

# Alexisonfire, Hey, It's Your Funeral Mama

The sky is blue, the grass is brown  
My head is buried inside this helmet  
And the ever present threat of parasites  
So take my hand, let's get these motors running!

So you drive red (you drive red)  
And I'll drive black (I'll drive black)  
(We'll see who's machine was most recently serviced)  
We'll slit these rows of Goodyears like a knife

We don't fear [5x]  
These machines

I got the scoop, I got the scoop  
And it doesn't look so good, so good for you

So you drive red (you drive red)  
And I'll drive black (I'll drive black)  
(We'll see who's machine was most recently serviced)  
We'll slit these rows of Goodyears like a knife  
Like a knife, like a knife, yeah  
We'll slit these rows of Goodyears like a knife

So you drive red (you drive red)  
And I'll drive black (I'll drive black)  
(We'll see who's machine was most recently serviced)  
We'll slit these rows of Goodyears like a knife.