The Felice Brothers

Oh somewhere beyond
These Hollywood hills
Past the lawyers, the chauffeurs, the tycoons live
Somewhere beyond
The Mason-Dixon line
Past southern belles, Mr. McTell, that old cherry wine

I know he's
Somewhere out there
Tonight
Oh your reverend ain't right

Mama put your foot on the gas Stepdad's in a black ski mask Oh my God we've been had Your stepdad Is Bad

Oh down in grand central
I can here 'em croon
Saddle up the grey and all those old fiddle tunes

Down in Graceland
I can hear his feet pound
Like locusts, a plague, or God comin' down

I know he's Somewhere out there Tonight Oh you reverend ain't right

Mama put your hands on the dash Stepdad's in a black ski mask Oh my God we've been had Your Stepdad Is Bad

I know he's
Somewhere out there
Tonight
Oh you reverend ain't right

Mama put your hands on the dash Stepdad's in a black ski mask Oh my God we've been had Your Stepdad Is Bad