

Reverend Horton Heat, Cruisin' For A Bruisin'

Don't mess with the guy with the one chipped tooth,
Don't mess with the guy in the blue plaid suit,
Don't mess with the guy with the big red guitar,
Don't mess with his girlfriend don't mess with his car. Hey!

You're cruisin' for a bruisin',
Yeah, you're cruisin' for a bruisin',
Don't say nothing about his girl or his car,
You just might fight the un-winnable war.

Now if he takes her out for a night on the town,
Somehow you're always just a hangin' around,
And if it happens each and every night,
Don't make eyes at her man there's gonna be a fight. Hey!

You're cruisin' for a bruisin',
Yeah, you're cruisin' for a bruisin',
Sure seems funny how you always know
Just where that guy and his girlfriend go.

Whoa!
Whoa!

Just in case you're wondering who I'm talking about,
Let's get it straight so there ain't any doubt.
You're just acting dumb if you don't know it's me,
If you know what's good for you you'll just leave us be.

You're cruisin' for a bruisin',
Yeah, you're cruisin' for a bruisin',
Let me remind you on your way out the door,
Don't go messin' with that shoe-box ford.