

## Jimmy B. Bad

Tankard

I was born in "Dirty Town", early heard the heavy sound  
Of pounding drums and loud guitars on the radio  
My mama always said to me "Boy it's time for you to see  
Life is work, in forty years you'll be a lucky man"

But I was smart and I quit school, started smoking, breaking rules  
Bought myself a use guitar in a "Second hand"  
My clever brain said "Well Jimmy, you are born to be free  
Let the others suck your dick, you're gonna be a star"

Here I go, no more sorrows  
Sex, drugs, rock'n'roll is all I want  
I just piss on hell and heaven  
Meet me on the road, let's have some fun

Fame and money, chart-success, never had a shortage of  
Girls, who scared the back of my Firebird T.  
My manager just said to me "Boy it's time for you to see  
Crazy people don't live long, learn self-control"

I drew my 45 and shot the bastard right between the eyes  
They sentenced me to forty years, but I didn't care  
My record company was quick and fired me, eat some shit  
Are you gonna go my way or follow the blind

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I ran away, escape the law, beware the lonesome rider  
No home, no hope, no alcohol; I'm back on the streets  
And then the devil said to me "Boy it's time for you to see  
That you're doing well, on the highway to hell

The scales were falling from my eyes, I would have to change my  
life  
Now I understood and knew what to do  
I cut my hair and bought myself a noble suit and silken tie  
And all the things I did before are legal and okay

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