

Murs

"Road Is My Religion"

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[Intro] Yeah, and this one right here is dedicated to all the road warriors To everybody who got to go out on the road every year to make they money the spring and the fall. The 45 city tours We in Idaho one night and Portland, Oregon the next day Up in Anchorage Alaska and then Australia for three weeks It's like this... [Verse One] I got my bags packed Backpack sittin' by the front door Ipod, lab top, socks and drawers The stuff that you need when you're out on tour Home for one month then gone for two more I'm a rolling stone that's gathering green Cause my poems is known for packin' in teens And from Show to show I'm glad to be seen But my home is home I'll lackin' that steam But on the real I got some bills to pay My cable just got shut off the other day Voicemail, got a million messages to play Homies and the haters got a whole lot to say And oh, I just love it because my life's so public My business is in the streets and they think nothing of it And no I'm not complainin' I'm a keep campaignin' Till I reach my goal or I go insane [Chorus: x2] The road is my religion I'ma keep on sinnin' Hope to God I'm forgiven for the way that I'm livin' The woes and the women and the wheels keep spinnin' Still I won't be forgiven for the way that I'm livin' [Verse Two] I'm on a Delta Continental American flight And I won't be long so you know I pack light But still I might miss and the way that I kiss you Gotta know that I love you cause I left my heart with you The night before I leave for a couple of weeks Hear you cryin' in your sleep Taste the tears on your cheek It's sweet but it's bitter The emotion that it triggers Makes me miss my woman and her home cooked dinner I wish I never had to leave Perform for these crowds with my heart on my sleeve But you still believe And they say you naive So I gotta keep the faith with every breath that I breathe It needs to be said that it's just not easy Every night different city, different women want to please me I keep it true and I walk on through Say my prayers and go to sleep after talkin' to you [Chorus] [Verse Three] Standin' at the truck stop watchin' this Redneck truck drivers look at me and spit I'm like This is it? This is the life that I chose? A hundred days at

home Two hundred days on the road But I guess I'm
addicted Because I really start to miss it Don't know
what I'm chasin' but I know I gotta get it It ain't about
fame or a couple of dames Or a million different faces
with a thousand different names It ain't about praise or
the hands being raised To me it just a job and I'm glad
that it pays And when the road starts to call in the
spring and the fall If I don't holla back then my skin
starts to crawl And when I get that itch I gotta pack my
bags Dress up or go home Hotels and jet lag Can't lose
my religion cause it's all that I have I keep runnin'
worldwide till I run out of gas [Chorus] [Outro] I'm so so
sorry. To each and every girl I didn't call back after we
spent the night together. But you're beautiful I love you.
Man, you don't know about me. Mr. Dibbs!

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