

Fat City

Airbourne

Midnight bite at the Cherry
So sweet is the juice
I'm free from the chains
And all the dogs are running loose

I'm chasing my tail
And I'm losing my head
Yeah i'm falling down
I can't feel my legs
I'm on my way to a better place

Fat City juiced up an' ready
Fat City I'm already gone
Fat City juiced up an' ready
Battered an' bruised I keep a rolling on
Rollin' on

Saddle sore at the pony
From the black rockin' chair
I got what i need
I'm already there

I been riding so hard
Drank all the dregs
She;s falling down
She can't feel her legs
We're on our way to a better place

Fat City juiced up an' ready
Fat City I'm already gone
Fat City juiced up an' ready
Battered an' bruised I keep a rolling on
I keep a rollin' on, I keep a rollin' on

Fat City juiced up an' ready
Fat City I'm already gone
Fat City juiced up an' ready
Battered an' bruised I keep a rolling on
Rollin' on Rollin' on Rollin' on Rollin' on