

ZZ Top, Thug

You look like who you say you are.
So scoot over, let me drive your car.
Roll down the glasses and give me some wind,
lock all the doors, I'm on the loose again, alright.
I haven't sat behind a wheel like this
since that job in nineteen fifty-six.
Can't wait till I can do it again,
can't keep my nose clean livin' in sin.
I had a friend down in Alcatraz,
he had the money and machine guns stashed.
Busted out June twenty-one,
we gonna rob, steal totin' our gons, oh yeah.