

Well the crowd goes crazy when catastrophe strikes
Nobody's feelings seem to come out right
Talk is cheap and common sense ain't commonly found
I try not to pay attention, keep on having my fun
Minding my own, I'll be a son of a gun
If old so and so down the road don't like it a bit
I keep side steppin', they keep throwin' me shit

I don't preach no tricks, don't talk politics
I'm just a casual singer holding my stones and my sticks
If I got a problem my job is pour my heart in a song
Well, hot dog, your opinion is louder than mine
You might wear out my nerves, but you ain't changing my mind
By, good God, let's hop off the soap box and get along

Well there ain't no kitchen fittin' all of these cooks
If you're cravin' bacon you might get dirty looks
So what? Damn, suck it up and wash it down
I believe having passion is worth more than gold
That tellin' the truth don't ever get old
Sometimes, Lord, all we can do is fight
It might drive me crazy, but it won't be tonight

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