

## **Kansas**

# **"Down The Road"**

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I, I'm in a kind of foolish game I try to get rich quick  
But I'm going insane  
The kind of freaks that hang out on 42nd Street  
They're all pimping Judy's and popping speed, well  
It's a game of cat and mouse and I think it's got my  
soul  
I think it's time for thinking 'bout a time to roll on  
Down the road, so here I go

Here come Big Mike, I kinda owe him some beans, well  
He must be crazy, I guess that's why he's so mean  
If I tell him I'm leaving, he would sure enough split my  
gut  
'Cause he knows I sold to a sucker and I owe Big Mike a  
cut  
But I'll slip him a twenty dollar bill till I get out of town  
When I hit those white lines, I'm gonna be gone like a  
Greyhound down the road, down the road, yeah

It's a long, long road

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