Warlord

Losing September

When you see me comin' flying down the road
You know I ain't afraid to lay it down
Yea got me some leather. Leather is my skin
Black'n'chrome flashin' through the town.
Some call me the WARLORD 'cause I'm a god-damn
bad machine, young'n'hungry, not too proud'n'mean
Ride, ride, ride, I'm the WARLORD of the road,
Riding, riding, riding, ain't never growin' old.
Take what I want and I go where I please
Got the world right by the balls. This world ain't
big enough to keep me down. Yea we're livin'
in a sick world. The man on the T.V. said we
got lotsa trouble overseas, well what the hell
do I care? Think they care about me?
Stop sending money send'em all a bomb.
Ride, ride, ride, I'm the WARLORD of the road,
Ridin', ridin', ridin', ain't never growin' old.
Born to live in the fast lane on a chopped up
Harley-D, smell that oil and high test gasoline.
Never got a shortage of girls to share my seat.
Well they all want to know what people say is true,
You know, get a biker started 'n he'll drive all
damn night. Well hold on honey 'cause this ride's
for a ride.
Ride, ride, ride, ride, ride, ride, ride
I'm the WARLORD of the road.
Ridin', ridin', ridin', ain't never growin' old.

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