

Hogtied Like A Rodeo

The White Buffalo

So cold, it's colder than the night before
Told you yesterday seems like a life ago
Sold you anything he finds and steals
They stole his mind, and it sits in a jar with the feds

He misbehaves
It must be his mother's fault
Rat race just past him on by
Hold him down
He acts like a lunatic
Hogtied like a rodeo and off to jail

Grow, growing more paranoid and insane
He's a homeless millionaire with a tale
One more, one more dime so he can get some rocks
Bold, hustling tourists in the parking lot

He misbehaves
It must be his mother's fault
Rat race just past him on by
Hold him down
He acts like a lunatic
Hogtied like a rodeo and off to jail

Well he don't look so good today
Staring through the cars at the
Window across the street
Eyes crazed, wild, glazed
The police come they're gonna shake him down

He misbehaves
It must be his mother's fault
Rat race just past him on by
Hold him down
He acts like a lunatic
Hogtied like a rodeo and off to jail