

Rock N' Roll Outlaw

Clutch

In the north they call us rebels, in the south they call us Yankees
Because every other suckers born to do the hokey-pokey
With the skillet lickin' time keepers
The grinnin' reapers of a missionary rock star You can rock it like sir Sisypus
But even in it's genesis it's really quite ridiculous
'Lectro hobo, so now you know
Not to clock the weeble wobble hot rod gang, revelator big bang You can't hang with the heavinesses hung
Among the houses of the rising tongue
S'no fun to crack the axles but its gotta be done
'Cause whenever you wobble the weebles you know they get ticked-off And in the season of bol-we evil
speaking evil in your ear
And a pile of manure fertilizing all your fears
We yabba-dabba-doo all the way to Shangri-la
Here it is with the rock 'n' roll outlaw Where rock is criminal, criminals rock
Where rock is criminal, the criminals they rock
Where rock is criminal, criminals rock Like this
Hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw
I'm a rock 'n' roll outlaw
Hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw
Yeah So you can rock it like sir Sisypus
But even in it's genesis it's really quite ridiculous
'Lectro hobo, so now you know
Not to clock the weeble wobble hot rod gang
Yeah, yeah Hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw
I'm a rock 'n' roll outlaw
Hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw

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