Bob

DM3

Spent fifteen years getting loaded
Fifteen years 'till his liver exploded
Now what's Bob gonna do
Now that he can't drink?
The doctor said, "Whatcha been thinkin' 'bout?"
Bob said, "That's the point
I won't think about nothing
Now I gotta do something else", Oi, oi, oi
To pass the time and someone shaved his head
He got a new identity
Sixty-two holed air cushioned boots
And a girl who rides a scooter ought
To take him out of town
They would get away
Riding around, as the trucks drive by
You could here the motherfuckers go
A couple of lines, an extra thermos of Joe
He'll be kickin' in heads at the punk rock show, yeah
Bob's the kinda guy he knows just what
Bob's the kinda guy he knows just what to do
When the doctor tells him to
"Quit your drinkin', now's the time"
Will he ever walk the line?
To all my friends, I feel just great
Will he ever walk the line?
Kickin' ass and bustin' heads
Red suspenders
Once a day he shaves his head
But will he ever walk the line?
Will he ever walk the line?
Will he ever walk the line?
Will he ever walk the line?
A will he ever walk the line?
Bob

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