

## N.Y.C. Streets

### Rebel Meets Rebel

Spoken:

David Allan Coe:

I thought what was cool, was... uh, rockin' Rita looking for a Dimebag, like, people who don't know who you are think it's some chick lookin' for dope.

Dimebag: Exactly.

David Allan Coe laughs

Dimebag: You know it's all about the lyrics.

David Allan Coe: You know what I mean?

Dimebag: Yeah, man.

David Allan Coe: Yeah, I hear ya.

Dimebag: Here we go...

Sung:

Cowboy junkies on the radio  
Singin' some ol' funky tune  
Time to change the station he says:  
Stop the car let me out

I say hey, dude what's that all about  
The artist formally known as  
Man, that's insane  
Purple Rain, hey dude  
Cut me some slack  
What's his real name

Bridge, man

New York City streets horns blowin'  
I don't care  
People goin' God knows where

Freaks on the corner  
Hair dyed blue  
Lookin' at me  
But I'm lookin' at you

I wonder what am I doin' here  
What am I doin' here

Whiskey signs fashion in my mind  
Time to get loaded  
And get out of this town

Pantera on the Marquee  
Better stay one more day  
Iron Maiden, Motörhead  
Fuck, heavy metal ain't dead

Hey dude

What's that you said  
Rockin' Rita  
Lookin' for a Dimebag  
What's up with that dude  
Ah, turn the music up  
Turn the music up

Go to the bridge, now

New York City streets  
Horns blowin'  
People goin' God knows where  
I don't care

Freaks on the corner hair dyed blue  
Lookin' at me  
And I'm lookin' at you

What am I doin' here  
God, what am I doin' here you say your name is

Spoken:

Hey dude, check it out.  
I got this tape by some friends of mine, called Punk Jack.  
Ey, good, you gotta hear these guys.  
They ain't got no record deal. What difference does that make?  
You don't need a record deal, motherfucker - listen to the music, dude.

Fuckin' A, dude