

John Wayne

Wallace

Put on your cowboy boots
And start day drinking gin and juice
Let's snort some Adderall
And play mini golf in the mini mall
Show up to the party late
And I saw ten people that I hate
My invite was a huge mistake
The cops showed up, I'm wanted in six states

I'm an outlaw, do what I want
Unhinged lately, got a bullet in my gun with your name, baby

Put on your cowboy hat
You better saddle up and step right back
Gave you a fake name and
Get the fuck out my way, man
You can see my bachelor pad
But you're not gonna like when I'm whiskey mad
Bounty on my head
Man, I thank God John Wayne is dead

Put on your assless chaps
And go walk off your heart attack
Went three weeks without sleep
Now the doctors wanna study me
Lost track of the meds I take
I like how they feel, I forget their names
Forty bands in medical debt
And I cursed out the band before my set

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