

Hank Williams Jr., Dinosaur

Hey man, them ain't high heel sneakers,
And they sure don't look like cowboy boots.
And that ain't rock and roll you're playin'
And it sure ain't country or rhythm and blues.
You're singing a song about making love to your drummer,
Well, gay guitar pickers don't turn me on.
And we don't all get into Donna Summer,
Do you happen to know any old Hank Williams songs?

'Cause you see I'm a dinosaur,
I should have died out a long time before.
Have pity on a dinosaur.
Hand me my hat.
Excuse me man, but where's the door?

It used to be I had a lot of fun in this old hang-out.
We'd get stoned at the jukebox and stay out of fights.
Now and then, we'd light a little smoke in the truck out back,
Then a little old Jim Beam and we'd get right.
And you know these flashing lights sure make me dizzy
And this disco's very strange to my ears.
It looks like they've turned the Longhorn into a spaceship,
And I'll be leaving just as soon as I finish this beer.

'Cause you see I'm a dinosaur,
Should have died out a long time before.
There's a whole lot of dinosaurs,
So give us our hats.
Excuse me man, but where's the door?
Get us our hats.
Excuse me man, but where's the door?