Incognito
"On The Road, Pt. 1"

Visit "On The Road, Pt. 1" on MotoLyrics.com

(J-P. Maunick / G. Sanctuary / J. Kerouac)
A broken man, bottle in his hand
Wishes he could stop the voices in his head
He walked the line, till the line got so fine
He didn't even know he'd fallen on the other side

One minute hot, the next you're not
And the world that you know becomes a stranger
tomorrow
Just like the man with a bottle in his hand
Who wishes he could stop the voices in his head

So we travel on the road
And we don't know where we're coming from
We travel on the open road
And we don't know where we're going to

I know a man eyes always closed
Lost in his dreams, where it all came to pass
Up on a stand, like Dizzy and the band
Where the beat always drops and the music never
stops

There came a day when he finally awoke
To find the line broke and his dreams all sailed away
I know a man, bottle in his hand
Wishes he could stop the voices in his head

So we travel on the road
And we don't know where we're coming from
We travel on the open road
And we don't know where we're going to

It's the beat generation, it's BE-AT,
It's the beat to keep, it's the beat of the heart,
It's being beat and down in the world,
And like old time low-down, and like in ancient
civilisations,
The slave boat men rowing galleys' to a beat, and
servants spinning pottery to a beat
The faces!
There's no face to compare with Jack Mingus who's up

on the bandstand now
With a coloured trumpeter who out blows him wild and
dizzy
But Jack's face overlooking all the heads in smoke
He has a face that looks like everybody you've ever
known
And seen on the street in your time
Sweet face, hard to describe, sad eyes, cruel lips,
expectant gleam
Swaying to the beat, tall, majestical
Waiting in front of the drug-store, swaying to the beat

Visit Incognito page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.