

Fool's Road

The Real McKenzies

Driving a life for the people
who refuse to leave their home
Leaving our lives in ruin
for a chance to roll the stones
Here comes Paul sleeping upright
in the hall with trouble on his mind
He's been in the zone, something to the tone
of the Stooges or the MC5

Here we come straight out of the sun
to the dark heart of your town
Punters fall, pissing on the wall,
tearing the posters down
Institution of electrocution
and the blood all over the stage
Down into the pit with the sweat
and the spit and The Bone is starting to rage

We don't care who you think we are!
And if you can't stand up to the wave,
Then you better get out of the way!

Kurt won't sing when he breaks a string
and he's bringing the rah-rah down
An American bass, a mike in the face,
assault of noise and a wall of sound
Runnin' like a mother, tuning up
another guitar he doesn't own!
With a bad reputation all across the nation
we're never quite at home

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Pipes will call us to the grave!
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