

# Wild Rover of Hell

Volbeat

Driving the highway with nothing to do  
Future fading away  
The stereo is pumping Metallica tunes  
Ride the lightning, oh yeah  
The car might be stolen, my clothes smell like dirt  
Born to ramble and play  
Play with fire, drunk and denial  
Always in for a fight

I've been in the dark side (of) town  
They are bringing me in  
They called me The Wild Rover of Hell  
I'm fighting for nickels and a dime,  
for the rules I always break  
See the blood I've split, I'll still be the haunted

Stitching my wounds like Rambo, for fanden  
Damage complete and done  
Some had better and some had worse  
Walk a mile in quicksand  
Spending the last bucks on whiskey and beers  
Oh how clever I am  
The dice keeps on tumbling, my will still unbroken  
But how long will it last

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I'm fighting them all big or small, my friend  
Just show me the dollars  
I end up losing it all again  
Repeating the story

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