

Bob

Frank Turner

He spent fifteen years getting loaded
Fifteen years until his liver exploded
Now what's Bob gonna do
Now that he can't drink?

The doctor said, "What ya been thinkin' about?"
Bob said, "That's the point,
I wanna think about nothing
Now, I've got to do something else..."

"... to pass the time"
He had someone shave his head
He got a new identity
Sixty-two-holed air-cushioned boots
And a girl who rides a scooter
To take him out of town
They would get away
Running around
As the trucks drive by
You could hear the motherfuckers play

A couple of lines, an extra thermos of Joe
He'll be kicking in heads at the punk rock show
'Cause Bob's the kinda guy who knows just what
Bob's the kinda guy who knows just what to do
When the doctor tells him to:

"Quit your drinking, now's the time"
But will he ever walk the line?
To all my friends, "I feel just fine"
Will he ever walk the line?

Will he ever walk the line?
Will he ever walk the line?
Will he ever walk the line?
Will he ever walk the line?

(Will he ever walk the line?
Will he ever walk the line?
Will he ever walk the line?
Will he ever walk the line?)

Will he ever walk the line?