

Meat Loaf

"Lawyers, Guns And Money"

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Well, I went home with the waitress
You know the way I always do
Well how was I to know
She was with the Russians, too

I was gambling in Havana
You know I took a little risk
Send lawyers, guns and money
Daddy, won't you get me out of this

I'm an innocent bystander
Somehow I got stuck
Between a rock and a hard place
And I'm down on my luck
Oh yea, I'm down on my luck
Oh yea, I'm down on my luck
Oh baby, I'm down on my luck
I'm so far down, I don't think I'll ever get up
If it weren't for bad luck

Oh if it weren't for bad luck
I wouldn't have no luck at all

Now I'm stranded in Honduras
I'm a desperate man
Send lawyers, guns and money
The shit has hit the fan
Send lawyers, guns and money
Send lawyers, guns and money
Get me out of this
Send lawyers, guns and money
You know the shit has hit the fan

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