Silage, Great Alaskan Ninja

It's a hip hop number five Leaving our town Yes, we cover new ground As we head for mile five Sixteen motels Shaking their heads Man, my eyes are getting red Guess we sleep in the van

Just another day of a traveling band " Driving across the land, kicking up sand "

Ten-fifteen on the I-17
Someone's too much time
Just leaked on the van
It's weird on the bridge
It's weird on the hill
Yeah, there's always something weird
Hives me something to tell

My insides are losing control For now, but it's getting better Simple, lost, and...