

# Clutch, Rock N' Roll Outlaw

In the north they call us Rebels,  
In the south they call us Yankees,  
Because every other sucker's born to do the hokey pokey  
With the skillet lickin' time keepers,  
The grinning reapers  
Of a missionary rock star.  
You can rock it like Sir Sisyphus,  
But even in it's genesis  
It's really quite ridiculous,  
'Lectric hobo, so now you know  
Not to clock the Weeble Wobble hot rod gang,  
Revelator big bang.  
You can't hang with the heavinesses hung  
Among the houses of the rising tongue.  
No fun to crack the axle,  
But it's got to be done  
Beaus whenever you wobble the weebles  
You know that they get ticked off.  
And in the season of bol-weevil speaking evil in your ear,  
And a pile of manure fertilizing all your fears,  
We yabbadabbadoo all the way to Shangri-la.  
Here it is with the rock and roll outlaw.  
Where rock is criminal, criminals rock.  
Where rock is criminal, they rock like this.  
Where rock is criminal, criminals rock.  
Where rock is criminal, they rock like this.  
Hee haw, hee haw, hee haw, hee haw,  
I'm a rock and roll outlaw. Where rock is criminal, criminals rock.  
Where rock is criminal, they rock like this