

Mustapha Tettey Addy

"Load In, Play, Load Out"

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My back still hurts from sleeping on the floor,
Only made ten bucks after splitting the door,
We drive eight hours, play, then drive a few more,
It's crazy, I've never been so poor.

Meanwhile, I'm tired and I wanna go home.
Seems like I spent the whole year out on the road.
We drive, the days feel like they're passing so slow.
Week five, three or four thousand more miles to go,
'Til I can go home. I miss you, its so hard for me to
hang up the phone.
Why's it have to be so fun yet miserable?

A measly five dollars is my whole per diem.
Don't think I'll make the drive to Michigan.
Find the nearest Walmart, pull off, sleep in the van.
I'm Starving. Will this tour ever end?

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