

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
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