

I've Done My Time On Maple Drive

Don Henry / Bill Lloyd

My bags are packed, hotdog, I'm gone today
To dust the dirt of Nowheresville away
Traveling the ends of the earth
To justify this lovechild's birth
Paroled and paid my time on Maple Drive

I'm flyin' by the fortune of a song
With only love and luck to fall back on
I'm a great big automobile
Gliding over elysian fields
And far away from life on Maple Drive

An immortal young man with a big masterful plan
That he's holding like a hand grenade
To avoid those men who never pull the pin
Til their lives are swallowed in the shade

I'll cry 'bout life & death & graves & storks
And laugh at every road that bumps and forks
If I succeed or I fail my life will be a fantastic tale
To tell someday to the tribes on Maple Drive

Copyright © Sony/ATV Songs LLC dba Tree Publishing Co./Peanuts &
Crackerjacks Music (BMI) / Warner-Tamerlane Publishing Corp./Def Heffer Music
(BMI)