

Ash Bowers

"Stuck"

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Collar's wet on the back of my neck and the sweat, it
burns my eyes.

Day in, day out, it's all the same on this hot assembly
line.

I watch the hours of my life get chewed up by that
clock.

I'm gonna lose my mind if I don't find a way out of this
box.

Stuck in a rut, stuck in this town, stuck in a job that's
keepin' me down.

I need to get these boots out of the mud.

It's time to roll on, get in a groove,
pull up the stakes and make me a move.

A spin of the wheel is bound to change my luck, I ain't
stayin' stuck.

I'm gonna take every dollar that I made out of that
farmers bank.

Make one last stop at the Tiger Mart and fill up that
thirsty tank.

Gonna find a road to a new zip code, they can kiss my
hotel lights.

It's never too late to start again, I've wasted too much
time.

Stuck in a rut, stuck in this town, stuck in a job that's
keepin' me down.

I need to get these boots out of the mud.

It's time to roll on, get in a groove,
pull up the stakes and make me a move.

A spin of the wheel is bound to change my luck, I ain't
stayin' stuck.

I'm a little burnt out, a little ticked off.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, sometimes Sunday.

Stuck in a rut, stuck in this town, stuck in a job that's
keepin' me down.

I need to get these boots out of the mud.

It's time to roll on, get in a groove,
pull up the stakes and make me a move.
A spin of the wheel is bound to change my luck,
I ain't stayin', I ain't stayin' stuck.

No, no, stuck.

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