

The Bomber

Steve Lukather

When I became of age
My momma sat me down
She said, son you've grown up
It's time to look around
So I began to notice some things i
Hadn't seen before
That's what brought me hope
Knockin' on your back door

A closet queen, the worst I've seen
She wants to shake my hand
I don't want to be there
When she decides she can

It's apple dan, he's just the man
To pick fruit off your branches
I can't sleep if he can't keep
His cattle off my ranches

It's too strong, something's wrong
And I guess I lost the feeling
I don't mind the games you play
But I don't like you dealing
The cards look bad, my luck's been had
And there's nothin' left to smoke
Will all be back tomorrow
For the punch line of the joke