

# Modzilla

## Scott Weiland & The Wildabouts

Oh yeah wait a minute  
Here it goes again  
Just a dealin' with the buzzards  
Out in nowhere mans' land  
Eat lies, eat stories Now the truth be told  
That the soul you sold  
Is less than a dollars' worth  
Of fools gold So walk along  
'Cuz the circus back in town  
It's a promisin' to give you any pill  
If you can keep it down So strap on in, yeah  
Needs to fill  
'Cuz you're going on a ride  
That will blow your mind  
And shoot to thrill Well I come my way  
And I ain't going to no place I don't belong  
Yeah you might call it grace  
But I'm still riding and cussin'  
Like a rollin' stone. Oh yeah my Momma always said to me  
To stay to stay away from freaks  
And certain carnival disease  
But they always seem to find a secret way back in my city  
And they'll always tell you lies and make you feel so pretty Now take a little minute of your second-hand watch  
Just take a quick peek at all the stories being bought  
Keep a movin' and a groovin' now just for you  
And if you wait a little longer  
Then the monkeys fly too. Well I come my way  
And I ain't going to no place that I don't belong  
Yeah you might call it grace  
But I'm still riding and cussin'  
Like a rollin' stone. So strap on in now  
Time to meet the man  
The man who's gonna take you for a ride Hit it! Oh yeah wait a minute  
Here it goes again  
Just a dealin' with the buzzards  
Out in nowhere man's land Eat lies, eat stories  
Now the truth be told  
That the soul you sold  
Is less than a dollars' worth

Of fools gold Well I come my way  
And I ain't going to no place I don't belong  
Yeah you might call it grace  
But I'm still riding and cussin'  
Like a rollin' stone

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