

High Plains Drifter

Beastie Boys

Cause I'm the high plains drifter, and I'm the drifter
The high plains drifter, and I'm the drifter
They can't catch me, they're never going to 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 pulled a bullet out of my chest
Fear and loathing 'cross the country, listenin' to my 8-track
I reached behind the seat and snatched a Kool from the pack
I'm long-distance from my girl and I'm talking on my 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 could be getting mashed

I'm doing 120 plowing over mailboxes
Radar detector to tell me where the cops is
Spend another night at the Motel 6
It's five dollars extra to 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
Found a nice place to visit but a better place to rob
I left my car outside and the engine still revving
Takin' care of business at 7-eleven
And then I went inside to make my withdrawal
I saw what he had had but I had to take it all
Knucklehead deli tried to gyp me off the price
So I clocked him on the turban with a bag of ice
Cause I'm mellow like Jell-O, cool like lemonade
I made my get a way and then I thought that I had it made
I feel like Steve McQueen, a former movie star
Looked in the rear view mirror seen the police car
Ballantine quarts with the puzzle on the cap
I couldn't help to 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 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

Making like a DT, driving a grand fury
Wherever I hang my hat's my home and my past is kind of blurry
Every dog has his day mine will be in front of a jury
High plains drifter you know that I'm never in a hurry

Read me my rights as if I didn't know this
Threw me in the tank with a drunk called Otis
With his 5 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 charming, I'm dashing, I'm rental-car bashing
I'm 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, kicked the screw in the knee
I took the Bailiff's wallet and went straight to OTB
I had a good feeling easy come easy go
I bet on one horse to win and your mother to 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.songarea.com/>