

## **Cigar** **"Dr. Jones"**

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Packed up his bags it's time to go  
No time for headaches  
He's got this world to prove he's wrong

Slipped through the cracks they just don't know  
Finding the relics  
It's been his business all along

With bullwhip in hand he goes  
Don't compete with Dr. Jones  
In his endless search for truth  
He just may end up after

Spending his time reading each line  
Finding the message  
The words are key to moving on  
Trapped with the snakes and skulls in the cave  
Where is the exit  
The road to rescue o he plows his own

With bullwhip in hand he goes  
Don't compete with Dr. Jones  
In his endless search for truth  
He just may end up after you

With bullwhip in hand he goes  
Don't compete with Dr. Jones  
Out to find what spells the truth  
He'll kick McGyver's weak ass, too

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