

Clutch, The Incomparable Mr. Flannery

First we get some surgery,
Lose the kids then our identities.
But one thing I know for a fact,
Moustache stays right where it's at.
REO Speedwagon, Kansas to Boston.
My ankle bracelet, already gone and lost it.
Them yellow jackets keep the tired man from slacking.

Stole my Camaro, primer gray.
Took my suitcase, all my pay
Ain't got no taillights, grill full of fur.
How could you do this to me man so close to being cured?

We should get together and talk it over
At the Detroiter.
Delaware Destroyers, rocking with Dokken.
You front the money and I'll do all the talking.
Them Yellow jackets keep the tired man from slacking.

Stole my Camaro, primer gray.
Took my suitcase, all my pay
Ain't got no taillights, grill full of fur.
How could you do this to me man so close to being cured?

Come a little closer honey, I won't bite ya.
One more lager and I might learn to like ya.

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Took my suitcase, all my pay
Ain't got no taillights, grill full of fur.
How could you do this to me man so close to being cured? (2x)