

Cigar, Dr. Jones

Packed up his bags it's time to go
No time for headaches
He's got this world to prove he's wrong

Slipped through the cracks they just don't know
Finding the relics
It's been his business all along

With bullwhip in hand he goes
Don't compete with Dr. Jones
In his endless search for truth
He just may end up after

Spending his time reading each line
Finding the message
The words are key to moving on

Trapped with the snakes and skulls in the cave
Where is the exit
The road to rescue o he plows his own

With bullwhip in hand he goes
Don't compete with Dr. Jones
In his endless search for truth
He just may end up after you

With bullwhip in hand he goes
Don't compete with Dr. Jones
Out to find what spells the truth
He'll kick McGyver's weak ass, too