

# Gimme the Keys

## Clutch

Squinting from blinding rays of the sun  
Deep in the heart of July  
There to perform for children of corn  
Whose crops stood well twelve foot high  
Three knaves remained to the end of the day  
We refused their vile entreats  
Standing our ground, we played for the ears  
Between the harvester's teethGreat Plains, hardcore scenes  
May not be the biggest but, lord, they're mean  
And though my mind has been shot to hell  
The details of that night I remember well  
Gravel and locust, they swore to rope us  
We did our best to steer straight  
Trailer and hitch, straight into the ditch  
Praying to Jesus and the holy saints  
Despite the violence, sometimes I look back  
A nostalgia begins to take hold  
Wisdom of sorts is found in due course  
In the rows of silver and goldGreat Plains, hardcore scenes  
May not be the biggest but, lord, they're mean  
And though my mind has been shot to hell  
The details of that night I remember wellGimme the keys  
They can keep the guarantee  
Gimme the keys  
And get the hell out of dodge  
Hey man, we don't got your  
We don't got your SM-57  
Look dude, why don't you  
Try some old-fashioned PMAThrough bloody butchers, we ran for hours  
Then hours grew into years  
Stalked by the fury of John Brown's eyes  
And still the storm hasn't cleared  
Despite the mileage, sometimes I look back  
A nostalgia begins to take hold  
Wisdom of sorts is found  
Of course in rows of silver and goldGreat Plains, hardcore scenes  
May not be the biggest but, lord, they're mean  
And though my mind has been shot to hell  
The details of that night I remember wellGimme the keys  
They can keep the guarantee  
Gimme the keys

And get the hell out of dodge

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>