

AC/DC Bag

Phish

Mr. Palmer is concerned with the thousand dollar question
Just like Roger, he's a crazy little kid
I've got the time if you've got the inclination
So cheer up Palmer, you'll soon be deadThe noose is hanging, at least you won't die wondering
Sit up and take notice, tell like it is
If I were near you I wouldn't be far from you
I've got a feeling you know what you didAC/DC bag
AC/DC bag
AC/DC bag
DC bagAC/DC bag
AC/DC bag
AC/DC bag
DC bagTime to put your money where your mouth is
Put 'em in a field and let 'em fight it out
I'm running so fast my feet don't touch the ground
I'm a stranger here, I'm going downLet's get down to the nitty gritty
Let's get the show on the road
I'll show you mine if you show me yours
I'm breathing hard open the doorAC/DC bag
AC/DC bag
AC/DC bag
DC bagAC/DC bag
AC/DC bag
AC/DC bag
DC bagBrain dead and made of money
No future at all
Pull down the blinds and run for cover
No future at allWho would've thought it, that's where I am
No future at all
Don't sweat it, that's where I am
Carry me down

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>