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My name is Kid, Kid Rock

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An' this is for the questions that don't have any answers The midnight glancers an' the topless dancers The candid freaks, cars packed with speakers The G's with the forties an' the chicks with beepers

The Northern Lights an' the Southern Comfort An' it don't even matter if the veins are punctured All the crackheads, the critics, the cynics An' all my heroes in the Methadone Clinic

All you bastards at the I.R.S.
For the crooked cops an' the cluttered desks
For the shots of Jack an' the caps of Meth
Half pints of love an' the fifths of stress

For the hookers all trickin' out in Hollywood An' for my hoods of the world misunderstood I said, it's all good an' it's all in fun Now get in the pit an' try to love someone

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For the time bombs tickin' an' the heads that hang All the gangs gettin' money an' the heads that bang bang Wild mustangs, the porno flicks
All my homies in the county, in cell block six

The grits when there ain't enough eggs to cook An' for DB Cooper an' money he took
You can look for answers but that ain't fun
Now get in the pit an' try to love someone

## What?

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Love and for the hate An' for the peace, war

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