

Walkabouts, Crime Story

thunder laughs and thunderclaps
the afternoons round here,
well they're just like that

I know ya' don't spook easy
I know ya' won't up and quit
let's keep it like that
now don't forget

when you go and make the drop
if he don't look ya' in the eye
well ya' better just walk

means madness is takin' over
madness is in charge
it's come out of the woodwork
madness-at-large

keep things close
keep the dogs at bay
just walk on by
story of a crime
walk on by
story of a crime

whole thing sounds harder than it is
timing's everything
but then you knew that, before I did

If this turns into a circus
too much talkin', too much noise
walk on by
keep holdin' on to the bag

There's a town on the Spanish border
where you can chill
he's supposed to tell ya' about it
but if he don't, head for the hills

find some empty olive grove
where you can stash the car
somewhere exotic
somewhere obscure

sometimes you do what is wrong
so ya' won't do what's worse
if ya' can't be righteous
at least be careful
just cause we feed the flame
don't mean we have to got burned