

James Gang

"The Bomber"

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When I became of age my mama sat me down
Said, "Son, you're growin' up, it's time you look
around"
So I began to notice some things I hadn't seen before
That's what brought me here knockin' on your back
door
Oh, yeah

A closet queen, the bus stop's dream, she wants to
shake my hand
I don't want to be there, she decides she can
It's Apple Dan, he's just the man to pick fruit off your
branches
I can't sleep, and we can't keep this cattle on my
ranches
Oh, yeah

It's too strong, somethings wrong and I guess I lost the
feelin'
I don't mind the games you play but I don't like your
dealin'
God looked bad, the luck's been had and there's
nothin' left to smoke
Will I be back tomorrow for the punchline of the joke?

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