

## Vita

### "High Plains Drifter"

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Cuz I'm the high plains drifter, and I'm the drifter  
The high plains drifter, and I'm the drifter  
They can't find me they're never gonna catch me  
They're never gonna know that I'm the high plains  
drifter

Pulled over to the river, to take a rest  
Pulled out a pair of pliers pulled a bullet out of my chest  
Fear and loathing 'cross the country listenin' to my 8-  
track  
I reached behind the seat and snatched a Kool from  
the pack  
I'm long-distance from my girl and I'm talking on my  
cellular  
She said that she was sorry and I said yeah the hell you  
were  
check the rear view mirror check the gold tooth display  
check the odometer and I was on my way

Cuz I'm the high plains drifter the best that you can get  
A strapped shoplifter a pirate on cassette  
Bust a Travis Bickle when I feel that I'm getting pushed  
Don't step to me cuz you could be gettin' mushed

I'm doing 120 plowin' over mailboxes  
Radar detector to tell me where the cops is  
Spend another night at the Motel 6  
It's five dollars extra to get the porno flicks  
And then I concoct a black and tan in my brandy snifter  
I'ma kleptomaniac K-mart shoplifter  
Cash flow gettin low so I had to pull a job  
Found a nice place to visit but a better place to rob  
I left the car outside and the engine still revving  
Time to take care of business at 7-eleven  
And the I went inside to make my withdrawl  
I saw what he had had but I had to take it all  
Knuclehead deli tried to gyp me off the price  
So I clocked him on the turban with a bag of ice  
Cuz I mellow like Jell-O cool like lemonade  
I made my get a way and then I thought that I had it  
made

I feel like Steve McQueen, a Former movie star  
Looked in the rear view mirror seen the police car  
Ballentine quarts with the puzzle on the cap  
I couldn't help to notice I was caught in a speed trap  
Dirty Mary Crazy Larry on the run from Dirty Harry  
Stash the cash in the dash, but my gun I did carry  
I'm seeing blue and red flashing deep in the night  
I got my alibi straight and I pulled over to the right  
The cop knocked on my window and said Boy, where's  
the fire?  
You got a mailbox on your bumper and a bald front tire  
"Outta the car longhair!" Your goose is cooked  
Read me my rights fingerprinted and booked

Making like a DT, driving a grand fury  
Wherever I hang my hat's my home and my past is kind  
of blurry  
Every dog has his day mine will be in front of a jury  
High plains drifter you know that I'm never in a hurry

Read me my rights as if I didn't know this  
Threw me in the tank with a drunk called Otis  
With his 5 o'clock shadow he smelled of 3 day old beer  
My man turned to me and said, "Why are you here?"  
I said I'm charming I'm dashing I'm rental-car bashing  
I'm phony-paper passing at Nick's Check and Cashing  
I went before the judge he sent my to the Brooklyn  
house of D.  
He said, "You behave or we'll throw away the key"  
Houdini'd out the cuffs, kicked the screw in the knee  
I took the Bailiff's wallet and went straight to OTB  
I had a good feeling easy come easy go  
I bet on one horse to win and another and so  
And sure enough, that nag came in  
Brought my ticket to the window and collected my win  
And I broke into my new car with a wire coat hanger  
Hot wired hot wheeled and, "Suzy is a headbanger"

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