

Loudon Wainwright Iii "Road Ode"

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(On the road again,
Paying my back taxes, road again)

Well you walk into the room and switch on the TV,
And there's Phil Donahue or Oprah Winfrey,
And suddenly you don't feel so lonely.
Even though you're out on the road.
Open up that drawer and there's that bible,
God's honest truth, but you're not liable to use it you
prefer myth and libel.
That's 'cause you're out on the road.
There's baby shampoo, no you're not sloby,
Losing your toothbrush is your hobby.
Lucky they sell that stuff in the lobby.
Lucky that you're out on the road.

Out on the road, out on the road.
You're Willy Lowman, and you're Tom Jode.
Vladimir and Estragon, Kerouac, Ghengis Khan.
Out on the road, out on the road.
'Keep on going' is your creed and code.
It's a different way of life, it's a whole other mode.
Living out on the road.

Well you're packin' 'em in so we did ok,
But the people from the record company didn't pay.
So there's no percentage, though it looks that way.
Man, it's funny when you're out on the road.
It's your fault, you didn't draw,
There was a item in the paper that nobody saw.
When business is bad then there ought to be a law
against you out on the road.
There's people to avoid, places to miss.
Backstage access, who need this?
The club is a toilet when you gota' take a piss in the
sink when you're out on the road.

Out on the road, out on the road.
You're Willy Lowman, and you're Tom Jode.
Vladimir and Estragon, Kerouac, Ghengis Khan.
Out on the road, out on the road.

That's where your wild oats were sowed.
You start out a prince and you end up a toad.
Living out on the road.

Room service is a trick, rarely a treat.
So you go for a bite that can't be beat,
But how many patty melts can one man eat when he's
eating out on the road?
A cat eats a fish, a dog eats a bone,
Out on the road, a man eats alone,
Time to reflect and to atone for his sins out on the
road.
Runnin' through airports at 43 is ok for OJ but not for
me,
With a hernia, a bad back and a bum knee and a guitar
out on the road.

Out on the road, out on the road.
You're Willy Lowman, and you're Tom Jode.
Vladimir and Estragon, Kerouac, Ghengis Khan.
Out on the road, out on the road.
The flight's been canceled, you should have known,
The airport is your new abode.
Living out on the road.
(Let's go!)

When it's time to come back to reality, you're roadsick
and you're half crazy,
So you fit right in quite naturally, home from out on the
road.
Back to see family and friends, and to face the music
and to make amends,
But coming up for air, you can get the bends,
In from out on the road.
Open that bag, go on, expose it,
Open that window, hold your nose, it's eight weeks
worth of dirty cloths.
In from out on the road.

Willy Nelson has a bus, and a sound man he can kick
and cuss, and a road manager to make a fuss,
Willy goes out on the road.
A roadie carries his guitar, and in that bus is a VCR, well
Willy deserves it, he's a big old star,
Willy goes out on the road.
So Willy goes out for weeks at a time, makes a ton of
money, it's a life sublime,
But for me it's punishment and crime. Why do I go out
on the road?

Out on the road, out on the road.

I'm not Willy Nelson, I'm Tom Jode.
Vladimir and Estragon, Kerouac, Ghengis Khan.
Out on the road, out on the road.
'Keep on going' is your creed and code.
But if you keep on going, you're going to explode.
Living out on the road.

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