

High Plains Drifter

Beastie Boys

'Cause I'm a high plains drifter And I'm the drifter
The high plains drifter And I'm the drifter
They can't catch me never gonna find me
They're never gonna know that I'm the High Plains Drifter Pulled over to the river to take a rest
Pulled out a pair of pliers and pulled the bullet out of my chest
Fear and loathing across the country listening to my 8 track
I reached behind the seat to snatch a cool one from the pack
A long distance from my girl and I'm talking on the cellular
She said that she was sorry and I said yeah the hell you were
Check the rear view mirror check the gold tooth display
Check the odometer and I was on my way Cause I'm the high plains drifter the best that you can
get

A strapped shoplifter a pirate on cassette
Bust a Travis Bickle when I feel that I'm getting pushed
Don't step to me 'cause you're gonna get mushed cinaster.
I'm doin' 120 plowing over mail boxes
Radar detector to tell me where the cops is
Spend another night at the Motel 6
It's five dollars extra get the porno flicks and then I.
Concoct a black and tan in my brandy snifter
I'm a kleptomaniac K-Mart shoplifter
Cash flow getting low so I had to pull a job
I found a nice place to visit but a better place to rob
I left my car outside and the engine still revvin'
Time to get busy (takin' care of business) at 7-Eleven
And then I went inside to make my withdrawal
I saw all that he had but I had to take it all
Knucklehead deli tried to gyp me on the price
So I clocked him off the turban with the bag of ice
'Cause I'm mellow like Jell-O cool like lemonade
I made my getaway and then I thought that I had it made
I feel like Steve McQueen a former movie star
Look in my rearview mirror seen a police car
Ballantine quarts with the puzzle on the cap
I couldn't help but notice I was caught in a speed trap
Dirty Mary Crazy Larry on the run from Dirty Harry
Stash the cash in the dash but my gun I did carry
I'm seeing blue and red flashing deep in the night
I got my alibi straight and I pulled over to the right
The cop knocked on my window and said Boy where's the fire
You've got a mailbox on your bumper and a bald front tire
"Outta the car longhair" your goose is cooked

Read me my rights fingerprinted and booked
Makin' like a D.T. driving a Gran Fury
Wherever I hang my hat's my home and my past is kind of blurry
Every dog will have its day and mine will be in front of a jury
I'm the High Plains Drifter you know I'm never in a hurry
Read me my rights as if I didn't know
this

Threw me in the tank with the drunk called Otis
With his five o' clock shadow he smelled of 3-day old beer
My man turned to me and said why are you here?
I said I'm charmin' I'm dashing I'm rental car bashin'
Phony paper passing at Nix Check Cashing
I went before the judge he sent me to the Brooklyn House of D.
He said you behave or we'll throw away the key
Houdini'd out the cuffs I kicked the screw in the knee
I took the bailiff's wallet and went straight to O.T.B.
I had a good feeling easy come easy go
I bet on one horse to win and another just for show
And sure enough that nag came in
Brought my ticket to the window and collected my win
And then I broke into my new car with a wire coat hanger
Hot wired hot wheeled and "Suzy is a headbanger"

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>