

# 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?

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