

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

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

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

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
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