

Da Vinci's Notebook, The Big Chair

The road is hard
The road is long
I drive to fast
The wind blows strong
I try to tie it down
It still flops around
My chair, my royal throne

It's all I got
It's not a lot
To show for the years
And the fight we fought
She paid the bill
I miss her still
But this chair, is all I own

I suck, I suck
I move the big chair in the little truck
My luck has gone away
Big chair and little truck

Got no T.V.
But I am free (Be free like a bird)
And freedom tastes
Like reality (This realities breaking my mind)
When we split apart
It freeze dried my heart
But this chair, is mine alone

I want to stop
I'm about to drop
I'm going eighty-five - Look out!
There's a cop
I think I might
Get to my new home by night
I wonder, should I phone?
(Ha-ha-ha-ha!)

I suck, I suck
I move the big chair in the little truck
My luck has gone away
Big chair and little truck

Mexican radio
Seven rest stops to go
I've got my clothes and my dignity
And a great comfy symbol to show:

I suck, I suck
I move the big chair in the little truck
My luck has gone away
Big chair and little truck

You know I suck, I suck
I move the big chair in the little truck
My luck has gone away
Big chair and little truck

You know I suck, I suck
I move the big chair in the little truck
My luck has gone away
Big chair and little truck
(He sucks)