

Bonamossa

Jonathan Wilson

I'm rolling down the highway
Knuckles white, my eyes are red
If I can't drive my Cadillac
I might as well be dead
Yeah, I'd just as soon be dead

I'm jamming at a juke joint in Memphis
Everybody look at me
Think I'll play the blues like Bonamassa
Nasty filthy sleaze
Nasty filthy sleaze

Folk music on the island
Sounds like WASPY rock and roll
Well hold the phone, here comes Rolling Stone
With their weekly cheeky load
Yeah their weekly cheeky load

Their weekly cheeky load
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