

Cherry Bombs

"On The Road To Ruin"

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Strange Woman . . .
Strange Bed . . .
Thor's hammer poundin' in my head
Six straight double shots of high-grade single malt
And my mouth is tastin' dryer than table salt (a popcorn fart)

Yeah, but I know what I'm doin' . . .
I'm on the road to ruin

Monday mornin' . . .
Last Friday night . . .
Well I had the feelin' everything was alright
Here I am in trouble with the love of my life
Hopin' she don't cut me with no butcher knife

I got brownie points a-cruin' . . .
I'm on the road to ruin

[Piano solo]

Sun blindin' . . .
Teeth grindin' . . .
Ears burnin' . . .
Stomach turnin' . . .
Well, Summer's commin' and the winter's gone
Here I am still sleepin' with my blue jeans on
Well I had it goin' till I lost my job
Now I'm out here casin' out some joint to rob

Baby's needin' shooiin' . . .
I'm on the road to ruin

[Guitar solo]

Sirens blarin' . . .
Neighbors starin' . . .
Judge's gavel . . .
Well, I come unraveled . . .
Well, I've been rollin' downhill since I was ten
My Les Paul livin's going to do me in
I can't get this roller-coaster rifle to a stop

'Cause when I hit the bottom I'm right back on top

Big ideas a-brewin . . .

Well I'm on the road to ruin

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