

Clutch, Walking In The Shining Path Of Monster Trucks

Well I crashed a Cadillac through the Gates Of Hell
And returned with a Fist Full Of Dollars
And Evel Knievel, like Virgil
Was a gentleman as well as a scholar

I fly like a Retro-glide buckshot
And you know I hang like a hex on a barn
Grind the guardrail like a nail on a file
Above and beyond the hole nine yards

Well I rolled Jesse Helms like a cigarette
And smoked him higher than the highest of the minarets
Jesse James couldn't even handle it
Started looking at me like I was Sanskrit

'Cause in the Great Shining Path of the Great Monster Trucks
There's no such thing as beginner's luck
I'm the Dirty Dozen for the price of one
Get it while it's hot, going, going, going, gone

It's about time you started learning
Started learning to come to where the flavor is
Flavor is

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You started learning to come to Where the Flavor Is
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The skies are always sunny in the heart of Flavor Country
Where the washer's stuffed with money are growing like grass
Junk bondage racks never cut you slack
But that's the way the racket goes when rounding up green backs

Don't hate me just because I'm beautiful
You'll find that it's really not unusual
When you're raised with The Good, The Bad, The Ugly
A holy trinity in Flavor Country

It's about time you started learning
Started learning to come to Where the Flavor Is
Flavor is

I got spurs that jingle, jangle, jingle
I got spurs that jingle, jangle, jingle
And you are my happy trail
You are my happy trail
You are my happy trail
You are my happy trail

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