

# 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

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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  
A nostalgia begins to take hold  
Wisdom of sorts is found, of course  
In rows of silver and gold

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