

# Clutch, Great Outdoors!

All you lasses in Parnassus, swallowing swords  
Shooting out fire at us heathen hordes  
I was thinkin' something before I began  
But then you done cut off both of my hands  
Now I do my drinking from bamboo straws  
Constantly kicking at tarantulas  
What was I thinking, move to Baltimore?  
Oh yeah, the great outdoors!  
Jump into the water  
Keel-hauled on the Constellation  
Don't sell my belongings  
'Cause you know that I'll be baaack  
Remember when I told ya that I was a samurai?  
Well the fact of the matter is, that was a lie  
There were some other things that I'd rather not recall  
Y'all can blame it all on the alcohol  
But you ain't got no business criticizing me  
This is my house and I'll do as I please

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Move it on over and give me a slice  
If you're in the market for green zucchini  
Farmers' Almanac got the largest size  
Winnebago woman, whatcha cookin'?  
Move it on over and give me a slice  
I'd be a richer man today if it weren't for physics  
If I could levitate I would sell lots of tickets  
And maybe do an interview with Larry King while floooooaaating  
I'd be a richer man today if it weren't for physics  
If I could levitate I would sell lots of tickets  
Move it on over and give me a slice