuse, Lars
I'm developing a roll
From all this rich food, that's life on the road

Life on the road (I think it's time for my afternoon nap)
Life on the road (where the hell did I put that map)
Life on the road (sometimes it's hard to find a good salad)
Life on the road (and that's why we're singing this power ballad)

We can try to tell you but you'll never understand
The hell of being wealthy and having lots of fans
So we hope you're happy putting us through hell
Because of you we get to stay in really nice hotels
We sacrifice ourselves bringing joy into your lives
And to sell this crap we've got for you to buy

Stealing toiletries
From the room before we leave
Then to another town we go
After a continental breakfast, that's life on the road
Life on the road
It's hot and it's cold
Like pie a la mode
There's no life like it, life on the road