Jimmy B. Bad (2005 Remastered Version)

Tankard

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 fourty years you'll be a lucky man"But I was smart and I qiut 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 funFame 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 fourty 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 blindHere 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 funI 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 hellThe 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 okayHere 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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