

# Bob

## S.M.N.

Spent fifteen years getting loaded  
Fifteen years 'till his liver exploded  
Now what's Bob gonna do  
Now that he can't drink?  
The doctor said, "Whatcha been thinkin' 'bout?"  
Bob said, "That's the point  
I won't think about nothing  
Now I gotta do something else", Oi, oi, oi  
To pass the time and someone shaved his head  
He got a new identity  
Sixty-two holed air cushioned boots  
And a girl who rides a scooter ought  
To take him out of town  
They would get away  
Riding around, as the trucks drive by  
You could here the motherfuckers go  
A couple of lines, an extra thermos of Joe  
He'll be kickin' in heads at the punk rock show, yeah  
Bob's the kinda guy he knows just what  
Bob's the kinda guy he knows just what to do  
When the doctor tells him to  
"Quit your drinkin', now's the time"  
Will he ever walk the line?  
To all my friends, I feel just great  
Will he ever walk the line?  
Kickin' ass and bustin' heads  
Red suspenders  
Once a day he shaves his head  
But will he ever walk the line?  
A will he ever walk the line?  
Bob

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