

# Munly & The Lee Lewis Harlots, Old Service Road

He shoved me inside his government truck,  
The color of a bruise.  
He drove a country mile outside of town,  
Said get out boy, and that's what I did do.  
I walked over to that sign;  
It read the Old Service Road.  
He had his window up tight shut,  
When I asked "hey mister where does it go?"

He mouthed "you don't, you don't want, you don't want to know.  
"You don't want, you don't want, you don't want to know.  
"You don't want, you don't want, you don't want to know.  
"Go down now, the Old Service Road."

He left me with a tire iron, instructions,  
And a list of names.  
And I was left to guard that road,  
In that service I did remain.  
I stuck the list to the back-side of the sign,  
'Cause that list it held the name of my brother.  
I used the iron as a baseball bat,  
And when the rocks hit the sign,  
It made the sound of forever.  
I thought to re-arrange the list,  
To knock them letters round,  
But the front still read the Old Service Road,  
And on the backside my brother's name I still found.

Well I don't want, I don't want, I don't want to know,  
I don't want, I don't want, I don't want to know,  
I don't want, I don't want, I don't want to know.  
Go down there, the Old Service Road.

A hand-built two-seater come down the service road;  
The driver avoided my eyes.  
He was a mix-skin of Mexican descent.  
he opened the window shy.  
I tapped my iron 'gainst his metal car.  
I went giddy at the sound of forever.  
Un-shyly out the window leaped a dog,  
And to the dog I applied the traits of my brother.  
It slunk on over to the sign,  
Let loose and made the sign its own.  
I scanned the list for some sign of a dog,  
But there was now only my brother's name alone.  
I scratched off his name, said goodbye Argos,  
And the dog went down the Old Service Road.  
Shyly out the window the Mexican said  
(something mix-skin that don't translate)

You don't want, you don't want, you don't want to know,  
You don't want, you don't want, you don't want to know,  
You don't want, you don't want, you don't want to know,  
Go down there, the Old Service Road.

You don't want, you don't want, you don't want to know,  
You don't want, you don't want, you don't want to know,  
You don't want, you don't want, you don't want to know,  
Go down there, the Old Service Road.