

Flashlight Brown "Ready To Roll"

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I got a 20-sider on call

I got the real world blinded
Midnight, torchlight down in the haunted cave
Get some platinum the D.M will turn the page

We may not know any girls
But we have graph paper guiding our way
We got confusion, delusion
And all of Friday night to kill

Check out my thief he's got the black shield

Check out my sickly cave tan
Lawful, evil a moral catastrophe
Half-orc, full dork; the myth and reality

We may not know any girls
But we have graph paper guiding our way
We got confusion, delusion
And all of Friday night to kill

Pick up the phone the pizza's still late

Pick up from where your mule died
Go to the tavern have a few beers

Pick up an Elvin bar whore
We may not know any girls
But we have graph paper guiding our way
We got confusion, delusion
And all of Friday night to kill

That was by far the best time that we ever had

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