

U.S. Bombs "Rocks In Memphis"

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I can't forget shit, I get from other bands
I can't forget kickin' dope in a cargo van
Memphis winter in a frigidare
It gives me more character pissed out winds

United Air crossed the Mississippi bridge
Porcelain death, rock and roll decayed
Porcelain death, a royal flush away we rolled away
T.C.B, I grabbed myself and blew to Lisa

Lisa Marie pulled up broke to every gig
That's the sign of success, haggle out at every thrift
Just to get a sewing kit , I know the kings lookin' down
at me
'Cause now it's raining hamburger grease

Closed my eyes and hit my knees
In front of the wall of the wall of graffiti
The king's fuckin' dead fat man on a throne
Dead in his piss that's how I'm gonna go

The kinds is dead and punk rock lives
Seventy seven is the year of the wreck
T.C.B, I took care of business
And blew to Lisa Marie RnR is dead

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