

Molly Hatchet, Blue Thunder

You know they come around town the midnight Rambler
The night shift gotta go
O'Malley turned and baby got burned
Went the way of the buffalo
To protect and serve their tryin' to keep the peace
The rattler'll tell ya that there ain't no mercy
On the corner of 42nd street

Blue Thunder...The keepers of the street
Blue Thunder...The only number that ya need

Up to no good in the neighborhood
A broken chain of command
O'Hara snapped and got his head bad
With cold beer and a percodan
Shotgun blast mini mac justice
When will the madness end
East side, West side all fired up
No rest for the policeman

The streets are insane
On a night full of danger
Honey don't you get caught
In a city by a stranger
It's a contact sport in the game of life
Hear a shot out your window tonight
You're ready for the hell to end, you're callin'

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An officers killed he was on the run
A ten year old shot him just for fun
He had two kids and a beautiful wife
One split second blinded by the light
Take a chance on the midnight dance, talk about livin' hell
There's one or twenty losers trapped in the Tropicana Motel

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