

The Grownup Noise

"One Way Road To Hell"

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(Cummings/Wallace)

Nothing much left to say at social gatherings
Nothing much left behind from the time before
Got to learn about losing and pushin' your time
And trying just a bit too hard
You're on a one way road to Hell
You're on a one way road to Hell
With every step that you been taking now
You're finding out you can't turn around.

Working like the Devil at my desk all day
Wishing that my paperwork would fly away
I got a paper clip holder and my desk is clean
Woe wo wo wo wo wo wo is me.

Nothing much left of faith in the Martian industry
Genuine coon skin cap was the prize before
Got to learn about selling and pushin' your luck
And trying just a bit too hard
You're on a one way road to Hell
You're on a one way road to Hell
And the deeper that you're diggin' now
You're finding out you can't turn around.

Punching lovely buttons for my family
And, if I might add, quite unregrettably
I've got a friend who's a Doctor and my blood is clean
Dip dip dip dip dip hooray for me.

You're on a one way road to Hell
You can't turn around
What you gonna do
You're on a one way road.

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