

Don't Like Bein' Told What To Do

Trooper

Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, nah...

Three sheets to the wind
Two days without sleep
The boy cut loose one night
And drove up to Dawson Creek

Took up with a dancer
That liked the way he smiled
The boy kinda slid through the cracks for awhile
{Don't like bein' told what to do}

Crazy Murphy
Never lived up to his name
'Til somebody tried to interfere with his game
Turned all the lights out
Laid him in the aisle
Murphy's doing time down in Kingston for awhile

{Don't like bein' told what to do}
{Don't like bein' told what to do}
{Don't like bein' told what to do}

Never say "how high"
Don't take any stick
But never think you're winning with that old disappearing trick

When the world starts going sideways
And you start going, too
Hold your ground, keep your head up
And do what you wanna do

{Don't like bein' told what to do}
{Don't like bein' told what to do}
{Don't like bein' told what to do}
{Don't like bein' told what to do}

Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, nah