

Clutch "Rock N Roll Outlaw"

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In the north they call us rebels, in the south they call us
Yankees

Because every other suckers born to do the hokey-
pokey

With the skillet lickin' time keepers

The grinnin' reapers of a missionary rock star

You can rock it like sir Sisyphus

But even in it's genesis it's really quite ridiculous

'Lectro hobo, so now you know

Not to clock the weeble wobble hot rod gang, revelator
big bang

You can't hang with the heavinesses hung

Among the houses of the rising tongue

S'no fun to crack the axles but its gotta be done

'Cause whenever you wobble the weebles you know
they get ticked-off

And in the season of bol-we evil speaking evil in your
ear

And a pile of manure fertilizing all your fears

We yabba-dabba-doo all the way to Shangri-la

Here it is with the rock 'n' roll outlaw

Where rock is criminal, criminals rock

Where rock is criminal, the criminals they rock

Where rock is criminal, criminals rock

Like this

Hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw

I'm a rock 'n' roll outlaw

Hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw

Yeah

So you can rock it like sir Sisyphus

But even in it's genesis it's really quite ridiculous

'Lectro hobo, so now you know

Not to clock the weeble wobble hot rod gang

Yeah, yeah

Hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw

I'm a rock 'n' roll outlaw
Hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw

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