

# Screaming Trees, Yard Trip #7

Yard trip number seven's  
The one that they painted on the lawn  
And if we load it up into this gun  
Soon it'll all be gone  
Quarter to eleven on the day of my birth  
In the desert wind I would have a grin  
That might shatter the earth  
Whoa  
There's three short ways to live again  
Crumble like paper upon my skin  
They all tell you to try  
But you're gonna cry  
When no one cares where you've been  
Couple days of driving in circles I'd rather spin  
We've got eight more lives and two more tries  
And six ways for drifting beyond  
Whoa  
Yard trip number seven's the one they  
Tried to steal from heaven  
And if we load it up into this gun  
Soon it'll all be gone  
Whoa