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| Ricky was a young boy | He had a heart of stone |
| Lived 9 to 5 and he worked | His fingers to the bone |
| Tequila in his heartbeat | His veins full of gasoline |
| That child blew a child away, ye-yeah | He fired his six-shot to the wind |
| Your crime is time | And it’s 18 and life to go |