

# Swell, Suicide Machine

Come down to the ground and drive like a son of a bitch  
In your little green car  
Around and around we got nowhere to go  
But then nothings too far  
I make an exception 'cause I know who you are  
But in a little while ain't nothing gonna make  
This ugly face sit down and shut the fuck up...  
I'm tired of the suicide machines  
(let's just say it won't be taking too long)  
Come down to the ground and drive like a son of a bitch  
And I know I do too  
You sell it so well and that thing you don't miss?  
Guess it doesn't miss you  
I'm tired of the suicide machines  
Quitting time so I waited for the course to bring my goodnight  
I had the necessary fear and it was alright  
I would not do a thing to save my own life  
Love has a homicidal feel with every goodbye  
And it's the perfect way to get on someone's good side  
It may be the only thing you finish in your whole life  
Which is exactly what you need to make you feel right