The Incomparable Mr. Flannery

Clutch

First we get some surgery
Lose the kids then our identities
But one thing I know for a fact
Mustache stays right where it's at
REO Speedwagon, Kansas to Boston
My ankle bracelet, already gone and lost it
Them Yellow Jackets
Keep the tired man from slacking
Stole my Camaro, primer gray
Took my suitcase, all my pay
Ain't got no taillights, grill full of fur
How could you do this to me man so close to being cured?
We should get together and talk it over
At the Detroiter, Delaware Destroyers, rocking with Dokken
You front the money and I'll do all the talking
Them Yellow Jackets keep the tired man from slacking

Stole my Camaro, primer gray
Took my suitcase, all my pay
Ain't got no taillights, grill full of fur
How could you do this to me man so close to being cured?
Come a little closer, honey, I won't bite ya
One more Lager and I might learn to like ya
Stole my Camaro, primer gray
Took my suitcase, all my pay
Ain't got no taillights, grill full of fur
How could you do this to me man so close to being cured?
Stole my Camaro, primer gray
Took my suitcase, all my pay
Ain't got no taillights, grill full of fur
How could you do this to me man so close to being cured?

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/