

Robbery

The White Buffalo

I'm heading in through the front door
Bobby in the back looking out
Ski masks and a .44
Another score, another silent town

My heart is going to burst right out chest
Stay calm, take the money and leave
"Get you ass on the floor, boy!
This is a motherfuckin' robbery."

The clerk springs up like jack in the box
Looks like we got a hero a-here
Bobby clubs him with his .44
He goes down, the conscience is clear

Empty the till, steel a lollipop
Blow the camera off the wall
Burnout in the parking lot
Laugh and hope the wheels stay on

The clerk rushes out with a shotgun
Glass floods the back seat
Bobby still laughing like a maniac
We're lightning on the street

An off-duty cop see everything
Races to his car, pistol drawn
Radios for backup
Buckle up, the chase is on

Bobby's hanging out of the window
Guns blazing hell and steel
The cop returns fire, blows a tire
Crash, wrap around a tree

Well, I fly from wreckage
Grab the money, my gun and flee
Bobby charges the fuzz like a wrecking ball
Gets blown clean off his feet

Calling all cars and the cavalry
Flashlights, hounds and gas
"There ain't nowhere to hide, son.
You're surrounded, gonna get your ass."

I vanish in the woods like a miracle
Vamoose, I'm gone, I'm free
Never to be seen again
Hands up, this is a motherfuckin' robbery