

# The Guess Who, One Way Road To Hell

Nothing much left to say at social gatherings  
Nothing much left behind from the time before  
Got to learn about losing and pushin' your time  
And trying just a bit too hard

You're on a one way road to Hell  
You're on a one way road to Hell  
With every step that you been taking now  
You're finding out you can't turn around.

Working like the Devil at my desk all day  
Wishing that my paperwork would fly away  
I got a paper clip holder and my desk is clean  
Woe wo wo wo wo wo wo is me.

Nothing much left of faith in the Martian industry  
Genuine coon skin cap was the prize before  
Got to learn about selling and pushin' your luck  
And trying just a bit too hard

You're on a one way road to Hell  
You're on a one way road to Hell  
And the deeper that you're diggin' now  
You're finding out you can't turn around.

Punching lovely buttons for my family  
And, if I might add, quite unregrettably  
I've got a friend who's a Doctor and my blood is clean  
Dip dip dip dip dip hooray for me.

You're on a one way road to Hell  
You can't turn around  
What you gonna do  
You're on a one way road.  
&lt;/lyrics&gt;

== Credits ==

\* Composers: Burton Cummings/Bill Wallace