

# Walking In The Great Shining Path Of Monster Trucks

Clutch

Well, I crashed a Cadillac through the Gates Of Hell  
And returned with a fist full of dollars  
And Evel Knievel, like Virgil  
Was a gentleman as well as a scholar

I fly like a retro-glide buckshot  
And you know I hang like a hex on a barn  
Grind the guardrail like a nail on a file  
Above and beyond the hole nine yards

Well, I rolled Jesse Helms like a cigarette  
And smoked him higher than the highest of the minarets  
Jesse James couldn't even handle it  
Started looking at me like I was Sanskrit

'Cause in the great shining path of the great monster trucks  
There's no such thing as beginner's luck  
I'm the Dirty Dozen for the price of one  
Get it while it's hot, going, going, going, gone

It's about time you started learning  
Started learning to come to where the flavor is, flavor is  
It's about time you started learning  
You started learning to come to where the flavor is, flavor is

The skies are always sunny in the heart of Flavor Country  
Where the washer's stuffed with money are growing like grass  
Junk bondage racks never cut you slack  
But that's the way the racket goes when rounding up green backs

Don't hate me just because I'm beautiful  
You'll find that it's really not unusual  
When you're raised with The Good, The Bad, The Ugly

A holy trinity in Flavor Country  
It's about time you started learning  
Started learning to come to where the flavor is, flavor is

I got spurs that jingle, jangle, jingle  
I got spurs that jingle, jangle, jingle  
And you are my happy trail

You are my happy trail  
You are my happy trail  
You are my happy trail

The skies are always sunny in the heart of Flavor Country  
The skies are always sunny in the heart of Flavor Country  
The skies are always sunny in the heart of Flavor Country