

# The Notorious 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' shoooin' . . .

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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