

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 dead

The 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 did

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DC bag

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DC bag

Time 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 down

Let'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 door

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DC bag

Brain dead and made of money

No future at all

Pull down the blinds and run for cover

No future at all

Who 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

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