

Saga, So Good So Far

We're on the bus, we're lost again
We shot the driver in the head
We found ourselves in old San Juan
The fire brigade had to cool them down
The key won't work, kicked down the door
Room numbers right, but it's not my floor
We're in Quebec on a bumpy road
Jake was airborne in the mobile home

Chorus:

Close your eyes and picture this

This is who we are

I sat down and made a list

So good, so far

We bought a saw at Mobile One

It's hard to check in with handcuffs on

In Caracas we came too soon

We found a mummy in our dressing room

One day we lost one hundred grand

It cost that much just to play Milan

I found my face in Bild Zeitung

It's not my car and I'm not that dumb

Repeat Chorus:

They carved a hole straight through the wall

The only way to get in the hall

An open air, the crew backed up

Never sleep under a ten ton truck

Repeat Chorus:

We stopped the bus and blocked his car

Does he still wonder where his keys are?

It's time to eat, here comes the crew

A fire extinguisher clears the room

We're on our way to the show

Do we need guns in our limo?

What goes up must come down

We needed more, so we stuck around