

D.O.A.

Van Halen

We was broke and hungry on a summer day.
They sent the sheriff down to try and drive us away.
We was sittin' ducks for the police man.
They found a dirty faced kid in a garbage can.
And I'm alone, I'm on the highway, wanted dead or alive,
Dead or alive.
Broken down and dirty, dressed in rags
A from the day my mama told me, "Boy, you pack your bags."
Send the mayor down in his pickup truck.
The jury look at me, say, "Outta luck."
And I'm alone, I'm on the highway, wanted dead or alive,
Dead or alive.
Now, I'm broken down and dirty, dressed in rags
A from the day my mama told me, "Boy, you pack your bags."
We was sittin' ducks for the police man.
They found a dirty faced kid in a garbage can.
And I'm alone, I'm on the highway, wanted dead or alive,
Dead or alive.

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