

Tobacco Road

David Lee Roth

I was born in a trunk.
Mama died and my daddy got drunk.
Left me here to die alone
in the middle of Tobacco Road. Growin' up rusty shack,
all I had was hangin' on my back.
Only you know how I loathe
this place called Tobacco Road. But it's home, the only life I ever known.
Only you know how I loathe Tobacco Road. Gonna leave, get a job
with the help and the grace from above.
Save some money, get rich and old,
bring it back to Tobacco Road. But it's home, the only life I ever known.
Only you know how I loathe Tobacco Road.
Bring that dynamite and a crane,
blow it up, start all over again.
Build a town, be proud to show.
Gives the name Tobacco Road.

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