

## **Boys Beastie**

### **"High Plains Drifter"**

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They can't catch me never gonna find me

They're never gonna know that I'm the High Plains  
Drifter

Pulled over to the river to take a rest

Pulled out a pair of pliers and pulled the bullet out of  
my chest

Fear and loathing across the country listening to my 8  
track

Reached behind the seat and grabbed a Kool from the  
pack

Long distance from my girl and I'm talking on the  
cellular

She said that she was sorry and I said yeah the hell you  
were

Check my rear view mirror check the gold tooth display

Check the odometer and I was on my way

Cause I'm a high plains drifter the best that you can get

A strapped shoplifter a pirate on cassette

Bust a Travis Bickle when I feel that I'm getting pushed

Don't step to me or you're gonna get mushed

Doing 120 plowing over mail boxes

Radar detector to tell me where the cops is

Spend another night at the Motel 6

It's five dollars extra get the porno flicks

Concoct a black and tan in my brandy snifter  
I'm a kleptomaniac K-Mart shoplifter  
Cash flow getting low so I had to pull a job  
I found a nice place to visit but a better place to rob  
Left the car outside with the engine still revvin'  
Time to get busy at 7-Eleven  
Went inside to make my withdrawal  
I would've took what he had had I had to take it all  
Knucklehead deli tried to gyp me on the price  
So I clocked him off the turban with the bag of ice  
Mellow like Jell-O cool like lemonade  
Made my getaway and I thought that I had it made  
I feel like Steve McQueen a former movie star  
Look in my rearview mirror seen a police car  
Ballantine quarts with the puzzle on the cap  
I couldn't help but notice I was caught in a speed trap  
Dirty Mary Crazy Larry on the run from Dirty Harry  
Stash the cash in the dash but my gun I did carry  
I'm seeing blue and red flashing deep in the night  
I got my alibi straight and I pulled over to the right  
Cop knocked on my window and said Boy where's the  
fire  
you've got a mailbox on your bumper and a bald front  
tire  
\*Outta the car longhair\* your goose is cooked  
Read me my rights fingerprinted and booked

Makin' like a D.T. driving a Gran Fury

Wherever I hang my hat's my home and my past is kind  
of blurry

Every dog will have its day and mine will be in front of a  
jury

I'm the High Plains Drifter and I'm never in a hurry

Read me my rights as if I didn't know this

Threw me in the tank with the drunk called Otis

With his five o' clock shadow he smelled of 3-day old  
beer

My man turned to me and said why are you here?

I said I'm charming and dashing I'm rental car bashing

Phony paper passing at Nix Check Cashing

Went before the judge he sent me to the Brooklyn  
House of D.

He said you behave son or we'll throw away the key

Harry Houdini'd out the cuffs I kicked the screw in the  
knee

Took the bailiff's wallet and went straight to O.T.B.

I had a good feeling easy come easy go

I bet on one horse to win and your mother to show

And sure enough that nag came in

Brought my ticket to the window and collected my win

Broke into my new car with a wire coat hanger

Hot wired hot wheeled and \*Suzy is a headbanger

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