They call him Snake, he minds his own business
He got his own sound, we're glad that he's with us
I call him bottom, plays so fine
Wanna feel that pocket all the time I heard it
Dancing in my sleep, shouting in the shower
I find true love, I call it pocket power

Code of the Road

Are you mellow inside Can you take it trough the night It's a Code of the Road Pull, no matter the load

I play with convicts, don't earn a penny Soldiers of fortune, and they don't number many I say dirty love outlasts true Ain't no commandment, it's just what I do

Pocket power, please be tender Keep me inspired glue me to my Fender

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