

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/>