

Dyin' in the Highway

By Ben Townsend

You can go your own way; you can say another day I'll accept Jesus as my Savior;
You can do your own thing, you can buy yourself a ring and put it in your nose for flavor;
You can paint your hair pink, or maybe let it stink; put a Mohawk on each side;
But you'll be wakin' down the road, struttin' like a toad; you'll be hit by a Mack truck
and die.

Chorus: You won't accept Him as your Savior;
You won't do yourself a favor, neighbor,
You won't believe that there's a payday;
You won't go to heaven; you'll go the other way.

You'll be lyin' in the road, cryin' I am cold, and dyin' in the middle of the highway;
Cars whizzin' past, your blood oozin' fast, Rigamortis settin' in, in your right leg;
You'll be wishin' you were there for Wednesday night Prayer, but your brain is already
fried;
'Cause you were walkin' down the road, struttin' like a toad; you were hit by a Mack
truck and died.

Chorus: You won't accept Him as your Savior;
You won't do yourself a favor, neighbor;
You won't believe that there's a payday;
You won't go to heaven; you'll go the other way.
You won't go to heaven; you'll go the other way.