

Prophets Barstool, Last Of The Big Game Hunter

I have heard dandilions roaring out in my backyard,
a direct approach is dangerous until you're sure they've dropped their guard.
You'd be better off to wait,
till the brutes go for the bait,
and when they can't anticipate,
is when you pounce and break their necks...

Sure some call me insane, but danger is my middle name...

I have spied tiger spiders on the prowl along my fence,
but the speed at which they travel makes a chase much too intense.
So you set your traps with care,
scattering them here and there,
hoping for a leg to snare,
and with eight the odds are in your favour.

Watch out! They can maim, even with a leg left lame.
Sure some call me insane, but danger is my middle name...

There is one great adversary that consumes my thoughts foremost,
you see a dragonfly breathes fire, it's not safe to get too close.
But it's hard to be aware,
of them appearing from nowhere,
as they swoop down through the air,
oh I just might need a rocket launcher.

Not even scalding flame, could make me shake my aim!
Sure some call me insane, but danger is my middle name.

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