

Sponge, When You're On Fire Baby, Roll

From the Austere Masters Roadhouse
There a lot of noise going on
Some don like the music theye playing
Some are dancing to a whole new song
When youe on fire
Baby you gotta
Baby you gotta Baby you gotta roll

The waiters dress in a nervous breakdown
Kate Moss is out cutting the lawn
Vice grips the congregation
If you don feel connected there is something wrong

When youe on fire
Baby you
You gotta roll
When youe on fire you gotta role

You can take what you want
Everything is free
You can come right in
Pay when you leave
If you can leave
Lights, camera, narcotics
Erection
You gotta feel
The procession
Come for a year or an hour
Far away from where
Tomatoes are flowers