

# 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?

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>