

Claypool, Les

"Phantom Patriot"

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The phantom patriot!
The phantom patriot!

Creeping ever creeping
Like a fox in the night
Turning wrongs into right
He only works alone
With a cross bow on his shoulder
And a saber at his side
With random guns and knives
His mask is white as bone

The phantom patriot!
The phantom patriot!
He's come to save the day!
The phantom patriot!
The phantom patriot!
He's come to save the day!
Yes he's come to save the day!

Roaming through the compound
With a formulated plan
There to help his fellow man
At this decisive point in time
The Bohemians of the grove
Don't see it quite the same
Smelling danger in his game
They dub his quest a crime

The phantom patriot!
The phantom patriot!
He's come to save the day!
The phantom patriot!
The phantom patriot!
He's come to save the day
So cast your fears away!

Searching for his quarry
Through the elite redwood maze
He's well provisioned for the days
And nights he must remain alert

And though it's not intended
Our hero soon is apprehended
With "Phantom Patriot" in sharpie
Written boldly 'cross his shirt

The phantom patriot!
The phantom patriot!
He's come to save the day!
Yes he's come to save the day!
The phantom patriot!
The phantom patriot!
Yes he's come to save the day!
And to help you cast your fears away!

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