

# Rhythm Train

## "Road to nowhere"

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Melody: Urs Odermatt

Words: Urs Odermatt, Sandro Valente

We're cruisin' down, the road to nowhere  
With a '59 Starchief car  
The bass on roof, in trunk the guitars  
The amplifiers and the steel

On the seat a six pack beer, and a bottle Jack  
The air smells strong from cigarette smoke  
The Radio plays loud, a Hank Williams song  
We are not crazy, we are the Rhythm' Train  
We're cruisin' down, the road to nowhere  
With a '59 Starchief car

The tank is empty, the wheels are hot  
Behind the hill the sun goes down  
We have to stop, at the old gas station  
For gasoline and drink some wine

On the seat a six pack beer, and a bottle Jack  
The air smells strong from cigarette smoke  
The Radio plays loud, a Hank Williams song  
We are not crazy, we are the Rhythm' Train  
We're cruisin' down, the road to nowhere  
With a '59 Starchief car

We eat a steak, and drink good wine  
We don't know how to pay the bill  
But there's no problem, the waitress says  
Oh boys get up and play a round

We picked the strings, the whole night through  
A stranger says I like your songs  
Boys come with me, let's make a record  
We going down to Nashville Tennessee

On the seat a six pack beer, and a bottle Jack  
The air smells strong from cigarette smoke  
The Radio plays loud, a Hank Williams song  
We are not crazy, we are the Rhythm' Train  
We crusin' down, the road to nashville

With a '59 Starchief car

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