

Volbeat

"The Wild Rover Of Hell"

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Driving the highway with nothing to do
Future fading away
The stereo pumping Metallica tunes
Ride the lightning, oh yeah.
The car might be stolen, my clothes smell like dirt
Born to ramble and play
Play with the fire, drunk in denial
Always in for a fight

I've been in the dark side (of) town
They are bringing me in
they call me The Wild Rover of Hell.
I'm fighting for nickels and a dime,
for the rules I always break
See all the blood I've spilt, I'll still be the hunted.

Stitching my wounds like Rambo, for fanden
Damage complete and done
Some had the better, and some had the worse
Walk a mile in quicksand
Spending the last bucks on whiskey and beers
Oh how clever i am
The dice keeps on tumbling, my will still unbroken
But how long will it last

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They are bringing me in
they call me The Wild Rover of Hell.
I'm fighting for nickels and a dime,
for the rules I always break
See all the blood I've spilt, I'll still be the hunted.

I'm fighting them all big or small, my friend
Just show me the dollars
I end up losing it all again
Repeating the story

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