

Rock and Roll Outlaw

Clutch

In the north they call us rebels
in the south they call us yankees
because every other sucker's born
to do the hokey pokey
with the skillet lickin' time keepers
the grinnin' reapers of a missionary rock star
Now you can rock it like sir sisyphus
but even in its genesis
it's really quite ridiculous
'lectric hobo, so now you know
not clock the weeble wobble hot rod gang
revelator, big bang!
You can't hang with the heaviness
that's hung among the houses of the rising tongues
no fun to crack the axles
but it's gotta be done
'cause whenever you wobble the weebles
you know they get ticked off
and in the season of bol weevil
speakin' evil in your ear
and a pile of manure fertilizing all your fears
we yabba dabba do all the way to shangri la
here it is with the rock and roll outlaw
Where rock is criminal, criminals rock!
like this...
Hee haw, hee haw, hee haw, hee haw
i'm a rock and roll outlaw

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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