

# American Music Club, Crabwalk

He reels around the nightclub  
Like the hubcaps off of a car  
That just crashed into a sign that said  
&quot;This way to the nightclub&quot;  
He says you ain't worth a dime  
To his life support systems  
They still keep him talking  
On the chance that he'll say something  
Don't you feel the decks rolling  
I think that we're on a stormy sea  
I'm having trouble keeping down the light that I've stolen  
He said, &quot;Come on and do the crabwalk with me&quot;  
He's just trying to breathe  
Some new life into the jukebox  
But it doesn't take his crap  
It just keeps on staring back  
And the quarters that he pours down its throat  
Well, they're just starting to get his goat  
The song plays, &quot;I gave you everything  
And I never got anything back&quot;  
Don't you feel the decks rolling  
I think that we're on a stormy sea  
I'm having trouble keeping down the light that I've stolen  
He said, &quot;Come on and do the crabwalk with me&quot;  
He went fishing in the ocean  
And all he got was a couple of tires  
And they came up dripping with emotion  
And you know how fisherman are liars  
The five hundred thousand dollar country guitar  
Sits at home sad and lonely  
No one has any pity for the life of the party  
Don't you feel the decks rolling  
I think that we're on a stormy sea  
He's having trouble keeping down the light that he's stolen  
He said, &quot;Come on and do the crabwalk with me&quot;