

Beastie Boys

"High Plains Drifter"

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The High Plains Drifter, and I'm the drifter
(Cause I'm a High Plains Drifter, drifter)
The High Plains Drifter, and I'm the drifter
(Cause I'm a High Plains Drifter, drifter)
They can't catch me they're never gonna find me
(Cause I'm a High Plains Drifter, drifter)
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 the bullet out of my
chest
Fear and loathing across the country listening to my 8
track
I reached behind the seat and snatched a Kool from
the pack

A long distance from my girl, and I'm talking on the
cellular
She said that she was sorry and I said "yeah, the hell
you were"
Check my rear view mirror, check the gold tooth
display
Check out the odometer and I was on my way

'Cause I'm the High Plains Drifter, the best that you can
get
A strapped shoplifter, a pirate on cassette
(Cause I'm a High Plains Drifter, drifter)
Bust a Travis Bickle when I feel that I'm getting pushed
Don't step to me or you're gonna get mushed
(Cause I'm a High Plains Drifter, drifter)

I'm doing 120 plowing over mail boxes
Radar detector to tell me where the cops is
Spend another night at the Motel 6
It's five dollars extra get the porno flicks

And then I concoct a Black and Tan in my brandy
snifter
I'm a kleptomaniac, K-Mart shoplifter
Cash flow getting low so I had to pull a job

I found a nice place to visit but a better place to rob

I left my car outside, and the engine still revvin'
Taking care of business at 7-eleven
And then I went inside to make my withdrawal
I saw what he had had, but I had to take it all

Knucklehead deli tried to gyp me on the price
So I clocked him off the turban with a bag of ice
Cause I'm mell-el-o like jell-el-o, cool like lemonade
I made my getaway and then I thought that I had it
made

I feel like Steve McQueen, a former movie star
Look in my rearview mirror seen a police car

Ballantine 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, said "Boy, where's the
fire?
You've 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

Makin' like a D.T. driving a Gran Fury
Wherever I hang my hat's my home and my past is kind
of blurry
(Cause I'm a High Plains Drifter, drifter)
Every dog will have its day, mine will be in front of a
jury
I'm the High Plains Drifter you know that I'm never in a
hurry
(Cause I'm a High Plains Drifter, drifter)

Read me my rights, as if I didn't know this
Threw me in the tank with a drunk called Otis
With his five o' clock shadow, he smelled of three 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 Nix Check Cashing

I went before the judge he sent me to the Brooklyn

House of D

He said "You behave son or we'll throw away the key"
Houdini'd out the cuffs, I 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 to show
And sure enough that nag came in
Brought my ticket to the window and collected my win

And then I broke into my new car with a wire coat
hanger
Hot wired, hot wheeled, and Suzy is a headbanger

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