

## Joe Walsh "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 busstop'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, something's 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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