The Bomber

James Gang

When I became of age my mama sat me down
Said, "Son, you're growin' up, it's time you look around"
So I began to notice some things I hadn't seen before
That's what brought me here knockin' on your back door
Oh, yeahA closet queen, the bus stop's dream, she wants to shake my hand
I don't want to be there, she decides she can
It's Apple Dan, he's just the man to pick fruit off your branches
I can't sleep, and we can't keep this cattle on my ranches
Oh, yeahIt's too strong, somethings wrong and I guess I lost the feelin'
I don't mind the games you play but I don't like your dealin'
God looked bad, the luck's been had and there's nothin' left to smoke
Will I be back tomorrow for the punchline of the joke?

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