

Clutch "Drifter"

Visit "[Drifter](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Who's that drifter
on the side of the road
on the side of the ro-o-o-oad
I recognize him
in a dirty old robe
dirty old robe, dirty old ro-o-o-obe
let's go lift him
wherever he goes
wherever he goes he goes he go-oes
no more drifter
on the side of the road
on the side of the ro-o-o-oad
he climbed into
my big black truck
my big black tru-u-u-uck
he poured water
in a wooden cup
in a wooden cup
in a wooden cu-u-u-up
evil forces
he said to me
he said to me
he said to me-e-e-e
caught my good scent
and on my heels
and on my he-e-e-eels
I will fight them
whenever I can
whenever I can I can I ca-an
with a smile
I will give my life and fight them on the other side

If you see a halo at least wave as you pass by it on the
road

cause that would be the drifter
well on his way
well on his wa-a-a-ay
we pulled into
a Flying J
a Flying J-a-a-a
there we both shared a piece of pizza pie

a piece of pizza pie
a piece of pizza pi-i-i-ie
where you headed
I asked him
I asked hi-i-i-i-im
New York City
he said to me
he said to me
he said to me-e
if you take me he went on to say
he went on to sa-a-a-ay
I will give you
the map to the beyond
the map to the bey-ond
sounds like a good deal
he paid the tip we both jumped up and got back in
if you see a halo at least wave as you pass by it on the
road

we stopped to sleep
in east Tennessee
and he took the time to go out and he
did a quick jig
on top of a hill
and when he returned
he slept for a spell

Cross Bronx expressway
at a quarter to four
quarter to four
quarter to fo-ur
was a vendor
selling cordless phones
cordless phones
cordless pho-ones
drifter bought one
for ten dollars
ten dollars
ten dolla-a-ars
made a phone call
it went a little like this
it went a little like thi-i-i-is
on my way now
and will be there soon
and will be there so-o-o-on
bring my wet suit
and my good tapshoes
and my good tapsho-o-o-oes
not the old ones
that hang upon the wall
hang upon the wa-all

but the new ones
in the silver case
in the silver ca-a-a-ase
then he hung up
and chucked it out my truck
chucked it out my tru-uck
Central Park West
I paid a price to park
I paid a price to pa-ark
mighty o-bliged
then he winked at me
then he winked at me-e-e-e
what about the parking
I yelled at him
I yelled at hi-i-i-im
oh I forgot
go to the Poconos
go to the Poconos

Visit [Clutch](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.