

Bobby Earl awoke at dawn  
He put his hunting britches on  
He could smell trouble like a dog, he was on their tail  
He was after tax stamp dodgers  
Moonshiners and illegal loggers  
Pot smoking hippies and draft dodgers he'd pursue  
RC crossfire vehicle driver  
He killed to live a well trained survivor  
Mama called him Bobby but rumbler was his name

Ride ride rumbler ride  
Leave them good ol boys behind  
You know them woods and they got nowhere to hide  
Ride ride rumbler ride

She's a moonshine boss through the piney woods  
[?] Georgia searchin' for illegal goods  
The growl of his engine was his battlecry  
He crashed 16 trucks in hot pursuit  
But in the end he got the loot  
Ain't a man alive that can say that he got away  
Federal agents had enough  
Of that rascal rumbler and his pick up trucks

They kicked him out and took his badge away

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Poor old rumbler was awful sad  
About losing all he ever had  
Little did he know that his luck was about to change  
See, there was a guy that he used to know  
Runnin with a unit called GI Joe  
Asked him if he'd join them on the road  
Rumbler flashed a guilish smile  
You could hear his laugh for 50 miles  
He hit the clutch and he was on his way

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