

Zebrahead, Crome

Chrome revolution
Microphone pollution
Satellite days with a textbook solution
Get back, slide off the track
Like a lyric in a haystack
Drunk off of crack
Got my feet high
Never figured out where the dogs lie
Didn't mean to pry
But the door was open
Lucy in the sky
With her red hair tokin'
Do what you like
Nothing lasts for ever
So get on it before you think twice
So you think your clever

But everything worth while has got a price

Money proof armor
Makes my mind calmer
Honey fully stacked in the back of the bomber
Comin' out playin' on the backboard
Say
Like a deadweight scratch in the middle of the day
Its a recline, not another decline
It's the days and the nights in the back of your mind
With a head change, everything is strange
But I'd rather be a smokestack out on the range
Do what you like

(Repeat Chorus)