

# 9 Times Out Of 10

Rare Americans

Ten, ten, ten  
Nine times out of ten  
You know how it ends  
You know how it ends

All we want in this life  
Is a guitar and a mic  
And a full count, baby  
Three balls, two strikes  
Twitchy kid in class skin  
Skin, bones, buck teeth  
A mask, Oscar Wilde  
The truth beneath, you asked  
Learned our scales  
Learned when we failed  
Know we got a sound  
That ain't going stale  
And we ain't on sale  
Independent as fuck  
EL-P wanna be's  
Mother fucking bang 4 your buck

You poor guys  
Make bucket lists  
Rare Americans  
We take fuckin' risks  
It's a different way to live  
It's a different way to live  
No, we don't give a fuck  
About critics cats  
Let us get through to you  
We're the man in the arena  
And there's always  
Someone eager to  
Boo at you

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We can sing motherfucker  
We're the real McCoy  
We have presence on stage  
We're JT Leroy  
We're the musical embodiment  
Of D.B. Cooper  
Drop parachute lines  
People in a stupor  
We weren't worth betting on?  
Like some kinda green monkey?  
On the fatness scale  
We are fucking chunky

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