

Rumbler

Black Lips

Bobby Earl awoke at dawn
He put his hunting britches on
He could smell trouble like a dog, he was on their tail
He was after tax stamp dodgers
Moonshiners and illegal loggers
Pot smoking hippies and draft dodgers he'd pursue
RC crossfire vehicle driver
He killed to live a well trained survivor
Mama called him Bobby but rumbler was his name

Ride ride rumbler ride
Leave them good ol boys behind
You know them woods and they got nowhere to hide
Ride ride rumbler ride

She's a moonshine boss through the piney woods
[?] Georgia searchin' for illegal goods
The growl of his engine was his battlecry
He crashed 16 trucks in hot pursuit
But in the end he got the loot
Ain't a man alive that can say that he got away
Federal agents had enough
Of that rascal rumbler and his pick up trucks

They kicked him out and took his badge away

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Poor old rumbler was awful sad
About losing all he ever had
Little did he know that his luck was about to change
See, there was a guy that he used to know
Runnin with a unit called GI Joe
Asked him if he'd join them on the road
Rumbler flashed a guilish smile
You could hear his laugh for 50 miles
He hit the clutch and he was on his way

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