

Volbeat, Wild Rover Of Hell

Driving the highway with nothing to do
Future fading away
The stereo is pumping Metallica tunes
Ride the lightning, oh yeah
The car might be stolen, my clothes smell like dirt
Born to ramble and play
Play with fire, drunk and denial
Always in for a fight

I've been in the dark side (of) town
They are bringing me in
They called me The Wild Rover of Hell
I'm fighting for nickels and a dime,
for the rules I always break
See the blood I've split, I'll still be the haunted

Stitching my wounds like Rambo, for farden
Damage complete and done
Some had better and some had worse
Walk a mile in quicksand
Spending the last bucks on whiskey and beers
Oh how clever I am
The dice keeps on tumbling, my will still unbroken
But how long will it last

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I'm fighting them all big or small, my friend
Just show me the dollars
I end up losing it all again
Repeating the story

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