

# Steve Lukather, The Bomber

When I became of age  
My momma sat me down  
She said, son you've grown up  
It's time to look around  
So I began to notice some things i  
Hadn't seen before  
That's what brought me hope  
Knockin' on your back door

A closet queen, the worst I've seen  
She wants to shake my hand  
I don't want to be there  
When she decides she can

It's apple dan, he's just the man  
To pick fruit off your branches  
I can't sleep if he can't keep  
His cattle off my ranches

It's too strong, something's wrong  
And I guess I lost the feeling  
I don't mind the games you play  
But I don't like you dealing  
The cards look bad, my luck's been had  
And there's nothin' left to smoke  
Will all be back tomorrow  
For the punch line of the joke