

## The Trews "Dark Highway"

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laid out sunday morning  
trapped inside your bed  
the blues came without warning  
i crept inside your head  
dope sick, hot head lady  
listless and confused  
baby you aint pretty  
you sure aint front page news  
get off the dark highway  
that roads a losers game  
if you feel my pain  
you dont need it  
get off the dark highway  
tel me whats your story  
traveling gypsy queen  
are you seeking allegory?  
by trying the obscene  
hazy observations  
staring at the wall

crazy conversations  
that mean nothing at all  
get off the dark highway  
that roads a losers game  
if you feel my pain  
you dont need it  
get off the dark highway  
how long till i get over  
how long till i get back  
i know your mind aint sober  
ive got you pegged  
get off the dark highway  
that roads a losers game  
if you feel my pain  
you dont need it  
get off the dark highway

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