

Freeway To Hell

The Hellacopters

I'm the stray dog, I'm the hunchback
I'm the freak across the street from you
Like a roach on my ceiling
Watching everything I do

Don't you tell me or even care
I'm glad if you don't give a damn
I can do without your paranoia
And your opinions about who I am

About the way I wear my clothes
About the way I wear my hair
About the way I smoke my dope
About things that I just don't care

I've been lost I've been weary
I've been skull and crossbone blue
Getting outta here yeah I'm leaving
I won't be no steppin'stone for you

Hitch a ride, run if I have to
Down a freeway of flames
Into the dark by the crossroads
I've paid my dues, I won't take the blame

Headin'down the crossroad
I'm gettin' out of here

And I don't even care
Outside of society