



Stoned Dog Express

Two cool dudes,
In an old Dodge truck.
Picked me up that night,
I was down on my luck.
My tired feet sore,
From walking nowhere.
The drizzling rain,
Dripping down my long hair.
Junk in all corners,
Just find sitting room.
Gas needle on empty,
It's running on fumes.
A bottle of mad dog,
Two joints of good bud.
Our vision is fading,
Our eyes full of blood.
Blank instrument panel,
The least of our gripes.
Rain pouring down,
The wipers won't wipe.
But we're gonna get there,
If it kills us all.
Providing the engine,
Don't putt to a stall.
So look out you suckers,
We're comin' thru.
The stoned dog express,
In lane number two.