

He spent fifteen years getting loaded
Fifteen years 'till his liver exploded
Now what's Bob gonna do now that he can't drink?
The doctor said, "What you been thinkin' 'bout?"
Bob said, "That's the point,
I won't think about nothing
Now I gotta do something else,"
OI OI OI!
"To pass the time."
Bob shaved his head
He got a new identity
Sixty-two holed air cushioned boots
And a girl who rides a scooter
Gonna take him out, of town
They would get away
Riding around, as the trucks drive by
You could here the mother fuckers go...

A couple of lines, an extra thermos of Joe
He'll be kickin' in heads at the punk rock show, yeah
Bob's the kinda guy who knows just what
Bob's the kinda guy who knows just what to do
When the doctor tells him to
"Quit your drinkin', now's the time."
Will he ever walk the line
To all my friends, I feel just great
But will he ever walk the line
Kickin' ass and bustin' heads
Red suspenders
Once a day he shaves his head
But will he ever walk the line?
Will he ever walk the line?
Will he ever walk the line?
Will he ever walk the line?
Oh will he ever walk the line?