

Midnight Riders

"One bad man"

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Well I'm a half-ton son of a gun with a suitcase full of
pistols and money.
Come dawn, woman, I'm gone but tonight can be your
lifetime honey.
God damn girl. I'm your man girl. I'll get your engine
singin'.
This sounds good, let me under your hood
and we can find out what I'm bringin'.

I'm one bad man.
One bad man.

Well I'm a blood hound heading straight down
looking for some women and whiskey.
I park fine to stop at night. Then I'm looking for a kitty
to frisk me.
Nice legs, making me beg. Your mini and your at six
mile.
It's late, we go back to your place. I'll rattle your cage
for a while.

I'm one bad man.
One bad man.

The next mornin', you're still snorin'. Pick my leathers
up off the floor.
Riffle through your purse. Got to quench my thirst
and I'm headin' straight out your door.
Well well, see me in hell. Why go past the clouds at all.
Some day I'll back this way. Does your sister want to
have some fun?

One bad man. Yeah! Ooh!
One bad man.
One bad man.
One bad man.
One bad man.
One bad man.

