

Dinosaur

Hank Williams Jr.

Hey man them ain't high heel sneakers
And they sure don't look like cowboy boots
And that ain't rock and roll you're playin'
And it sure ain't country or rhythm and blues You're singin' a song about making love to your
drummer
Well gay guitar pickers don't turn me on
And we don't all get into
Do you happen to know any old songs 'Cause you see I'm a dinosaur
I should have died out a long time before
Have pity on a dinosaur
Hand me my hat, excuse me man, but where's the door
It used to be, I had a lot of fun in this old hang-out
We'd get stoned at the jukebox and stay out of fights
Now and then, we'd light a little smoke in the truck out back (Aww)
Then a little old and we'd get right And you know these flashin' lights sure make me dizzy
And this disco's very strange to my ears
It looks like they've turned the Longhorn into a spaceship
And I'll be leavin' just as soon as I finish this beer
'Cause you see I'm a dinosaur
Should have died out a long time before
There's a whole lot of dinosaurs
So give us our hats, excuse me man, but where's the door Get us our hats, excuse me man, but
where's the door

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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