

With my heart on on my sleeve and my head on the curb  
Got a sign on my cell that reads do not disturb  
Fell asleep in the blizzard sometime last night  
Woke up alone freezing awake  
Hey, hey mister chicken where have you been  
Hunting for trophies mostly every day

Goin' back to Ritzville  
don't ask why  
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don't ask why  
Goin' back to Ritzville  
don't ask why

It's a good a place as any to go and die  
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Have you heard my girl, I mean the other day  
Took a ride with the sheriff and a roll in the hay  
In the cell stewin' over some bum wrap  
They say off with my girl, along with that sap  
They say the headless chickens are takin' over  
They say I lost mine over a four leaf clover

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They say you always return to the scene of your crime  
Well I'm diggin' the scene but I'm not sure if its mine

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