

Robbie Fulks

"Roots rock weirdoes"

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The town was hardly stirring, the night clubs all were closed
Only a washed-up cover band hittin' the stage at Joe's
The guitar hit the first bar of "Secret Agent Man"
A door in the back flew open, and into the room they ran!

Roots rock weirdoes, up from the underground
Starved for a Tele or a B3 -- any out-of-fashion sound
Roots rock weirdoes, out of their holes they come
Dressed up like it's 1951.

Well, they looked the band gear over and they noted
with delight
The guitar amp was a Bassman, and the bass man
played upright
Then they looked 'round at each other, and they cried,
"We Are The Best!
For we like unpopular music, and just look at the way
we're dressed!"

Roots rock weirdoes, slapping each others' backs
Using the hepcat language they thought made them
sound black
Roots rock weirdoes, smoking their Camels straight
Makin' sure there was nothing up to date.

Now Joe, he was slow to anger, but that barkeep found
it hard
Just to watch the air grow toxic with smoke and self-
regard
So he jumped up on a barstool and he shouted out loud
and clear:
"I don't know just what you weirdoes want, but I don't
want you in here!"

The room grew deathly silent, then up from the stinking
ranks
Rose a homely social worker in a bowling shirt marked
"Hank"
And dropping the fake black diction, he said, "Since

you enquired,
Let me take stock of what we roots rock -- ahem! --
'weirdoes' desire...."

Fishnets for every woman, and lipstick as red as flame
For every man a tatoo, a Chevy, and a dumb nickname
Cigarettes in every shirtsleeve, black leather on every
back,
Fanzines in every bookstore, LPs in each record rack.

Three chords in every pop song! Four white guys in
each band!
A ruthless media empire to saturate this land
Then, with our alt.country comrades, and our brothers
in neo-swing,
We'll reclaim music from the kids for our fat dead
cracker king!"

Roots rock weirdoes, Christ! They're everywhere!
A little Doc Pomus in their hearts and dark pomade in
their hair
Roots rock weirdoes, out of their holes they come
Dressed up like it's 1951.

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