

CALM, COOL AND COLLECTED

(Mike Harvey / BROKEN WING®)

Well, she baptized me - in the water...
As, the river - washed our blue jeans away.
Well, my sweet young thing - she's gettin' hotter...
Were skinny dippin' - on a summer's day.

Now I'm calm, cool, and collected...
But you mess with my Mama - you're better off dead.
You'll see the Grim Reaper - and the tollin' bells...
And my - 200 pounds of rompin' stompin' Hell...

Well, I got a pretty lady - and a fast machine...
A section of land - and a hound dog who's mean.
I'm on a slow river - with hills to climb...
It's where Mother Nature courted - Father Time.

Now I'm calm, cool, and collected...
But don't cross the line - where Angels fear to tread.
You'll feel the wrath of Dog - and meet a hound from Hell...
His eyes - a lit fireplace where Demons dwell...

When I'm down at the Roadhouse - don't mess with my ride...
There's nowhere to run to - nowhere to hide.
Well, you can flee the Grim Reaper - and the tollin' bells...
But not my 200 pounds - of rompin' stompin' Hell...

Now I'm calm, cool, and collected...
Always cool - with a look you can tell.
Well, I'm calm, cool, and collected...
And 200 pounds - of rompin' stompin' Hell.

Calm, cool, and collected - ain't quite what you expected...
Calm, cool, and collected - just ain't what you expected.
Calm. cool, and collected...