

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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Don't sell my belongings
'Cause you know that I'll be baaack
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