

When you see me comin' flying down the road  
You know I ain't afraid to lay it down  
Yea got me some leather. Leather is my skin  
Black n chrome flashin' through the town.  
Some call me the WARLORD 'cause I'm a GOD-DAMN  
bad machine, young n hungry, not too proud n mean

Ride, ride, ride, I'm the WARLORD of the road,  
Riding, riding, riding, ain't never growin old.

Take what I want and I go where I please  
Got the world right by the balls. This world ain't  
big enough to keep me down. Yea we're livin'  
in a sick world. The man on the T.V. said we  
got lotsa trouble overseas, well what the hell  
do I care? Think they care about me?  
Stop sending money send em all a bomb.

Ride, ride, ride, I'm the WARLORD of the road,  
Ridin, ridin, ridin, ain't never growin old.

Born to live in the fast lane on a chopped up  
Harley-D, smell that oil and high test gasoline.  
Never got a shortage of girls to share my seat.  
Well they all want to know what people say is true,  
You know, get a biker started n he'll drive all  
damn night. Well hold on honey cause this ride's  
for a ride.

Ride, ride, ride, ride, ride, ride, ride  
I'm the WARLORD of the road.  
Riding, ridin, ridin, ain't never growin old.