

Puffball, Like Men Possessed

Roll into the city, scanning all the bars.
The road dust made us thirsty and we're all out of cigars.
The sun is up, there's still some time to kill.
Give us 3 Sambucas and put it on the bill. Yeah.
There's people loading out the trash that we call gear.
Just a 30 minute rockshow and we'll be out of here.

We're gonna rock this joint like men possessed.
Don't make any plans cuz there will be nothing left.

Getting up for soundcheck that's over in a blink.
The stagesound's always shitty and we need the time to drink.
Searching every corner, glancing every wall.
If we find a game of pinball there'll be no check at all.
Feeding up the Bally with all we get to play.
But still you'll see us smiling cuz it's been a kick ass day.

We're gonna rock this joint like men possessed.
Don't make any plans cuz there will be nothing left.

"Riding on the highway, going to a show.
Stop in all the by-ways, playing rock'n roll.
Getting robbed, getting stoned.
Getting beat up, broken boned.
Getting had, getting took.
I tell you folks, it's harder than it looks."

We rolled into the city, hung out in the bars.
Now time is right for action, abuse of cheap guitars.
The trip might have been hard but it's easy to forget.
When you're cranking out the rock with fuel from a jet.
The gospels being spread before kids without a clue.
But the rock just keeps on rolling as long as there is brew.

We're gonna rock this joint like men possessed.
Don't make any plans cuz there will be nothing left.