

## **Nofx** **"Bob"**

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He spent fifteen years getting loaded  
Fifteen years 'till his liver exploded  
Now what's Bob gonna do now that he can't drink?  
The doctor said, "What were you thinkin' 'bout?"  
Bob said, "That's the point,  
I wasn't thinkin' 'bout nothing  
Now I gotta do something else,"  
OI OI OI  
"To pass the time."  
Bob shaved his head  
Got a new identity  
Sixty-two holed air cushioned boots  
And a girl who rides a scooter  
Gonna take him out, of town  
They would 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?  
But will he ever walk the line?  
But will he ever walk the line?  
But will he ever walk the line?  
But will he ever walk the line?

Thanks to **Holleigh Graves**  
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correcting these lyrics

