

Arsonists Get All The Girls "Tourtasia"

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We pull up and we're fucked again
These roads are full of sin
And to find one so compassionate
Unless they've been on what we call a Tourtasia
It's what will make you into a drink hard to tank
Different towns but it's the same old places
Nothing is different it's just all the same
Broken down again but it's nothing new
I can't wait to sleep in my own bed
By way of the van
We drive our own compassion
This is the end of the road
Turn around again
We missed another freeway exit
Sleep creeps on us all
Make thousands of u-turns
Face it we need another stop
Grasping for each other's throat
Instead take it out on the road
It was meant for this
We make all the cash we can
It's not as much as some
That's right, we make the best of it just to have fun
Even though we get screwed
I wouldn't trade this for anything
Fact is we love what we do
Even sometimes we feel
Treads from the stampede over head
Tourtasia footprints embed our skulls
This is our life
How many more weeks to go?

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