

Jungle Rot

"Awaiting The End"

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Mississippi moonshine's got me doubled over laughing
in pain
back at the Chevron the chicken wings made you feel
just the same
That bucket of bayou that licked you like a 5 pound
block of salt
I through it to the puppy that was yappin' on the hot
asphalt
The wisest word I ever heard was written on that
bathroom wall
in the mississippi river greasy spoon in southern
Arkansas
skimming 'cross the scrawl of the underground elite
retorts
I see a beacon to the traveler paraphrased sweet and
short

CHORUS

A word to the wise
a breath to the philosopher
a hand to the devil
a gift to the masses
whatever you do don?t
whatever you do don?t
whatever you do don't take my advice
Mister blister burning on the fumes of a day hard
earned
a bullet through the blue highways 'till the whole damn
world is turned
we're driving and we're driving until driving it don't feel
real
but it's so easy all you do is get some sleep behind the
wheel

Take a second to reflect on a peculiarity
every stop we've made has shared a certain similarity
there are juices and there's candies and there's sodas
of all brand names
but the message on the walls from town to town has
been the same

CHORUS

Permanent marker with a fat tip
scratch off the paint with a dime

grease up the mirror with some lipstick
a revolution is not a crime
Finally before my eyes there it was for me to see
at a truck stop in the lonely hills of eastern Tennessee
I'd tell you how I felt if I could but I just can't
When I happened on that bathroom with a fresh coat of
paint
CHORUS

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