

## Rancid "Bob"

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He spent fifteen years getting loaded  
Fifteen years 'till his liver exploded  
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  
I gotta do something else"  
Oi, oi, oi

To pass the time he went and shaved his head, a new  
identity  
Twelve holed Doctor Martin 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 motherfuckers go

A couple of lines, an extra thermos of Joe  
He'll be kickin' in heads at the punk rock show  
Bob's the kinda guy who knows just  
Bob's the kinda guy who knows just what to do

When the doctor tells him to quit your drinkin' all the  
time  
Will he ever walk the line to all my friends I feel fine  
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?

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