

Roadie

Meskwaki Nation

Well it's 3 P.M.
Time to lug the gear
Gotta get it on the stage
My muscles flex, my fuckin' sweat will save the day
When I check the mic
I fucka' check the mic
I fucka' checka' checka' 1, 2, 3
I plug it in, I make it sound as good as can be
Cuz the rockers rock
But the roadie's roll
Gotta take them like it, cuz I take control
Gotta get that shit up on that fuckin' stage
Cuz the roadie knows what the roadie knows
And the roadie knows that he wears black clothes
And he hides off in the shadows of the stage
Because the roadie looks 1000 miles with his eyes
And when the crowd roars:
Brings a teardrop to the roadies eyes
Tears of pride

Because he brought you the show
But you will never know
He's changing the strings
While hiding in the wings
No matter how hard, the show must go on
Then a beautiful girl come to me she
Says, "hey can I suckka your dick"
I say yes, I am in love
Then she quickly said, "I sucked your dick, now gimme that backstage pass"
I do not want you roadie, I want K.G's chode
I'm standing at the threshold of your dreams
Without me there'd be now sound from those amps
Without me there'd be no lights on the stage
But you don't applaud for me
I am the roadie:
A lonesome warrior searching for a soul (no!)
I am the roadie:
I make the rock go!
Roadie, Roadie, ROAAADDDIEEEeee

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