

There's no tomorrow (*a march or cowboy metal?*)

He's drivin' too fast/ got a beer in his hand
A gun in his lap, five speed in the other
Ten gears , little finger / on the wheel
Good thing the road is / straight as an arrow

*Going as fast as the rig can run
Patrol cars will never catch him
Never see the gun in his lap
Or the six-pack beside him*

They set a trap at the next station
He knows something's wrong pulls off the highway
Opens a spigot 100 gallons more
relieves himself and hits the road

*He's running from a past/ Hasn't got a future
He's heading for Chicago
Going as fast as the rig can run
Patrol cars will never catch him*

He won't make it when it's due
Pushes the rig until it's smokin'
Tires burn he crushes toll booths
No sleep – doesn't matter now.

Chorus

No more beer, no need for fuel
Eyes straight into the morning sun
Parade of sirens, hears them crying
There's Chicago there's no tomorrow