

The Dead Milkmen

"40 Miles Of Bad Road"

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I've crossed the line
I've bent the rules
Home of the brave
Red, white, and blue
I've fought the fire
Running through my head
Stood by and watched
Believed in what they said

I'm 40 miles of bad road
A riverbed of potholes
I know, I know, I know where
The money goes
Down a shaft of ratholes
Lowered by my ankles
Where dear dogs lie in the
Afterglow

I've walked the cage
I've been in cuffs
I've done the time
Enough is enough
I know my rights
Know when I'm wrong
But nothing seemed to matter
Until you came along

I've wrapped my wounds
I've closed my eyes
Escaped to nowhere
Turning back the tide
I asked the sage
What it's gonna take
To get out of jordan
With everything at stake

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