

Node "Bob"

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Fifteen years getting loaded
Fifteen years 'till his liver exploded
Now what's Bob gonna do now that he can't drink?
The Doc said, "What were you thinkin' 'bout?"
Bob said, "That's just the point,
I wasn't thinkin' 'bout nothing
Now I gotta do something else to pass the time."
Had someone shave his head
Got a new identity
Sixty-two holed air conditioned boots
And a girl who rides a scooter to take him out of town
They could get away
Riding around, as the trucks drive by
You could here the mother fuckers go...

A couple of lines, an extra thermos of Joe
He'll be kickin' in heads at the punk rock show, yeah
Bob's the kinda guy who knows just what
Bob's the kinda guy who knows just what to do
When the doctor tells him to
"Quit your drinkin', now's the time."
Will he ever walk the line
To all my friends, I feel just great
But will he ever walk the line
Kickin' ass and bustin' heads
Red suspenders
Once a day he shaves his head
But will he ever walk the line?

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