

SUX**"a fist full of gutar picks"**

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a brand new band rode into town
they moved in down the street
they're staying at the johnson ranch
they've been there for a week
now, we don't take too kindly
to strangers in these parts
someday there'll be a showdown
to prove who's band is boss

(ch)
you think your band is tough
we'll blow you off the stage
well, we got news for you
your band is through

last night at rehearsal
in the middle of a song
they drove their dusty tourbus
right straight across our lawn
you can curse at us in anger,
talk trash behind our backs
if you start messing with our songs
you're gonna get a smack

we charged out of the basement
with instruments in hand
now we knew there'd finally be
a battle of the bands
we charged right through our setlist
they never stood a chance
they ran away like wildfire
and were never heard again

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