

# Airbourne, Fat City

Midnight bite at the Cherry  
So sweet is the juice  
I'm free from the chains  
And all the dogs are running loose

I'm chasing my tail  
And I'm losing my head  
Yeah I'm falling down  
I can't feel my legs  
I'm on my way to a better place

Fat city  
Juiced up and ready  
Fat city  
I'm already gone  
Fat city  
Juiced up and ready  
Battered and bruised I keep a'rollin' on  
Rollin' on

Saddle sore at the pony  
From the black rockin' chair  
I got what I need  
I'm already there

I been riding so hard  
Drank all the dregs  
She's falling down  
She can't feel her legs  
We're on our way to a better place

Fat city  
Juiced up and ready  
Fat city  
I'm already gone  
Fat city  
Juiced up and ready  
Battered and bruised I keep a'rollin' on  
I keep a'rollin' on, I keep a'rollin' on

Fat city  
Juiced up and ready  
Fat city  
I'm already gone  
Fat city  
Juiced up and ready  
Battered and bruised I keep a'rollin' on  
Rollin' on Rollin' on Rollin' on Rollin' on...