

backroad

I was driving home on the backroad
I was trying to keep my profile low
If they tracked me down in calamassus town
God knows what I would have blown

In the headlights on the horizon
I saw a fox on the side of the road
Poor little fella must have had a full header
With a semi on a heavy load

Out on the backroad
In the headlights
Bet you never knew your future
Could shine too bright
Where there's no law there's no crime
You won't meet no Mr. Bigtime
Laying low
Out on the backroad

As I drove the car a little closer
I saw the fox he was still alive
Poor little fella in pain I could tell
By the look in his two blue eyes

I couldn't let the little guy suffer
I just couldn't drive on that night
I reversed the car on the cold black tar
And lined up my wheel just right

Out on the backroad
In the headlights
Bet you never knew your future
Could shine too bright
Where there's no law there's no crime
You won't meet no Mrs. Bigtime
Laying low
Out on the backroad

Later that night the strangest dream came to me
I dreamed I saw the ghost of Jim Morrison
He was floating high above the gates of la pere lachaise
and the strangest thing about the whole affair
was I was the only one there
and that ghost had the very same eyes as the fox

He said get up get out make something of yourself
And if you don't like you go be someone else
But don't be a slave to the money and the drugs
And wind up waiting tables in the 27 club
See we all got it wrong back in the 'summer of love'
That was just a bumper sticker someone made up
To sell plastic souvenir mugs at the Woodstock hotel

CHORUS

