

Tankard

"Jimmy B. Bad"

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I was born in "Dirty Town", early heard the heavy sound
Of pounding drums and loud guitars on the radio
My mama always said to me "Boy it's time for you to
see
Life is work, in forty years you'll be a lucky man"

But I was smart and I quit school, started smoking,
breaking rules
Bought myself a use guitar in a "Second hand"
My clever brain said "Well Jimmy, you are born to be
free
Let the others suck your dick, you're gonna be a star"

Here I go, no more sorrows
Sex, drugs, rock'n'roll is all I want
I just piss on hell and heaven
Meet me on the road, let's have some fun

Fame and money, chart-success, never had a shortage
of
Girls, who scared the back of my Firebird T.
My manager just said to me "Boy it's time for you to
see
Crazy people don't live long, learn self-control"

I drew my 45 and shot the bastard right between the
eyes
They sentenced me to forty years, but I didn't care

My record company was quick and fired me, eat some
shit
Are you gonna go my way or follow the blind

Here I go, no more sorrows
Sex, drugs, rock'n'roll is all I want
I just piss on hell and heaven
Meet me on the road, let's have some fun

I ran away, escape the law, beware the lonesome rider
No home, no hope, no alcohol; I'm back on the streets
And then the devil said to me "Boy it's time for you to
see

That you're doing well, on the highway to hell

The scales were falling from my eyes, I would have to
change my life

Now I understood and knew what to do

I cut my hair and bought myself a noble suit and silken
tie

And all the things I did before are legal and okay

Here I go, no more sorrows

Sex, drugs, rock'n'roll is all I want

I just piss on hell and heaven

Meet me on the road, let's have some fun

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