

Same old, same, going nowhere
Need a brand new in front of me
Don't need no map, no need to pack
And don't care much if we back
Sitting still just wasn't meant for me
Some folks just straight and narrow
Turns out that life ain't right for me
'Cause every time we cross state lines
The we find on the other side
Always seems to twist up twice as green
Well, it's high time you and I got rollin'
Some else we just gotta be
That beat up van I you thought was stolen

Looked like hell but felt like to me
Strummin', thumpin' on the dashboard
Purple haze..... it hard to see
Two rear-view dice, three friends of mine
And bald tires still rollin' right
Taste of 's all we need (hey)
Eagles got us to California
Beach boys got us surfin' on the sea
We got stoned goin' up to Colorado
And couldn't see the for the trees
Better take a picture
'Cause, baby, I can betcha that
We won't be 'round here for long

We won't be 'round here for long
Freedom keeps movin' on
Stoppin' off and take it slow
Top it off when we get low
Only..... that this can last
If you got ass, the grass or gas
Clappin', tappin', get your groove on
Front seat drums and back seat harmonies
When we drive by your side
Stick out your thumb if you need a ride
No one knows just where this will lead
Well, it's high time you and I got rollin'