

Nazareth, Robber And The Roadie

When Willie met Ronnie he was runnin' up a track
He was bent down, burned out, carryin' a sack
Come on boy, you got to stop and help me some
And keep this money hidden when the police come

Ronnie was shiverin' and makin' funny sounds
He was lookin' like a fox
That was runnin' from the hounds
Sure little buddy, I can lighten up your load

You half it up, I'll hit it up, I'll take it down the road

Never had a better combination been planned
'Cos Willie was a roadie with a rock 'n' roll band
They were heads back, celebratin', drinkin' moonshine
Heads down, here we go across another state line
Tanked up and bullet proof
They couldn't give a monkey's
Damn if he didn't hide the money in a drum case
Pack 'em up, hit 'em up, do another show
The robber and the roadie got a long way to go

Willie and Ronnie

Anytime they wanted they would pull another job
Anywhere they found a place
And it was fat enough to rob
If Ronnie saw the police he would make a little sign
Then Willie stuck the money in the band's back line
In the main racks, bass stacks
Anywhere he thought it could
Be hidden out of sight
Until they finished out in Hollywood
Split it down the middle
When they took it out the sound
The robber and the roadie got enough to go around

Willie and Ronnie
The robber and the roadie

Forty seven days and they had only one to go
When the telegram arrived
To say the band wouldn't show
The crowd was getting' nasty and it turned into a rage
The bottles and the bodies started coverin' the stage
Then the cops came running in
And breaking up the riotin'
When they saw the money falling
Out the back of everything
Hey little buddy think it's time to run and duck
The robber and the roadie could be runnin' out of luck

Willie and Ronnie had to skip it out of town
They were sittin' by the highway like Jackson Browne
They were stickin' out their thumbs
In the middle of the night
When they saw the car comin' with the spinnin' red light
Wide eyed, tongue tied feelin' pretty stranded
No use in runnin' they were caught red handed
Pull 'em in, lock 'em up, put 'em in a row
The robber and the roadie got nowhere to go

Willie and Ronnie
The robber and the roadie

We got state police and the FBI
Willie and Ronnie
You get a big reward
If you can make these boy's mamas cry
The robber and the roadie
We got the national guard and the bear in the sky

Willie and Ronnie
You get a big reward if you can make these mothers cry
The robber and the roadie