

## Gimme the Keys

Clutch

Squinting from blinding rays of the Sun, deep in the heart of July  
There to perform for children of corn, whose crops stood well twelve  
foot high

Three knaves remained to the end of the day, we refused their vile en  
treats

Standing our ground, we played for the ears between the harvester's t  
eeth

Great Plains, hardcore scenes

May not be the biggest but, Lord, they're mean

And though my mind has been shot to hell

The details of that night I remember well

Gravel and locust, they swore to rope us

We did our best to steer straight

Trailer and hitch, straight into the ditch

Praying to Jesus and the holy saints

Despite the violence, sometimes I look back

A nostalgia begins to take hold

Wisdom of sorts is found in due course

In the rows of silver and gold

Great Plains, hardcore scenes

May not be the biggest but, Lord, they're mean

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The details of that night I remember well

Gimme the keys, they can keep the guarantee

Gimme the keys, and get the hell out of Dodge

Hey man, we don't got your, we don't got your SM-57

Look dude, why don't you try some old-fashioned PMA?

Through bloody butchers, we ran for hours

Then hours grew into years

Stalked by the fury of John Brown's eyes

And still the storm hasn't cleared

Despite the mileage, sometimes I look back

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