

Allister, Westbound

Driving through nights on empty roads
Hoping the clubs promote our shows
Wasting days in endless naps
Finding new ways to fill the gaps

Another word game with the band
Another losing rummy hand
Another night slept in the van
I'm forced awake again in time to take the stage
And as my dream world fades another takes its place
I look into the crowd and see myself through stares
Back when I hoped someday I'd be the one up there

Reading to save our numbing minds
Meeting new friends we'll leave behind
Lay on the loft and trace the stars
Start the day in no ones arms

Another night without a sell
Another meal at Taco Bell
Another story I can tell