

Heading down the highway  
California, get high  
I can see the long road behind me

Dressed so tight, Saturday night  
Mr. Scarecrow, hit the lights  
All the pretty girls want a good time

Never gone away  
Lost in the bathrooms of my waste  
It's piled up inside  
Somebody knocking at the door

One, one, one, nine

Heading down the highway  
California, dreams of big time  
Horror business

Beautiful brown eyes  
Blue eyes, green eyes, her eyes

Dressed so tight, Mr. Saturday Night  
Hollywood scarecrow loves to fight  
All the pretty girls want a good time

Never gone away  
Lost in the bathrooms of my waste  
It's piled up inside  
Somebody knocking at the door

One, one, one, nine

Comatosed and skeletons  
Crimson pearls of decadence  
Searching for the arrogance  
To get me through the innocence  
Hanging rainbows storm clouds loom  
Witches shelter laugh and boom

I can still hear the music  
Can you still hear the music

A thousand miles left to go  
Magic breaths of grimple smoke  
Pumpkin seeds of fading time  
Always us, one, one, one, nine