

# Tenacious D "Roadie"

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Well it's 3 P.M.  
Time to lug the gear  
Gotta get it on the stage  
My muscles flex, my fuckin' sweat will save the day

When I check the mic  
I fuckin' check the mic  
I fuckin' checka-checka one, two, three  
I plug it in, I make it sound as good as can be

'Cause the rockers rock  
But the roadies roll  
Gotta take them like it, 'cause I take control  
Gotta get that shit up on that fuckin' stage

'Cause the roadie knows what the roadie knows  
And the roadie knows that he wears black clothes  
And he hides off in the shadows of the stage

Because the roadie looks a thousand miles with his  
eyes  
And when the crowd roars  
Brings a teardrop to the roadie's eyes  
Tears of pride

Because he brought you the show  
But you will never know  
He's changing the strings  
While hiding in the wings  
No matter how hard, the show must go on

Then a beautiful girl come to me she  
Says, "Hey can I sucka your dick"  
I say "Yays, I am in love"  
Then she quickly says, "I sucked your dick, now gimme  
that backstage pass  
I do not want you roadie, I want K.G's chode"

I'm standing at the threshold of your dreams  
Without me there'd be now sound from those amps  
Without me there'd be no lights on the stage  
But you don't applaud for me!

No, I am the roadie!  
A lonesome warrior searching for a soul  
No! I am the roadie!  
I make the rock go

Roadie, Roadie, Roadie!

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