

## **Ridley Bent**

### **"Suicidewinder"**

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This pretty young thing, grease stains on her blue jeans  
Takes a seat at the bar next to me and is served a Long Island Iced Tea,  
For free  
Well I notice this, because I'm a detective,  
And missin' the little things in this profession, only leaves me guessin'

Well I'm into my 3rd Heineken, thinkin', "damn, this girl is fine  
Lookin'",  
I ask her her name, and she smiles and says, "it's Mary Jane".  
"Well I'm pleased to meet you Mary Jane, you're one foxy dame if you don't  
Mind my sayin'"  
She says "who are you? Some kind of crazy fool... ?"

CH:  
I says I'm Johnny Cash when I'm drinkin'  
I'm The Clash when I'm thinkin'  
I'm Mad Max when I'm drivin'  
I'm Mike Diamond when I'm rhymin'  
I'm Humphrey Bogart when I'm smokin'  
I'm Bob Marley when I'm token'  
Yeah and in bed when I'm dreamin', I'm a guitar slingin' demon, yeah

She hops on the back of my hog, ain't no law  
undercover's gotta be incog -  
Nito  
And I'm in disguise as one of the bad guys with a sweet ride  
The desert sky was blood red, and she held on tight as we sped  
Through the valley of the dead vultures into an underworld sub-culture

Neon lights and cock fights, cut-throats and low lifes  
Prostitutes in red leather boots, given me the eye, as we

glide

Up to the Suicidewinder Saloon, where this goon,  
With a mouth full of chew, says "Who the fuck are  
you?"

CH:

Mary Jane's addiction was cocaine and pulp fiction

When you're itchin' for a fix then this the place that you  
come to get some

She leads me to the back where I find the kingpin  
drinkin Jack and coke

Playing poker with a couple of dope smokin' jokers, he  
says

"Take a hit off the bong, brother" and I don't want to  
blow my cover

So I have a little hoot, and it sends me through the roof

And I'm as high as the sky, I hear somehow say

"Where'd ya find this guy,

Angel?

Is he FBI, local swine, or Texas Ranger?"

CH:

Now I know that they know, that I know that they know,  
I'm full of shit

They all take out their Tommy guns and attempt to  
riddle me with bullets

But I'm too fast, I'm like Speedy Gonzalez, and my  
brawlin' technique is

Flawless

I disarm these lawless scumbuckets and rough 'em up  
like a bunch of suckas

I bind'em in duct tape, I call for backup to haul'em away  
I grab Mary Jane as a witness and the mare-idge-you-  
wanna for a rainy day

Yeah, I confiscate the Kingpin's Harley, which once  
belonged to Elvis

Presley

And custom paint on the gas tank that says "Rock Hard,  
Ride Free"

Now I'm the King when I'm ridin'

I'm Matt Lee when I'm fightin'

I'm Tom Waits when I'm writin'

I'm Sumblime when I'm harmonizin'

I'm Hank Williams when I'm swillin'

I'm Bob Dylan when I'm chillin'

And in bed when I'm dreamin', I'm a guitar slingin'  
demon

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