

Randy, Going Out With The Dead

Tonight I'm going out with the dead.
I got a little rendezvous on my deathbed.
Had a fatal embrace, a cardia-caress.
But I was blessed with the final request.
Here's my glass.
Fill her up.
Let's see a little class, will you fill me a full cup.
Cause I'm going out with the dead.
And we keep our meters in the red.

Oh, no regrets.
Forgive and forget, come on out with the dead.

Mommy better keep her eyes peeled.
Keep her steady, both hands on the wheel.
Daddy better stay in his seat.
Burning rubber in a little white cloud of speed and heat.
Hey, ho, a tank full of nitro.
Night after night that's two nights in a row.
So swing low little bro.
Take it slow.
Around here we all got a few cracks in our halos.

But oh, no.
No regrets.
Forgive and forget, come on out with the dead.

Away and ahead, god let me be led.
By the lifeless instead.. Dead!