

Voltaire

"On The Road"

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On the road it gets so lonely
Far away from home
Every night I cry myself to sleep
I cry a river of tears
And I lie in this bed
And wish that you were here.

9 AM, there's a call on the phone
My agent says "I know you're not alone.
Kick the girl out, son,
There's a car outside
To take you to the airport."

12 PM, I'm on the plane
The stewardess smiles,
'Cause I remembered her name
She asked, "Where're you going?"
And I told her, "Honey, you should know that it's all the
same."
The suit to my left, he gets all riled,
He says: "You're lucky that your life is wild."
And I said, "Hey man,
That's just what it's like being on the road."

It gets so lonely
Far away from home
Every night I cry myself to sleep
I cry a river of tears
And I lie in this bed
And wish that you were here.

4 PM, I'm at the club
Checking sound in a dingy pub
Then it's back to the room
Where I drink some wine
And take a nap in the tub

12 AM, I hit the stage
The place is packed
And they're all a rage
I finish up with a love song,

Standing in the middle of a rain of thongs
Curtains closed and I hit backstage
I said "You better not be underaged!"
To the girl on my lap while
Everyone's taking their tops off
Everyone's taking their tops off

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Every night I cry myself to sleep
I cry a river of tears
And I lie in this bed
And wish that you were here.

Naked girls throw themselves at you
And you do things you never thought you'd do
All the champagne that you can drink
Man, it stinks, I tell you, it sucks
Being on the road.

4 AM, there's a knock on the door
The after party's in the room next door
Willie tells me that
Hank drank all of the beer,
But they're bringing more.
That's about when I hear the scream,
It's the girls from the pagan bikini team
They're undressed to kill
I hear they're rabid fans
And they aim to please
Johnny says that the party's wild,
I say "I'll be there in a while.
As soon as I finish writing
This stupid postcard,
Writing some girl this postcard.

On the road
It gets so lonely
Far away from home
Every night I cry myself to sleep
I cry a river of tears
And I lie - lie - lie - lie - lie -
Lie - lie - lie - lie - lie - lie
On the road.

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