

Legend has it in forty seven
Four thousand bikes met a force of seven
Fourth of July was the time
In a town called Hollister
At the uphill climb

Poor Jack Kerouac
Riding with his paperback Camus
In the pocket of his army fatigues
It's kind of hard to spend your time
Keeping cans of soup in line
When you've been the waist gunner
On a B.17 singing

Anger Incorporated
Anger
Anger Incorporated
Anger

Whoever you are
They will scare
No friend of hoodlums anywhere
Like John Dillinger -- number one
Crime crazy filthiness all rolled into one

Born in the shadow of the Boozefighters
In tiny bars and up all nighters
Terrorizing the local staff
Cool and crazy
Two wheeled Luftwaffe